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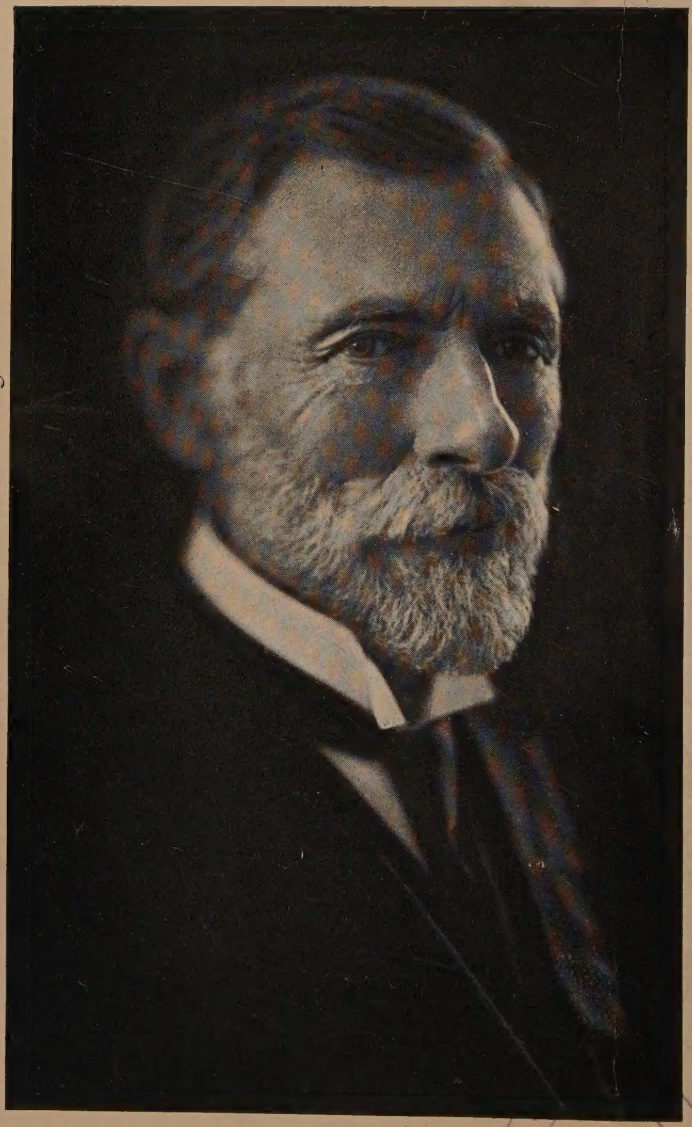

JAMES DEMAREST EATON

LIFE UNDER TWO FLAGS

BY

JAMES DEMAREST EATON

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To my Wife

WHO DURING ALMOST FIFTY GOLDEN YEARS
HAS BEEN A DEAR COMPANION IN THE HOME,
AN UNFAILING INSPIRER OF FAITH AND COURAGE,
AND A TRUSTED COUNSELLOR IN CHRISTIAN SERVICE
WHICH SHE HAS SHARED TO THE FULL.

AND

TO THE CHILDREN AND GRANDCHILDREN
WHOSE UNFOLDING LIFE IT IS A JOY TO OBSERVE,
AND WHO INSIST THAT THERE BE PUT WITHIN THEIR REACH
A RECORD OF SOME OF THE PERSONAL EXPERIENCES OF
ONE WHO IS GREATLY ENRICHED BY THEIR LOVE.

FOREWORD

This is a book of reminiscences which are cast in varied areas, quiet and stormy, at home and abroad, and through which runs the evidence of a serene and undisturbed productiveness. Rich and interesting indeed is any life which has known such wide skies and abundant ingathering. Born of a great inheritance which he shared with noble brothers, enriched by the life-long love of a courageous woman, the writer tells with the cheerfulness of youth the story of the strangely diverse experiences through which many years have borne him. In these days when the seas are strewn with wreckage, it is good to hear of ships which are brought home so richly laden.

But the book is more than a volume of reminiscences. Nor is it merely a vindication of the promises past and present. It is the record of lives spent in a particular form of service. It belongs to the literature of the pioneer and it quietly unfolds much that is deepest and most

characteristic in us as a people. May I venture briefly to dwell upon this fact.

It has been in the nature of the Saxon to love the frontier. From his first appearance in history he has ever been pushing westward and wherever you find him in the last thousand years he is characteristically interested in the lands beyond. Viewed in this light, the story of the persistent quest which is so delightfully told in the following pages is far more than an interesting personal and family narrative, entertaining as it is from that point of view. I think of it as typical of the spirit which won a hemisphere.

Here, too, are reflected the deeper moods of our English and American pioneering. For I do not find that the mere love of adventure has ever peculiarly satisfied this race. In this aspect the passionate breaking with old horizons for the romantic novelty of the new environment has belonged perhaps more to the Gallic and Castilian natures. The Englishman has sought the unexplored country—that he might there construct a more advantageous society. This has been the joy and song of his pilgrimage. If he has desired to build on no other man's foundation, he has nevertheless always desired to build.

Doubtless this ever-renewed effort to establish a better country in the new land has had its profound influence in turn in shaping the inner texture of the American people. For three hundred years it has been the dominating attitude in which

a large proportion of our people have lived, while the romance of the West has been the lure of every growing youth. The substantial meaning of all this experience in the life of the nation has been made the theme of some of the best of our historical writings, but much remains yet to be understood. Who shall say, for instance, how much of the affirmative attitude in our religious thinking has been bred out of just this constructive aim which has so continuously dominated all our effort as a people?

Of the two frontiers on which Dr. Eaton's life has been spent, each has a unique interest. The accomplishment of social order in the region between the Missouri and the Pacific Ocean is a book of thrilling achievement. How fierce were the high lights! How swiftly have they passed! Extensive as is the literature regarding the period, it is inadequate and one regrets the more that the crowded years compelled so brief a record from one who saw so clearly.

On the other hand, one may confidently assert that the contribution of America to Mexican life and thought has hardly begun. From the gentle but brave and wise service of Dr. and Mrs. Eaton many yet to come shall take heart and strength ere the work is fully accomplished. In time there will dawn a better day for Mexico. The years do not commonly achieve exact justice; but if ever they do in this case, there will some day be in Mexico a Camino Real and its broad and beaten

way will follow the footsteps of these bearers of the cross who pushed in faith through the unbroken lands.

Happy have been the days of travel; happier may the sunset be!

JAMES A. BLAISDELL

President of Pomona College
Claremont, California

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LIFE UNDER TWO FLAGS

CHAPTER I

ANCESTRY AND EARLY YEARS

My father, Samuel W. Eaton, was born in Framingham, Massachusetts, December 25, 1820,—"a Christmas present to his parents" we children used to say. His father was Eben Eaton who was born September 9, 1789, and lived to the age of nearly ninety-four years. He served as deacon of Plymouth Congregational Church for almost half a century, officiating regularly on the Lord's Day to within four weeks of his death. One of his sisters became the wife of the Reverend Joseph Emerson who was a pioneer in promoting the higher education of women. Another edited "The Friend of Virtue" a Boston periodical which enlisted the cooperation of many in rescue work for the tempted and fallen.

The father of Eben was Ebenezer Eaton, who fought at Bunker Hill and helped to carry General Warren off the field when the latter fell mortally wounded. His grave is in the old cemetery at

Framingham, and has been marked by the Sons of the American Revolution with their iron emblem. The father of Ebenezer was Benjamin Eaton, who served in the French and Indian War, and who with his son enlisted in Captain Edgell's Company of Minute Men who marched, on the alarm given April 19, 1775, to Concord and Cambridge. All three men passed their lives on a farm which lay partly in Framingham township and partly in Sudbury. They were descended probably from Jonas Eaton and his wife Grace who settled in Reading, Massachusetts, not later than the year 1640.

My father's mother was Sally Chadwick Spofford, born in Rowley, Massachusetts; a descendant of John Spofford whose name appears on the record of the first division of lands into homestead lots in that town in 1643. In the spring of 1669 he removed to "Spofford's Hill" in the western part of the township, and was without doubt the first settler in Georgetown, and the progenitor of all of the name in the United States and Canada. The ancestors of John Spofford in Yorkshire, England, can be traced back for centuries; indeed with a good degree of certainty to the time of William the Conqueror, and to William of Spofforth who had in 1066, the year of the Conquest, among other possessions "four acres of meadow and wood-pasture one mile long and one broad," but whose estates were confiscated and apportioned among the Norman adventurers.

My father graduated from Yale College in 1842, counting among his most intimate friends in the same class the eminent professor of Greek, James Hadley, and the professor of chemistry, John A. Porter, whose brilliant career as a scientist was cut short by his comparatively early death. In his library was a set of Shakespeare's works in seven large volumes, on the fly leaf of one of which was the autograph "J. Day," the college president in his time, indicating that the books were given in recognition of the recipient's high standing as a scholar. My brother Edward at the early age of ten years was already becoming acquainted with the writings of the world's greatest dramatist by poring over the pages of that edition, curled up on the floor of the minister's tiny study upstairs.

The young graduate went to Union Theological Seminary for a year, but returned to New Haven to study theology under Dr. Nathanael W. Taylor, and after graduation there went to Andover Seminary for a fourth year. Then he set his face westward, resolved to devote his life to the task of helping to establish Christian institutions in the vast region of the Mississippi valley to which the early settlers were flocking. Chicago, which was then a raw, frontier city of but a few thousand people, was the stopping-place over one Sunday. Thence he journeyed by stage-coach across northern Illinois to Galena, and into Wisconsin Territory to Lancaster, the county seat of Grant

County, where he took charge of an infant church then worshiping in a log school house.

The following spring he returned to the East to claim Miss Catherine E. Demarest as his beautiful bride, to be for fifty-six years his angel on life's pathway. She was born on Spring Street in New York when her father, Reverend James Demarest, M.D. was pastor of a Dutch Reformed church. My mother was a descendant of the French Huguenots who soon after the revocation by Louis XIV, in 1685, of the Edict of Nantes, took refuge in foreign countries to the number of at least 500,000, her ancestors escaping to Holland. Hence, while her own family name was French, and she possessed much of the mental alertness and charming vivacity of her Latin lineage, she counted among her relatives many who bore Dutch names. Her mother indeed was a Schoonmaker.

The newly wedded pair voyaged around the great lakes from Buffalo to Milwaukee, and from there traveled by horse-drawn vehicles across the width of Wisconsin Territory, the first stage of the journey being a long, weary drive of two days and the intervening night without a chance to rest. But they passed the three following nights successively in Janesville, Madison and Mineral Point, and at last were welcomed by the people with whom they were to be united in Christian service through forty eventful years.

My birthday occurred on the 18th of March, 1848, the year in which the Territory was admitted

to the Union of States. Those were the days when "prairie schooners" were a common sight to my childish eyes; when my parents occasionally took me with them to make calls on families living in log cabins a few miles out of town; when the "Virginia rail fence" was ordinarily used to make an enclosure, although the prairies were yet unfenced and in season were covered with beautiful flowers among the grass as with a many-hued carpet; when at times the heavens were almost darkened with enormous flocks of migrating pigeons which as they flew over our heads were killed in large numbers by men and boys with their shotguns; when venison and bear meat could be had for our table; when in the winter our father would get a hind quarter of beef at a time, cut it up into pieces of suitable size for the table, "corn" some of them in brine and pack others in snow, to be dug out at intervals for feeding his four hungry boys; when rain water was stored in cisterns, before wells could be driven through the strata of limestone which underlay the land; when soft soap for household use was made by boiling grease in lye from wood ashes, in huge iron kettles over an outdoor fire; and when thrifty housewives manufactured their own candles, so that even after kerosene oil lamps came into use our honored father was wont to announce from the pulpit that the midweek prayer-meeting would be held "at early candle-light."

During three years of my life, 1856 to 1859, on

the farm in Framingham, where the old homestead was four miles from "The Center," there was no school available; but I did a little studying under the direction of my aunt Rebecca Eaton, who was a pupil of Mary Lyon at Mount Holyoke, especially beginning Latin. Many years later this was found to facilitate the acquisition of the Spanish language.

The presidential campaign of 1856, and the candidacy of General Fremont as the first Republican standard bearer, is recalled through the deep impression made upon my mind by the sight of a long strip of white cotton cloth stretched high above the street from side to side under the elms, and bearing the slogan in huge letters, "Fremont and Freedom." Another event which stirred my youthful imagination was the "muster" of seven thousand militiamen at Concord, when Nathanael P. Banks was Governor of the State, and General John E. Wool, who had distinguished himself in the war with Mexico, rode "Green Mountain Morgan" alongside the chief magistrate of the commonwealth. Although the famous steed had attained the venerable age of thirty-seven years, his spirit was stirred again at the sound of martial music and the sight of the marching men and the prancing horses; and he seemed to renew his youth, capering with the rest, to the admiration of us all. That was only eight or nine years after the United States had taken from Mexico (though salving her conscience by the payment of fifteen

million dollars to a helpless neighbor), the vast territory which now comprises Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona, Nevada and California, to say nothing of Texas which, some years before through the instigation of American settlers, had been led to declare her independence of the southern republic. It is distinctly remembered that my grandfather, conversing with neighbors in my hearing, condemned that war with Mexico as unjustifiable on our part.

Various were the religious influences which shaped my character in those tender years: in part, the faithful instruction given by our grandmother who fascinated us with her narrations of Bible incidents, so that we children were always begging her to tell us one more story, and who tried without much success to teach us the answers to questions in the "shorter catechism"; in part, the daily family worship conducted by grandfather before he went forth to his engrossing work on the farm, reading the Bible himself and then standing up to pray; and in part, the attendance at public worship on Sunday morning and afternoon, with the Bible school at noon. After this study there was a refreshing interval for us and for the many other families who had come long distances to church, to eat our lunches out of doors when the weather was not too cold for comfort there. How we did enjoy that religious picnic, since the Puritan custom frowned even upon a quiet walk in the woods or fields on the

Sabbath, and could approve only a journey on foot or by carriage which might be necessary in order to reach the house of God. In the Sunday-school a gentleman once offered a handsomely bound copy of the Bible to every boy and girl who should commit to memory a certain number of hundreds of verses of Scripture within a specified time. This led to the storing of many chapters in my mind, and the forming of a habit which in after years not only helped in the preparation for conducting religious services in my pastorates, but also facilitated the committing to memory of passages from the Spanish Bible as an aid to gospel work in Mexico.

With the return of the family to Wisconsin in the autumn of 1859 I was enrolled a pupil at the Lancaster Institute under the principalship of Sherman Page, who was a strict disciplinarian, a thorough teacher and an effective elocutionist. He was succeeded by Robert A. Donaldson, graduated at Middlebury College and an accurate scholar who insisted upon our memorizing all the rules and exceptions in Andrews and Stoddard's Latin Grammar. Later he went to San Francisco and became connected with the Southern Pacific Railroad, occupying for many years a position of large responsibility.

At the outbreak of the Civil War, there was manifested an intense devotion to the Union on the part of the citizens of our town, and many of my older schoolmates enlisted in the army.

One of them, Thomas Cox, was in the opening battle of Bull Run, and the first man from our town to be killed; and the crying of the "extra" upon the streets made a tremendous impression upon the tender sensibilities of a boy only thirteen years of age. Another who heeded his country's call by a truly religious consecration of himself, ready to die for her, passed with grave countenance through the school-room, from desk to desk, giving a goodbye kiss to each of the older girls; and I looked on the unwonted spectacle with a feeling of awe, akin to that experienced whenever I saw my mother partake with deep feeling of the Lord's Supper.

When the men composing Company C of the Seventh Regiment Wisconsin Volunteers were about to leave for camp, they were drawn up on the green in front of the court-house to receive from the women a banner which bore the legend "From the Lead Mines of Old Grant." My mother had been chosen to make the presentation, supported by a group of ladies, and while she was reading the address that deeply moved all her hearers, the captain, John B. Callis, with sword drawn, was slowly pacing back and forth in front of the ranks, meditating the form of his courteous and patriotic response. He rose to be colonel and brigadier general, and after the war became a member of the Congress at Washington.

The following year came a letter from him stating that the men of the Seventh Wisconsin

had chosen my father to be their chaplain and had petitioned the Governor of the State to commission him for that service, and begging him to accept the appointment. The appeal and the commission were laid before the members of the church, who agreed with their pastor in feeling that the call ought to be accepted, and voted to spare him for a few months. He reached the army of the Potomac at the time of the second battle of Bull Run, and at once gave himself with all his soul to the care of the soldiers; preaching in camp; making journeys to Washington before battles with the soldiers' money in cash upon his person or in a hand bag,—as high as $10,000 at a time,—that it might not be lost if they fell; ministering on the battle-field, under the enemy's fire, to the wounded and the dying. For a part of the time he was the only chaplain in the Iron Brigade; and he could not leave his soldiers until the close of the war in 1865.

After each battle our father wrote to mother in detail concerning the casualties among the men from our township; and it often fell to me to harness the horse to the buggy and drive mother to the home of some soldier, far out in the country perhaps, in order that she might read there the letter which was of such intense interest to the family. The newspapers of Chicago were filled with long lists of the killed, the wounded and the missing, and many errors occurred. Consequently if the name of the loved one had been

given, the family waited for accurate tidings from the chaplain before feeling sure as to the truth. Even though the name might not have appeared in any one of the lists, yet the friends would not be able, after a bloody battle, to do more than "rejoice with trembling" until there should come confirmation of the belief that the dear husband or brother or son was safe. After the three days of fighting at Gettysburg, during which conflict the chaplain wrote home at the close of every day, sometimes utilizing a drumhead for a writing-desk, he reported Colonel Callis wounded, and that only three men of Company C were fit for duty. The "Iron Brigade," (composed of the Second, the Sixth and the Seventh Wisconsin Regiments and the Nineteenth Indiana and, for a part of the time, the Twenty-fourth Michigan), had won such renown that it was often placed in very dangerous positions, and it correspondingly suffered.

The chaplain was on the field at Appomattox Court House immediately after the surrender of General Lee, and secured pieces of the apple tree under which the Commander of the Army of Northern Virginia was seated when General Grant met him for the purpose of arranging the terms of capitulation, which were signed in the farm-house near. These details were given by General Grant himself to the chaplain in Galena, Illinois, at the house of the former's friend, Mr. Felt,

where my father had the honor of making a call on the General and Mrs. Grant.

The limits of this narrative will not permit me to follow the fortunes of my brothers, except to record in briefest outline the careers of the three. Edward Dwight graduated at Beloit College and Yale Theological Seminary; held two pastorates in ten years; was president of Beloit for more than thirty years; for a time during the World War represented our denomination at Washington, D. C., and in the same city served a new church as its first pastor; for a long time has been connected with the American Board, first as its vice-president, then on the prudential committee, and going on deputations to foreign fields; and is still active as a sort of pastor at large. Samuel Lewis graduated at Yale, where he took the first prize at the Junior Exhibition, was elected to a senior society which is the most famous one in that university, was one of the six winners of the Townsend prizes for "the best specimen of English composition" who spoke in competition for the De Forest gold medal, and was one of the speakers on the commencement program. He entered the medical profession, and for many years has been established in Newton Highlands, Massachusetts, where he has a private sanatorium in addition to his general practice. Charles Woodhull also became a physician and surgeon spending most of his active life at the capital of Iowa, where he was medical director of

the Des Moines Life Insurance Company at the time of his death in 1908. The memorial service in Plymouth Church was noteworthy, for the large attendance of men including the medical fraternity who furnished from their number the honorary pall-bearers, for the beauty and appropriateness of the selections from Scripture and of the music by organ and quartette, and for the able and appreciative analysis of our brother's character and work and the tribute of love and admiration which were given by the pastor and the pastor *emeritus* respectively. After it was all over, Edward seated himself in Charlie's chair at the office and told us all the beautiful story of that day in a letter from which it may be permitted to quote a few lines: "How many whom he has buoyed up in sickness and despondency are dreading the experience of life without him; strong men pay their homage to his greatness, and women and children mourn in him the tenderest, most sympathetic of friends . . . . It is an irreparable loss to you all, that you could not share the sorrowful privilege of feeling the depth of affection shown by so many for our brother, and the manifold evidences of the power of his life and influence in this community and far beyond it . . . . Are we not proud and thankful that he was given to us and to so many others? and we think he would say to us now with his brightest smile, 'Say not good night, but in some brighter clime bid me good morning.' "

During the war the Lancaster Institute again experienced a change of administration, the new principal being John J. Copp of Groton, Connecticut, a graduate of Amherst College. He was a most wholesome kind of man of high ideals and an inspiring teacher, and valued the possession of a sound body, keeping his own in good condition by taking walks of from six to ten miles daily. Under his lead our class read the entire twelve books of Virgil's Æneid, presenting each day for "the review" a careful translation of the preceding lesson, which was written in a large blank book, so that in the end each one of us was possessor of a volume that contained an English version of the famous classic. Occasionally the study of the lesson would be halted for a few minutes while our teacher would repeat from memory, and in an elevated and sympathetic tone of voice, some significant lines from Milton's *Paradise Lost.*

One day in the spring of 1865 he told us that we were prepared to enter Amherst. My own thought had been not to go to college, lest that step might lead to my becoming a minister of the gospel. It seemed to me preferable to avoid the solemn responsibilities and the material sacrifices involved in that calling to which my parents had given themselves with such absolute devotion. I would go into business, perhaps becoming a bookseller or even a publisher; and if by this means a competence were secured, my parents would

have many comforts to lighten the burden of declining years, and generous gifts would be made for the support of the Church, whose divine mission it never occurred to me to question for one moment. This had been my youthful dream.

But the next few months were to bring a change in the outlook. After the "Grand Review" of the federal armies marching through Washington for three days, (when my father rode his horse among the other officers of his regiment, accompanied by Edward as his orderly, the latter having been for a short time an agent of the United States Christian Commission, probably the youngest in the service), it was not long before the million and a quarter of men were mustered out of service and allowed to return to their families and peaceful occupations. The chaplain delayed his home-coming only a few days to enable him to attend the National Congregational Council at Boston, and accompany the delegates to Plymouth where they adopted the Burial Hill Declaration of Faith. Following closely his return to us came a letter from the colonel of his regiment, who wrote to the chaplain: "I should not feel my duty as a soldier ended did I not acknowledge your services while connected with the army. . . . Your example and influence have been to me of untold worth in the discipline of the command. While I feel my inability to express in befitting words the extent of the moral value of your Christian example and service, I

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am totally lost for language when I refer to your services in the trying hour of battle as you stood among the dead and dying. . . . Heaven, who alone knows the full worth of your labors, reward you."

My father in his quiet, thoughtful way led me to realize more fully the advantages of a college education, although at that time he said nothing about entering the Christian ministry. He had given up the comparatively comfortable income of the chaplaincy, and returned to the meager salary of former days, and therefore could not propose my going to his *alma mater,* nor even to Amherst; but he did offer to help me to the extent of his ability, if I would enter the young college whose founding by wise men from the east, shortly after he himself had joined the ranks of the pioneers, had roused his deepest interest and hearty cooperation. This was evidently a providential opening, and the parental counsel prevailed, backed as it was by family traditions on both sides of the house. Early in September I started for the school which was only two hundred miles distant, "working my passage" by helping a friend to drive his herd of cattle twenty-five miles to the nearest railroad station, load them on the cars at two o'clock in the morning, and then travel on the freight train headed for the Chicago stockyards, on a pass for "drover and assistant."

CHAPTER II

STUDENT LIFE FOLLOWING THE CIVIL WAR

The halls of Beloit College, which had been almost deserted for four years, because of the enlistment of so many of its students to fight for union and freedom, filled up with men returning to finish their studies in company with those who were too young to serve in the army.

In our freshman class were nine who had worn the blue uniform, including two former captains. One of the seniors was Colonel J. D. Davis who became the famous missionary to Japan. Others from the army were Arthur H. Smith and Henry D. Porter who went to China. A large percentage of every class, in the academy as well as in the college, were expecting to become ministers, and many of these afterward enlisted as Christ's soldiers for campaigns in foreign fields. Men of that stamp were so numerous that there was maintained a daily prayer-meeting at noon, each class had its weekly religious meeting after one of the recitations, and there was an evening gathering in the middle of the week designed for the entire student body. The class rooms were filled largely with grown men, not immature boys; and there

prevailed a feeling of responsibility to make the most of one's self in those days of opportunities for culture, and to decide in what way one might become most useful to humanity.

The outstanding men of the faculty, besides President Aaron L. Chapin, were Joseph Emerson in Greek, William Porter for Latin, Jackson J. Bushnell in Mathematics, and James J. Blaisdell in Mental and Moral Philosophy. Very few were the tutors; and so the students came into daily personal contact with those rare teachers who molded character while they opened the paths to knowledge. Early in its history Beloit began to furnish professors to Yale, and presidents and instructors for various colleges.

There was another advantage enjoyed at the small college as compared with a large eastern institution; a larger proportion of the students were entrusted with official responsibility and were summoned to participate in college functions of various kinds. One of the many pleasant experiences of my life here was the editorship of the college monthly magazine which had then maintained a continuous existence for a longer period than any other publication of its class, excepting the Yale Literary Magazine. The week before graduation was spent by me in accompanying the editors of the newspapers of Wisconsin on an excursion which included steamboat travel on lake and river, receptions and banquets, entertainment by night at comfortable hotels, a

convention with flow of oratory, and free transportation by railroad. Another agreeable recollection is that of the triumphant career of the baseball team, "The Olympians," organized by our class in the freshman year in the spring of 1866, but taken up with great enthusiasm by other men in the college and the preparatory department. They defeated crack teams from Madison, Janesville, Whitewater, Milwaukee, Chicago and other towns, gained the championship in their own state and, through the reports in the public press of their achievements, attracted attention to the college.

In those years the lyceum courses of lectures were in full swing, bringing to us famous men like Wendell Phillips, John B. Gough, Frederick Douglass, George W. Curtis, Theodore Tilton and Horace Greeley, besides others who without compensation addressed public assemblages, such as Generals William T. Sherman and Benjamin F. Butler, and clergymen and educators who spoke at chapel.

Before the end of the freshman year my decision had been made to unite with the church at Lancaster, and my reluctance to become a minister of the gospel was overcome through an intimate conversation with my father while he was taking me with his horse and buggy to the railroad station, which necessitated a drive of five or six hours. After that act of renunciation it became easy to hold myself in readiness to go

to the ends of the earth, into "darkest Africa," or anywhere that might be providentially indicated.

After graduating from college in 1869 I studied awhile at Chicago Theological Seminary, where Professors Bartlett, Haven and Fisk were the Big Three. As an outside responsibility there was given me a class of boys in the large Tabernacle Sunday-school whose superintendent was that splendid Christian leader, Major D. W. Whittle. Dwight L. Moody was just coming into prominence at the meetings in Farwell Hall; and many of the city pulpits were filled by able men whose discourses supplied additional training of great value for both mind and heart.

But in the early spring an invitation was accepted to teach a public school on a large cotton plantation near Lake Village, Arkansas, at a good salary and for a term of only three months. The long voyage by steamboat from Saint Louis to Vicksburg enabled me to make the acquaintance of many southerners and to gain insight into life on both sides of the great river. An afternoon in Memphis furnished two contrasting spectacles; one, the succession on a fashionable street, of carriages drawn at a rapid pace by blooded horses and filled with beautiful southern women accompanied by handsome men, and the other, a procession of colored people celebrating the ratification of the Fifteenth Amendment to the Constitution. In the first wagon was a brass band, and

in the second a company of girls dressed in white, representing all the States of the Union, while on a throne elevated above them sat a plump Negress also arrayed in white raiment, with white kid slippers on her feet and a crown of glittering tinsel on her head, representing the Goddess of Liberty. When they reached their destination and the goddess prepared to descend to earth, dozens of dusky arms were outstretched eagerly to receive her. Along the way rode Negro marshals in uniform, mounted on mettlesome steeds and looking as important as if they might have returned recently from commanding the Army of the Potomac.

We had glimpses of spots made famous during the Civil War, such as Fort Pillow, Milliken's Bend, Island No. 10 and above all Vicksburg, where was spent a part of two days waiting for a boat. Countless were the caves dug in the sides of the gulches to provide shelter for the families from the cannonading by our troops, and in them were still to be seen evidences of former occupation. In one of the old redoubts had been mounted the cannon "Whistling Dick," which did considerable execution among the Federal gunboats; and leading down from it to the bank of the river was seen the deep trench for sheltering the Confederates when they went to draw water. In another earthwork were found two heavy siege guns, ten to twelve feet in length and made to discharge a twelve inch projectile, which were

half buried in the earth where they had lain for six or seven years. The cemetery on the north side of the city contained the graves of 40,000 Confederate soldiers, a portion of them having been brought from Helena in Arkansas. The city was still garrisoned with United States soldiers.

In Chicot County, Arkansas, at that time there were about ten times as many colored people as whites; and a considerable percentage of the latter before the war had belonged to the rough element, so that it was the custom of men on the highway, as well as on the lonely roads and trails, to carry arms. The government in power was of the "carpet bag" variety of course; but the white officials with whom I had dealings appeared to be men not only of intelligence but of integrity, and sincerely desirous of promoting the public welfare. The prosecuting attorney of the county was a scholar and a gentleman of high ideals, and the judge was of a kindred spirit. He and his wife conducted a Sunday-school for whites, and their home was for me a delightful retreat.

The school trustee who signed a contract with me as teacher at the Yellow Bayou plantation was the son of a wealthy planter, while his mother was a slave. He had been educated in France and could speak several languages. He held also the offices of justice of the peace, postmaster and state senator, and had lately had his nomination as minister to Liberia confirmed by the Senate of the United States.

The owner of Yellow Bayou had other property in Louisville, Kentucky, and in Philadelphia where he made his home during the war. His wife was a Derringer, daughter of the inventor of the pistol of that name, and she had in her possession a dozen or more braces of the weapon for making gifts to friends. She was a cousin of the wife of Abraham Lincoln. Their mansion had been burned during the war, and later the very site of it was washed away by the Mississippi river; so that the family had to take up their abode in the dwelling of the old-time overseer. After a few weeks they all started for their summer sojourn at the north, leaving the new overseer and the schoolmaster sole occupants of the house, the only whites among hundreds of colored folks; and one of the two was burned by the sun to so dark a hue, that the pedagogue scarcely realized the presence of even one white person on that area of 8,000 acres, except when he caught a glimpse of his own face in the mirror.

The teaching was of a simple character, enlivened by the use of blackboard, charts and globe brought from Chicago; and the children, (for all old enough to labor were in the cotton field), made good progress, advancing from their a b c's through the first reader. So great was the demand from the field hands for similar advantages, that a night school was opened, for a very moderate fee which they gladly paid. The teacher

was called upon to help adults in their accounts and other business matters, and even to write love letters for ardent swains. In one such case the amanuensis had finished a glowing epistle to "Dearest Lucinda," and it had been subscribed "Your true and faithful lover, Tolliver Bowie"; and the writer had made a copy of it, when the young man's feelings overcame him, and he suddenly burst forth in an imaginative strain uttering the following sentences which were taken down *verbatim* from his lips and added as a postscript: "I have rode the broad ocean of water and run the risk of my life. I have traveled over mountains day after day, and have not found a lady among ten thousand that lies so upon my whole heart as you. I ask that you will please tell me whether you will have me, and not to tell me No; for it seems like a burden lying upon my whole heart, from one day's end to another. I feel like a sheep that has wandered from its gang and has lost its way and is blatting. I am like a dove that has lost its mate and is calling for it and cannot find it. I hope it will soon come to its home and give me peace." He would have gone on like this for the space of several sheets, if his fancy had been allowed full play; but the hour was getting late, and the brake was applied.

On Sundays from nine to ten o'clock I had a Bible school more largely attended than the other; and I had opportunity to observe the colored folks in their religious meetings under the lead of igno-

rant but fervid preachers who were encouraged by their hearers to rise to loftier flights of eloquence by such ejaculations as "Yes, brother," "Yes, honey," "Yes, yes," "That's so, brother," (with nodding of the head), and "My God! ain't that true!" Many would break out into singing by themselves or loud screaming while the preacher was holding forth; and often the din was deafening. On one occasion a young woman was so "moved" that she jumped up and down and threw her arms and legs about in an alarming manner. Several of the neighboring worshipers received from her brawny hands a resounding whack in the face; and some dodged her during prayer, when she began to heave and groan and sway her body. While she was going through these motions, an attentive young man performed the pleasing task of supporting her by the waist from behind. Although many of their sayings and doings were painfully ludicrous, others awakened profound sympathy, by reason of the pathetic reminders thus given of the old times of suffering in slavery, and real respect for their simple faith in Jesus and their sincere reverence for things unseen and eternal.

In September I entered Andover Theological Seminary, taking the studies of the middle year under Professor Edwards A. Park, who had returned refreshed by a year in Europe, and was greeted by an enthusiastic class of about sixty men including the seniors who had awaited his

coming to get the course of lectures on systematic theology. The room was full, and often the keen sallies of the lecturer or his witty rejoinders to some student's question or remark called forth hearty laughter or loud applause by the entire assembly. Such worldly sounds proceeding from a body of theological students might have scandalized some outsiders, if the building had been within easy range of their hearing; but that and the companion halls rose in quiet stateliness far back from the street, behind a wide lawn and avenues of elms and horse-chestnuts.

Courses in the Hebrew and the Greek Scriptures were given us by Charles M. Mead and J. Henry Thayer. In the senior year it was Austin Phelps and Egbert C. Smyth; while all along we had J. Wesley Churchill, the incomparable impersonator and the big brother, who drilled daily the whole body of men in vocal gymnastics, and with discernment but in a kindly manner criticised the seniors in their delivery of sermons.

Many were the notables brought to address either the students alone or assemblies that included the townspeople, such as Edward Everett Hale, Andrew P. Peabody, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Wendell Phillips, General Armstrong, A. J. Gordon and Joseph Cook. Boston was a mine of similar riches, with R. R. Meredith crowding Tremont Temple every Saturday noon with teachers and preachers to hear his exposition of the Sunday-school lesson; Christine Nilsson

singing in the oratorio of the "Messiah" and in the opera of "Faust," and Parepa Rosa still charming with her voice the lovers of music; Edwin Booth playing in "Hamlet" and Edwin Forrest in "King Lear;" Major J. W. Powell telling for the first time in public the thrilling story of his perilous voyage of exploration through the Grand Canyon of Arizona; while Harvard University admitted me as a visitor to lectures by James Russell Lowell and Oliver Wendell Holmes. Dr. E. B. Webb was preaching at the Shawmut Church, Edward N. Kirk at Mount Vernon on Beacon Hill, J. M. Manning at the Old South on the corner of Milk Street, "Adirondack" Murray at Park Street, and Phillips Brooks at the old stone church on Winter Street.

In June of 1872 was held the second Peace Jubilee in the huge coliseum built for the purpose, when P. S. Gilmore brought from different countries of Europe their famous bands of music, each one comprising not less than fifty instruments. Johann Strauss conducted one of the companies, and he was so extremely active in his bodily movements as to cause the swallowtails of his coat to fly about almost like the wings of the bird from which they derive their name! There was a chorus of many thousands of singers, the hundreds of component parts of which had been drilled in advance by men who instructed them in halls, churches and schools throughout Greater Boston. One of those leaders came regularly to train us

theological students, and so it happened that a seat in the immense chorus was assigned to me.

The senior year brought me many opportunities for the supply of pulpits; but there was no thought of accepting a pastorate in dear New England; for my face was set toward mission work, either in the newer regions of my own country after my father's example, or in foreign lands which seemed to make a stronger appeal to such as were free to leave their kindred. Mr. and Mrs. John T. Gulick of North China urged upon me the claims of that wide field, and as the result of repeated interviews they felt pretty sure of my intention to join them after having carried out the cherished plan of taking a year for further study at Yale. But about the same time Dr. George H. Atkinson of Portland, Oregon, addressed the student body and presented the claims of the new Northwest, he having recently resigned his pastorate of fifteen years with the First Church to become general missionary for Oregon and Washington. He told the fascinating story of Marcus Whitman's winter ride across the Rocky Mountains to plead with the government at Washington not to allow that territory to become the possession of Great Britain, and how that intrepid missionary of the American Board took back with him a caravan of families to prove his assertion that fellow-countrymen could settle in that region, and would do so if they received encouragement. In a private interview he solicited my cooperation with himself in the en-

deavor to lay broad and deep foundations for Christian institutions in that domain of rich resources.

The month of September found me in New Haven, domiciled in the new Divinity Hall as chum with my brother Edward who had graduated from Beloit as valedictorian of his class and was beginning his theological course. How we did enjoy life under the elms at the ancient seat of learning, sitting at the feet of such teachers as George P. Fisher, Timothy Dwight and William D. Whitney! The pulpit of Battell Chapel was occupied by able preachers; and that valiant leader of Congregationalism, Leonard Bacon, was still to be seen on the platform at Center Church of which he had become pastor *emeritus*. It was thrilling to feel the contact of the pervading spirit of a large body of students, to move in an encompassing atmosphere of noble traditions of scholarship and chivalrous service of others, to gaze upon the old red brick walls which had sheltered our father and his associates and the successive generations of men before his time going back almost two hundred years, and to ramble eastward, northward or westward, visiting the fields, the woodlands, the high rocks or the shore of the Sound, which their feet had trod.

But in November came a great surprise in the form of a call from the First Congregational Church of Portland, Oregon, to become its pastor for one year. That seemed to open a door for both

home and foreign missionary work; for while the congregation was at that time the largest of our fellowship north of San Francisco, and well past the need of pecuniary help, it was located at the strategic center of a wide area dotted with settlements that were already making loud appeal for the formative moral and religious influences which the Church alone could furnish; and the numerous Chinese residents in the city made their special claim upon my sympathies. Then, too, for a dozen years past I had been frequenting class rooms. Of theory there had been abundance; now a little of practice might be wholesome. A year on the far Pacific Coast out among men—and hardy pioneers at that, accustomed to bring things to pass, if not in the conventional way—would enrich me with a new kind of experience, reveal some of the things I lacked, and return me to the university with a more intelligent idea concerning the direction of study required to make good my deficiencies; and soon was the decision made to accept the call.

CHAPTER III

ACROSS THE CONTINENT AND BACK

On my westward way the first week in December found me in Washington, when the Congress was in session. J. Allen Barber, of Wisconsin, who had been chiefly instrumental in obtaining from New England the successive principals of the Institute, was then a member of the House of Representatives. When Mr. Barber escorted me to the Senate Chamber for the purpose of introducing me to one of the senators from Oregon, at the door we almost jostled against the imposing figure of Charles Sumner, and within we heard Roscoe Conkling speaking.

In my native town and at a special meeting of the Mineral Point District Convention of Congregational Churches which was held on Sunday evening, December 15, in the old church edifice which could not contain all who wished to attend the unwonted ceremony, occurred my ordination to the ministry of the gospel. The sermon by my father had for its text the charge of David to Solomon his son: "I go the way of all the earth; be thou strong therefore and show thyself a man." One of the local papers, in its extended account

of the event, remarked: "Than this, nothing could have been finer or more apposite, as the discourse of which it was the keynote so convincingly testified; perhaps one of the best sermons of his life, as in his preaching he manifested a degree of earnestness and displayed a power of eloquence such as characterize the efforts of not every clergyman within our borders."

At that time there was but one railroad to the Pacific Coast, which had been completed three years before by the junction at Ogden of the Union Pacific and the Central Pacific tracks; and it was a journey of seven days from New York to San Francisco. But even that was a wonderful advance, in both time and comfort, over the stage-coach and the pony express of Ben Holliday, who was for a while a fellow passenger on our train. In Utah it was bitterly cold, making it necessary to use the blankets from our berths as lap robes; but when the high banks of snow on the Sierra Nevada Mountains had been passed, and our train had dropped down in a few hours from the summit to Sacramento, we found ourselves inhaling with delight balmy air laden with the perfume of flowers. It seemed as if we must have halted in some vast conservatory; but there was no glass above our heads, only the clear air of California flooded with sunshine.

To reach Portland there was a choice of routes, either by rail to Redding, thence by daily stage for two hundred and seventy-five miles over the Sis-

kiyou Mountains to Roseburg, ending with a ride of two hundred miles by rail again to the city located on the Willamette river ten miles above its junction with the Columbia, or by a small tri-weekly steamer. People said: "Whichever way you choose, you'll wish you had taken the other;" but during the rainy winter season, when it was almost impossible for the "mud wagons" to get through certain bad stretches of road, so that the sacks of mail sometimes had to be thrown off in the mire, and the time lengthened out to fourteen days from New York, the scale tipped heavily toward the ocean voyage. Consequently passage was taken on the "George W. Elder" for a voyage of eight hundred miles, over the Columbia River bar and past the historic port of Astoria, where the majestic stream is three miles in width, then up between heavily wooded banks to the city of my day dreams.

Never can I forget the first impression of the wonderful view which is obtained from the heights back of the town, with the dark evergreen forest stretching far in every direction, while just across the valley to the eastward, (apparently near, though really fifty miles away). rises the stately Mount Hood robed in white. North of it looms the symmetrical cone of Mount Adams; and still farther away may be discerned Ranier, distant one hundred and twenty miles; while to the south are the peaks of Mount Jefferson and the Three Sisters; thus outlining the Sierra Nevada range for

more than two hundred miles. Nearer, one can follow with his gaze the courses of the two rivers, both above and below their confluence, by means of the light reflected from their gleaming water, which offers a striking contrast to the dark green of the encompassing forest. Lying at the wharves below are a few river steamboats, and some sailing vessels that may have come from China or the west coast of South America, and are to take on cargoes of wheat for England via Cape Horn.

With the exception of the compact city itself, and a glimpse of the military barracks at Fort Vancouver on the northern bank of the Columbia, there were then no human habitations to be seen; and most appropriate seemed the title given to the region, "the great lonely land," the fitness of which must have been felt by the poet who wrote: "Where rolls the Oregon and hears no sound save its own dashing."

Portland had a population of only ten thousand; but its assessed property valuation of ten million dollars indicated its importance even at that time as a business center. Seattle comprised a few frame buildings scattered among a wilderness of stumps on the high shore of Puget Sound, and Tocoma was nowhere. But the northwestern metropolis already possessed a number of substantial brick blocks, a noble federal building which occupied the center of an entire square, commodious school houses and respectable churches. The First Congregational had already completed its second

building, an attractive edifice with a basement story for the Sunday-school and social gatherings, and a graceful spire from which sounded forth the voice of its deep-toned bell. It summoned to their church home a noble band of earnest men and women, many of whom were true pioneers and had come to occupy positions of large responsibility, and were ready to give largely of their time and their means to Christian enterprises.

Life in those novel surroundings was full of interest from the beginning. Not only in the church itself did it fall to me to administer the sacraments for the first time and receive a considerable number of new members, the larger part on confession of faith, and take the lead in obtaining an organist and new recruits for the choir, and within six weeks start a Chinese Sunday-school with a teacher for each pupil; but in the community and in outside towns occurred events which called for assistance from the newcomer. Very soon was the entire city shocked and saddened by the tidings that through treachery on the part of the Modoc Indians in southern Oregon the beloved General Canby and a well-known clergyman had been killed. The body of the General was brought home for the burial rites, in which some of us shared. Two months later, during the meeting of our State Association at The Dalles, my sermon on Sunday evening was addressed to an assembly which included a small group of Warm Spring Indians who in company with other war-

riors of the tribe had been fighting those same Modocs in the Lava Beds; for a number of the tribe were Christians. The following day a lot of the braves who had come into town to be paid off, rode through the streets on their ponies, carrying suspended from poles the scalps of those they had slain, and whooping at intervals in a startling manner, at the same time firing their guns. In the evening they had a war dance, staged by seventy warriors and as many squaws.

An event in the spring which moved the city mightily, furnishing a topic of conversation whenever people met, filling columns of the newspapers, and dividing the citizens into two camps, of friends and foes, was the launching of the Women's Temperance Crusade, in sympathy with the movement which began in Hillsboro, Ohio, spread to other parts of the country, led to the organization of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and had a large share in shaping public opinion against the liquor saloon, until the climax of hostility to alcoholic beverages was reached in the adoption of the Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution.

When the movement was at its height, the women were accustomed to meet every morning in one of the churches in company with their pastors and other women and some laymen, for prayer and conference and mutual encouragement in the difficult task; then they marched forth two by two, fifty or sixty of

them, to lay siege to some saloon, singing and praying on the sidewalk and expostulating with the barkeeper for being in so shameful a business as that of coining money out of the degradation of his fellowmen and the poverty and suffering of innocent wives and children. Becoming proficient in the methods of their warfare they took lunches along and carried campstools on their arms, so as to be able to continue for an indefinite time in any given place. Now and then they would march back to the church to report progress to the praying group there, narrating experiences that tended either to discourage or to cheer, and then start out again to renew their holy crusade, with renewed faith and courage to face the foe. The climax was reached when they visited the saloon of a man whose wife was a member of our church, and where they stayed for more than four hours, until the sun went down. Whistles were blown, gongs beaten, a barrel organ played, water thrown with the hose on the crusaders, and several fights occurred among men who, drawing pistols and knives, took sides either for or against the women. The following morning at nine o'clock the crusaders came again, but the proprietor kept quiet. A little before noon they were arrested by police officers, and their trial was fixed for the next morning, which was Saturday. The case was adjourned till Monday. After listening to the testimony, and pleas by several attorneys on each side, the jury rendered a verdict of "guilty of dis-

orderly conduct," and each woman was sentenced to pay a fine of $1 and costs, or go to jail for one day. Of course they chose the latter alternative; but they did not continue their militant methods, feeling that they had already made a deep impression for good upon the minds of thinking men and women, and being convinced that by other means the shaping of public opinion in the right direction would go on, as it did.

Very soon was our church strongly reinforced by the coming of Major General O. O. Howard to take command of the Department of the Columbia. As loyal Congregationalists he and his wife and family cast in their lot with us; and one of the General's staff and his wife did the same. The commander taught a Bible class, and occasionally occupied my pulpit, when it was necessary for me to be absent in the interest of other churches. When General Phil Sheridan visited our city on his wedding journey, the reception given in his honor by General Howard afforded opportunity to meet him and his charming bride.

There were still living in the community men and women who were reminders of the earlier days when it was not yet determined that Oregon and Washington should belong to the United States. The tall form of the famous trapper and Indian fighter, Joseph Meek, was seen on our streets. Then there was "Father Walker" of no less gigantic stature, early missionary of the American

Board to the Indians at Walla Walla, and "Father Eells," his companion on the far frontier.

That second year, 1874, was not far advanced before I found myself wearied with carrying the unaccustomed weight of large responsibilities; and the church was frankly informed of my wish to be relieved entirely of the burden, unless it might be practicable to arrange for an extended exchange of pulpits with some eastern minister. The good people expressed their preference for the second alternative; and soon it was decided that the Reverend A. H. Bradford of Montclair, New Jersey, would take my place for the months of June to September inclusive, and commit his people to my care for the same period, each minister having obtained leave of absence for six months. Years afterwards it was learned from the Bradfords, that they too were just then feeling that some way must be found for securing a much needed rest, but could not see how it was to be brought about, when, behold! the novel proposal arrived by mail.

What a summer sojourn was that for me, pursuing the study not of books but of folks, making the acquaintance of choice men and women who had formerly belonged to churches in New York, Brooklyn and Jersey City. There were visits to the great metropolis, to relatives and friends in the vicinity and in New England, and to the meeting in New Haven of the National Congregational

Council, to which I was elected delegate from the churches of Oregon and Washington.

At the very first was made the discovery that the chairman of the board of trustees of the Montclair church, Mr. Julius H. Pratt, was a classmate of my father at Yale College. If the reading of these lines were to be confined to my children and grandchildren, I might feel at liberty to enter into some details of what happened in the course of the next few months; but the veil of reserve must cover them. However, it may be stated that my pleasant sojourn did not end with the farewell reception in the church parlors, when a generous purse was placed in my hands. For another month I tarried; and when I began the return journey, by a Pacific Mail steamer to Aspinwall, by rail across the Isthmus of Panama, and thence by another vessel to San Francisco, I wore an engagement ring which had been given me in exchange for one placed on the hand of Miss Gertrude Clifford Pratt, who had recently returned from a year and a half of study and travel in Europe after her course at Vassar College.

In the following spring came two influential women of the Portland church to my study, ostensibly to make a friendly call. But as they arose to take their leave, they said something about wishing to make the acquaintance of a certain young lady concerning whom they had heard very pleasant things, and without further explanation laid upon my table a tiny parcel. After their de-

parture this was found to contain about five hundred dollars, in shining twenty dollar gold coins. Then was their meaning plain! But could the church be left again so soon for a long absence? Once more were the fates propitious; since Mrs. Pratt was to make the voyage via Panama in company with a lady friend who sought recovery of health, the daughter decided to go with her mother to the far western coast.

We met in San Francisco; and there was a wedding one morning at nine o'clock in the First Church, attended by about fifty friends. The most popular minister in the city at that time was Dr. A. L. Stone, who was a finished orator and possessed of a rarely musical voice. Of course I could not assume that in this case the rule of professional courtesy would prevail; therefore at the close of a call the evening before at the minister's residence, for the purpose of engaging the services of his organist, I ventured to place in the doctor's hand an envelope containing a fee for himself. After the ceremony the next day, when Dr. Stone in his inimitable manner had extended congratulations to the newly wedded pair, he slipped the identical envelope into the hands of the bride with the remark: "I think this belongs to you." In the evening were found written on my own sheet of paper the words: "These golden compliments of the bridegroom are returned to the bride, with best wishes for her happiness, by the officiating minister." So that all three participants were

gratified, the coin having followed the same circle which had been taken by the wedding ring a few moments before.

At the Cliff House was given by Mrs. Pratt a wedding breakfast to about a dozen friends who were closest to the family. The next day we boarded the overland train to Summit, and thence were driven fifty miles via Truckee to Lake Tahoe, on the way having a magnificent view from our outside seats, of a part of the snow-covered Coast Range. One evening when the fascinating lake was flooded with the glory of the moon, we and another young couple were invited to form a party for a boat ride. The oars were plied by the clerk of the hotel while our other host, who owned the boats for hire, sat in the bow and sang to us, accompanying himself on the guitar. By day while floating on the surface one could see very far down into the depths and observe pictured on the bottom the moving images of the ripples above. So clear was the water that one scarcely noticed where it met the air; and one felt the sensation recorded by Mark Twain who was almost ready to believe that he was floating in the atmosphere.

Since the season of rains and muddy roads was past, we decided to make the journey to Portland by land. For a part of the ride to Redding we enjoyed the delightful company of Dr. J. K. McLean, then pastor of the First Congregational Church of Oakland, (but formerly in charge of Plymouth Church in Framingham, Massachusetts,

to which our family had belonged for several generations), who was bound for Shasta Springs and a vacation, hunting and fishing.

We had reserved outside seats alongside the driver of the stagecoach which was to start on Saturday morning at six o'clock. It was drawn by six spirited horses that were exchanged for a fresh team every ten or twelve miles. There were many places on that road through the mountains, which the iron horse had not yet penetrated, where a slight swerving from the narrow track or a failure of the brakes on a steep descent would have launched us into eternity. The successive drivers did not hesitate to play upon the imagination of the young lady passenger by describing some of their hairbreadth escapes from fatal accident. After eighteen hours of that sort of experience we felt exhausted in mind and body when we dismounted from our perch to rest for the twenty-four hours of the Lord's Day in a little inn at Strawberry Valley, in full view of Mount Shasta. At the midnight hour we were again on the road, to continue to the end of two hundred and seventy-five miles of this mode of travel until we reached Roseburg and a railroad train.

Portland introduced the bride to a life full of novelties in landscape, people, social requirements and service as pastor's wife. Her musical gifts and training were soon discovered and utilized; so that she frequently sang contralto solos in con-

certs given for the benefit of the church, and was employed as organist for the Sunday services.

Soon after the opening of the year 1876 which offered the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia, we faced the necessity of deciding whether or no to remain indefinitely in the northwest. Frankly we were not captivated with the climate. Delightful as it was to see roses blooming in the door-yards all through the year, we did not fancy the prevalence for months in succession of "Oregon mist" which for the first two weeks after my own arrival did not permit the sun to show its face for even one brief moment. Umbrellas and overshoes became a burden. The girl who had scaled the Righi Culm and been photographed there with alpenstock in hand, lost all inclination to mountain climbing. Then, too, the young minister felt that in time he would have to seek renewal of energy through a change of pastorate, and it seemed advisable to resign his charge then, rather than at a later time.

But the sundering of tender ties which had already been formed between pastor and people was a painful ordeal for both of us. On the last Sunday, the thirtieth of April, in the morning was preached my farewell sermon to a crowded house from the text "As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about his people," and the discourse was printed in full in the leading newspaper. Children were presented for baptism. In the evening was the place filled again for celebrating the Lord's Supper and for or-

daining in a fitting manner three additional deacons. On Thursday evening, just before boarding the steamer *Oriflamme,* we attended the regular midweek meeting presided over by one of the older deacons. In prayer and song voices choked with deep feeling. At the close came the dreaded handclasps and farewells, which some avoided by leaving the room in silence. The tears were brimming in men's eyes. The pastor's wife became separated from her husband and, surrounded by friends, was overcome by emotion. In the days just preceding we had received proofs of strong attachment. One evening we heard two or three dozen rings of our doorbell, the first intimation of a surprise party of thirty-five persons, composed of my wife's Bible class of young men and their lady friends, who brought refreshments and valuable gifts. The following evening was given another surprise, when a larger company filled the house and witnessed the presentation to the retiring pastor of a valuable gold watch and chain, suitably engraved, which after forty-six years of service, and pretty rough usage for two-thirds of that period in Mexico, is keeping as accurate time as at the beginning. What greatly enhanced its value to the recipient was the knowledge that almost every one connected with the church and the Bible school had contributed to its purchase; so that the beautiful gift has been a continual reminder through all the intervening years of the love and good wishes of the men and women and children who constituted my first parish.

CHAPTER IV

THE PASTORATE IN BOUND BROOK, NEW JERSEY

Midsummer found us again in Montclair; and soon we learned of a church which had been organized in Bound Brook by families that for the most part had belonged to the Presbyterian communion, though some came from the Dutch Reformed Church. They had entered the Congregational fellowship to free themselves from certain local embarrassments, and were not seeking pecuniary aid from outside. They had been ministered to for a time by Dr. Edward Beecher, meeting in the assembly room of an academy; but they planned soon to build a house of worship, and were looking for a pastor. I was invited to make their acquaintance and perhaps take charge of the new enterprise. For six Sundays we worshipped together in the school, the minister being received as guest in as many different homes each time from Saturday until Monday.

In September we were on our way to Hartford to attend the annual meeting of the American Board, stopping along the road with relatives on the wife's side of the house, in Stratford, Bridgeport and New Haven. During the stay in Bridge-

Church Edifice in Bound Brook

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port there came by wire a call to the pastorate of the Bound Brook church. But in Hartford, when that Christian statesman, Secretary N. G. Clark, met me in the lobby of his hotel, he recognized the former Andover student and, holding my hand in a close grasp, said in his impressive way: "Eaton, in the name of the American Board I extend to you a call to Japan." Each of the calls in its own way made a strong appeal and was matter for serious and prayerful meditation.

In Stratford we had made the acquaintance of William Elliot Griffis, recently returned from his years of service at the Imperial University in Japan; for he came to deliver a lecture on that country and its people, and was entertained in the same hospitable home with ourselves. To him I went for information concerning missionary methods. While he expressed hearty sympathy with efforts to evangelize the Japanese, the interview decided me to accept the call to Bound Brook. The church was composed of substantial and intelligent people who were very loyal to the new enterprise; and while there was not in it a single family of Congregational antecedents, all took most kindly to the unwonted freedom. One of the first things they did, even before securing a pastor, was to compile and print a complete church manual of their own; and their first leader found it a pleasant task to train them in Congregational ways.

My installation in the pastorate was deferred for some months until it could be combined with the

dedication of the house of worship already under construction. Then we had a feast day indeed, with the dedication sermon preached by George H. Hepworth of New York in the afternoon, and that for the installation by Dr. J. E. Rankin of Washington at night. During the first winter was shown deep interest in the things of the spirit; and without summoning to our aid any professional evangelist, a considerable number were added to the church on confession of faith. This was considered to be sufficient evidence that a wise decision had been made.

In marked contrast to our extreme isolation in the far northwest was our close proximity to the pulsing life of a great city, which we could reach by any one of three lines of railroad. It was my habit to attend the Monday meetings of our ministers of New York and vicinity. During that first year was organized the Congregational Club to promote closer fellowship among the churches of the same district. About the same time was formed the Northern New Jersey Conference to bring into still more intimate relations the congregations of that area. Pulpit exchanges were more frequent than they are now; and in this way our local church enjoyed the privilege of hearing the messages and becoming acquainted with the personalities of some of the fine pastors of our fellowship. Dr. W. H. Campbell of New Brunswick, President of Rutgers College, was an accomplished Hebrew scholar, and had the reputation

of being able to quote almost any passage of the Old Testament in the original, giving chapter and verse. As he was my mother's uncle we were made welcome in his home; and it was very pleasant to drive there on one side of the Raritan river and return on the other. He was a very acceptable preacher and addressed my own congregation.

On the tenth of February, 1878, a secretary of the American Board was presenting the cause of foreign missions in our church. Just before the close of the morning service the pastor was summoned to his home; and in the evening the secretary announced, when the offering was about to be received, that a son had been born to the pastor and wife. He added that he felt so sure that the "Sunday child" would become a minister and perhaps a missionary, that the Board would constitute him an honorary member for the sum of fifty dollars, the customary clerical rate for enrolling a name on that dignified list. In due time there was received a large and beautifully engraved certificate of the admission of the infant to that fellowship. The boy did indeed become a student volunteer, after having lived for years in Mexico; but he graduated in medicine rather than in theology, in 1904 returning to his adopted country and the people whose language he spoke. However, as our denomination had no medical work there, he opened a private office and soon built up a good practice among both Mexicans and Americans. At the same time he was so active in the work of the

church in several departments, particularly taking upon himself the entire charge of the music for the English congregation, that he became in effect a self-supporting missionary physician. In view of his usefulness the foreign secretary of the Board offered to have his name enrolled among those of its missionaries in Mexico, to be followed by the words, in parenthesis, "not under commission." After the lapse of seven years, the overthrow of the government of General Diaz caused the exodus from the city of many of his clientele, obliging him to remove to the United States in order to support his family.

The summer vacations are recalled with pleasure. The first was spent at Ithaca, New York, where we were guests of the daughter of Ezra Cornell, founder of the university of that name. Her father was no longer living, but she occupied the great mansion of stone which he built, over whose portal was sculptured a sentiment suggestive of the genuine and the enduring, while each one of the rooms within was finished in some natural wood different from that used in any of the others. The university campus was close at hand, inviting acquaintance with the most prominent buildings and with the residences of certain professors of note. On Sunday we attended service in the beautiful chapel which had been presented to the school by Mrs. Pratt's brother, Mr. Alfred S. Barnes. Day after day were we taken by our generous hostess, who was

an intimate friend of Mrs. Eaton at Vassar College, on interesting excursions; to some one of the famous glens, or for a sail on the lake and a picnic near a vineyard whose clusters of luscious grapes were within easy reach.

In the following summer was undertaken a pedestrian tour through the White Mountains in company with my old teacher, John J. Copp of Groton, Connecticut. Up the valleys of the Merrimac and the Pemigewasset rivers we trudged with knapsacks on our backs, finding lodging at night in wayside farmhouses, in some of which we feasted on generous bowls of bread and milk and huckleberries; and through forests and vividly green intervales, following the courses of mountain brooks up to Franconia Notch. Mount Lafayette was scaled on horseback. Then starting at the foot of the Presidential Range, we climbed the steep trail, mounting successive heights until we gained the top of Mount Washington itself, having covered the eight miles in four hours and thirty-five minutes. But before the summit was reached we were overtaken by a storm of rain which turned to snow; so that our thirst was quenched by draughts of the ice cold water which had collected in the depressions of the rocks. The Boston papers of the following morning reported having experienced the hottest day of the season while we were making tracks in the snow.

The third vacation was passed in Virginia, the three of us, (for Howard was now a sturdy little

fellow of eighteen months), going by steamer from New York into Chesapeake Bay, visiting Norfolk, and then up the James River to Richmond, whence we were driven fourteen miles to picturesque Carbon Hill, where the Torreys were living in plantation style, Mr. Torrey being in charge of the coke mines in which Mr. Pratt was interested, and which are the only ones of the kind in this country. During the Civil War they furnished fuel for the famous Tredegar Iron Works. In Richmond were afforded many opportunities to become acquainted with persons and places of note on the Confederate side. There was Colonel Thomas G. Jackson who was an officer on the staff of General Hood at the Battle of Gettysburg where he was wounded. He knew about the Iron Brigade to which my father belonged. He was proud of the part he had in hanging John Brown, of whose career he talked in connection with showing us through the State Library and the rooms of the Southern Historical Society. He was one of fifty Confederate officers who were placed under fire in our fleet off Charleston during a period of sixty days, in retaliation for the holding of fifty Union officers in a Charleston prison while our guns were shelling that city. He did not believe in "kid glove fighting," adhering rather to the rule, "Kill all you can." Another interesting person was Rev. John W. Jones, chaplain to General Robert E. Lee, who was curator of the historical rooms. At Grace Presbyterian Church, whose pulpit was supplied

by me for two Sundays, I met the superintendent of the Sunday-school, a splendid type of Christian gentleman, who had been so prominent in the war that for some time after its ending he was held prisoner by the Federal government in Fort Lafayette.

My journeyings included visits to Petersburg and the scenes of the prolonged siege in which my father's regiment took part; to Lexington, where I saw the grave of General "Stonewall" Jackson and the military school in which he had been instructor, the graves of General Lee and his wife in the basement of the chapel of the university of which he became the head after peace was declared, and his office just as he left it, the table being covered with letters, pamphlets and papers, including an unfinished manuscript which was intended to give permission to certain students to visit the Natural Bridge; and to White Sulphur Springs and the annual meeting of the Southern Historical Society, where reminiscent talks or impassioned addresses were given by such representative men as General W. H. F. Lee and General Chalmers who was next in command to General Forrest. On the journey to the Springs by stagecoach, among my fellow passengers were two sisters, one of whom was a widow accompanied by four children. They courteously gave me some useful information in regard to that popular resort, and when they learned that their chance acquaintance was a Mr. Eaton, they said:

"We knew of a northern minister of that name who did us a great kindness. Our brother was wounded at Gettysburg and taken prisoner; we could learn nothing of him for six months after that battle, until there was effected an exchange of prisoners, and a friend told us where he was. We tried to get some money to him, but failed. He fell ill, and two months later, March 17, 1864, he died. But before the end came, that Reverend Mr. Eaton wrote for him a letter to one of us, conveying his dying message." One of the ladies still treasured the letter and described very accurately the penmanship, adding that the missive was "like balm to a wounded spirit," and she could never adequately express her feeling of gratitude to my father. When we parted at Natural Bridge, she sent to him her loving remembrances.

The subject of General Chalmers' address was the career of General N. B. Forrest, who was abhorred by us of the North for what he did upon the taking of Fort Pillow, slaying both its white defenders and the colored troops, including women and children. While General Sherman was guiltless of a similiar atrocity, the southerners who recall the burning of Atlanta and the other losses they suffered in connection with the "March to the Sea," do not have any more admiration for the leader of that expedition than do we northerners cherish for the memory of General Forrest. However, years ago those deeds of hate and wanton destruction were forgiven by the men

who fought, whether they wore the blue or the gray.

By the end of the fourth year of our residence in Bound Brook my health had become seriously impaired, owing to the miasma generated in the low basin east of the town by the damming up of a small brook to furnish power to a flour mill. When the store of water was exhausted, the rank vegetation of that basin was exposed to the hot sun of summer, with the result that many of the townspeople were sufferers from intermittent fever. Years later the miniature swamp was drained, restoring healthful conditions. But in my case the harm had been done; and in the sluggish state of both body and mind the work required in pulpit and in parish became a burden not easy to bear. On a Sunday morning my resignation of the pastorate was placed in the hands of one of the deacons, to be read at the close of the service after my retirement from the scene.

In the afternoon there waited upon me a committee to offer a leave of absence for one year, with salary continued, while the church would be responsible for obtaining ministers to fill the pulpit. Such kindness was overwhelming, and in a way embarrassing; for the decision to ask for permanent release from service had not been made hastily. But the friends were emphatic in their refusal even to consider a resignation until after the proposed long period of rest had been tried. Finally there was effected a compromise

through my acceptance of a vacation for six months; and the salary was paid in advance for that period.

How the time was spent will be told in the following chapter. For the present it is enough to record the fact that the work of the pastorate in Bound Brook was resumed in good faith, although not without some misgivings. As the summer of 1881 approached, the former feeling of lassitude and other symptoms of the ailment which had not been fully understood before, returned. Again was my resignation tendered, and this time it was accepted by a unanimous vote. Within the next few weeks were made some sixty applications, either by ministers themselves or by their friends speaking or writing for them, for opportunity to fill the vacant place. All this was in striking contrast to the situation in the far Northwest, where it was so difficult to find men of capacity and the right spirit, to organize the little bands of believers scattered through settlements that were coming into existence along the rivers and in the fertile valleys of Oregon and Washington and on the shores of Puget Sound, and to help make them nurseries of strong churches for the coming years, inspirational centers of genuinely Christian community life for the future teeming population.

CHAPTER V

A TRIANGULAR VOYAGE UNDER SAIL AND STEAM

An unexpected vacation of six months had been proffered and accepted; it remained to decide as to the best use of it. Mr. Pratt advised me to take a long ocean voyage, and offered to care for my wife and little son in his own home. In order to obtain the largest amount of rest and sea air for the money, passage was engaged on the barque *Nina Sheldon,* of eight hundred tons register, which in July sailed for Buenos Ayres, Argentine Republic, with the expectation of arriving at that port within fifty to sixty days. In the tiny cabin were four staterooms occupied respectively by the captain, the first and the second mate and the one passenger; and three times a day was the table laid for "us four and no more." It was a lonely course we followed, in all the voyage having opportunity to exchange audible greetings with but one vessel, and communicate with two others by means of signal flags.

The deck of so small a vessel was not elevated much above the water, and therefore furnished to one who spent upon it nearly all the hours of daylight a most advantageous position for observ-

ing marine life and the varying phases of the ocean itself. The gambols of porpoises and the spouting of whales became familiar sights. Occasionally a dolphin was drawn up out of its element and supplied a delicacy for our table, although it seemed almost barbarous to take the life of an animal which in dying displayed to our astonished gaze all the hues of the rainbow. In the near vicinity would be descried Mother Carey's chickens, Portugese men of war, squids, sea geese and, when we were within three hundred miles of the coast of Africa, the gulls of tireless wing. It was exhilarating to witness the sudden emergence from the water of shoals of flying fish that would skim swiftly along just above the surface, and as suddenly return to their habitat. Occasionally some of these would alight on the deck, and they were a welcome addition to our rather monotonous menu, having a flavor similar to that of mountain trout.

Nearing the equator we entered the region of calms and of copious rains called "The Doldrums," much of the time the heavens being black with low hanging clouds, from which came vivid flashes of lightning followed by crashing thunder that reverberated like the sound of heavy artillery. Because of the heat and the moisture, our very shoes gathered mildew when left unused for a few days. Impatiently would the captain pace the deck, stopping now and then to try to "whistle up a breeze." On one occasion, when the barque

was moving slowly forward and hope stirred in our breasts, he discerned in the dim distance a sail far astern, and at once expressed his fear that that vessel might "steal our breeze." At length he became seriously ill; and the first mate sought my assistance in making out the daily "reckoning." When the sick man did not improve, that officer confided to me his belief that quite likely we might have to bury the captain at sea. However, he did recover some degree of strength, and survived the return voyage; but he had to be carried ashore at Newport, Rhode Island, his home, and did not again sail the ship of which he was chief owner.

As we proceeded southward the constellation of the Southern Cross came into view by night; and by day my shadow on the deck began to be cast in a direction opposite to that with which the most of us are familiar. We had entered upon the late winter season of the southern hemisphere; and an overcoat was needed for protection against the cold. In that invigorating air the spirit of adventure revived; and one September afternoon I decided to try climbing the shrouds, in the hope of at least making the main-top. The ascent was made with care, not using the "rat lines" which sometimes give way, and pausing occasionally to look around for the purpose of keeping my head level. Gaining fresh courage at the main-top, I went on to the topmast crosstrees and sat upon them, and was cheered by an officer on deck.

From that elevation, another barque in the offing seemed to rise much higher than usual out of the water, and the circle of the visible sea had grown larger.

Two days later, near sunset, was heard the cry, "A whale!" We heard him "blow" and saw his huge, dark bulk heave itself out of the water almost under the bow of the vessel. For more than an hour did he continue to play around in our vicinity. The men said: "A whale brings wind"; and sure enough, within a few hours it began to blow, the sea roughened, and the following day the decks were wet with spray as we dashed onward. From the supper table, in spite of the protecting racks, were swept to the floor many of the dishes before we had a chance to partake of their contents. We were making ten knots an hour by the log, more with aid of the current, and coming within fifty miles of land. Next to the last evening occurred a phosphorescent display which in truth might be termed magnificent. Every breaking crest of a wave was a glitter of light. The log-line drew a pencilling of light for many feet astern, and the vessel itself appeared to be plowing through liquid fire. It was a damp, cloudy night with no moon, but not very dark, because of this display. In such circumstances, said the captain, it is difficult to distinguish the lights of an approaching vessel. He explained the phenomenon by reference to "the amount of oxygen in the air!"

Before the night came on we saw a great alba-

tross sailing about majestically, without once flapping his wings,—clothed with dark feathers above and pure white beneath. Early in the morning the captain called to me, "Come on deck quick." There was to be seen clearly defined a line between the blue ocean and the green water of the Rio de la Plata. It looked as if there were actually a ridge between the two, caused by the current of the stream pushing against the ocean current made by the wind. We sighted Lobos Island and then the lighthouse on East Point, and were soon sailing on an even keel up the broad river whose water now was yellow and muddy looking. The banks were low and without interest after passing the city of Montevideo; and the sailing directions made mention of "a clump of trees" or "an ombu tree," or "a few poplar trees," or " a hut," as objects to be sighted! Indeed, when our course lay near one of the banks we could not see the other, because even as far up as Buenos Ayres the river is twenty miles wide.

On the morning of September 27th our vessel anchored in the "outer road," four miles from shore in deep water, and the sole passenger was transported in a lighter and next in a small boat to the landing; for not then were in existence the great wharves which have since been constructed to meet the demands of the most populous city in South America. It was seventy-six days since I had gone on board the *Nina Sheldon,* during which time a completely rigged model of her had been

made for me by the first mate; and for the period of seventy-two days in succession had we been out of sight of land. Our fresh meat and vegetables all had been consumed; the last chicken in the coops sacrificed; and for several days had the cook been giving us "cracker hash" which is a concoction of tinned meat and soda biscuit. With what a thrill of joy did I tread the earth once more, and in the spring of the year too, with the streams running bankful and flowers blooming on every hand!

The American Minister, General Osborne, showed me courtesies that were greatly appreciated; as did also Dr. Thompson of the Methodist Episcopal Mission, and the assistant pastor of the Scotch Presbyterian Church, Rev. J. W. Flemming, recently graduated from the University of Edinburgh, who with his wife entertained me at dinner in their charming home in the near suburb of Flores. All around were attractive villas, including the residence of the Argentine President, embowered in callas, geraniums and foliage plants, while wistarias hung their purple clusters in thick masses over verandas. My host informed me that all trees and shrubs that were introduced there grew with wonderful rapidity; indeed, the aspect of things in general vividly recalled what had been seen in California.

It was surprising to find so large and prosperous a city, with imposing public buildings, attractive parks and a multitude of horse cars and

carriages for hire traversing the streets in all directions. The milkmen were found to be Basques from the Pyrenees, who were accustomed to ride into town from their ranches on horseback, with two or three cans hanging on each side of the beast. As a result of the continual shaking of the contents by the way, there was usually to be found upon arrival butter in the mouth of the containers. If not, the milkman would trot around the streets for a while longer until the butter came; when he would collect it in a clean, white cloth, and sell to his customers both milk and butter from the same can. The milk tasted as good as that which is usually served by the creamery wagons calling at our houses; and the sweet butter was as delicious as the kind which is furnished in Switzerland.

After a week's acquaintance with the novel life and surroundings there, it was necessary to reembark, but not on a sailing vessel. However, it was not possible to obtain passage to New York by steamer; the only practicable way was to make the journey via Europe. Accordingly my reservation was made on the steamship *Van Dyck* of the Lamport and Holt Line, bound for Antwerp, but which would call at Southampton. It stopped for an entire day at Montevideo, giving opportunity for exploring the capital of Uruguay; a city with wide, clean streets and fine buildings in the construction of which had been used much Italian marble. The public theatre was like a palace with-

out; within was a great auditorium with five tiers of galleries, the topmost one being for men exclusively, the next for women, and the remainder divided into boxes. It was flanked on one side by the public library, and on the other by a museum. At the "bolsa" or exchange the most marked feature was a lofty rotunda, on the walls of which were displayed the flags and coats of arms of all nations. In the cathedral, whose high altar and pulpits are fine examples of wood carving, was found a shrine dedicated to a black saint, whose name has been given to many of the Negroes living in the city. Of the many street scenes, perhaps the most novel was the driving side by side of three mares past some of the residences to furnish milk for infants and invalids.

Our steamer's cargo consisted mainly of hides, horns, tallow, dried blood, peanut cake, honey, flour, bran and minerals. Also there had been taken aboard at Buenos Ayres many heavy boxes of the precious metals, in addition to two hundred and twenty thousand pounds sterling in silver from the mines of Bolivia, which the captain had brought down from his voyage up the Parana and Paraguay rivers. From Rosario he had brought a "river pig" for the zoological gardens of Antwerp. We felt compassion for the forlorn little beast which was kept chained, instead of being free to follow its instincts to burrow in the river bank, and swim in the water. It had a big snout, rather small ears, long and coarse brown hair or

bristles, and its feet seemed to be a cross between the hoofs of a pig and the web-feet of a duck. There was a part of the cargo which was to become less by degrees as we proceeded on the voyage, and which particularly interested one who had been reduced to very short rations on the sailing vessel. It was reassuring to see many quarters of beef, forty sheep, coops of chickens and rabbits, and uncounted ducks, geese, turkeys and pigeons.

As we steamed steadily northward, no longer at the mercy of uncertain winds, and viewed our course from a deck so much higher above the water than was that of the *Nina Sheldon,* and having the attention somewhat diverted by the presence of other passengers as well as of a much larger crew, I realized that it would not be possible under such circumstances to gain the acquaintance with the sea and its denizens which had been acquired during the preceding voyage under sail for almost eleven weeks. During the first few days there was actually a feeling of being hurried along, and that the time might be too short for all the reading and writing that had been planned, before landing on England's shore!

The next port we made was the wonderfully spacious and beautiful land-locked harbor of Rio de Janeiro, where Consul General Thomas Adamson gave a hearty welcome to the son-in-law of his intimate friend, Julius H. Pratt, urging me to remain for a week and continue my journey by

another steamer. His hospitality was accepted for the two days our ship remained in port, and his entire time was devoted to showing me the metropolis of Brazil and its environs. It would be impossible within the limits of this narrative to give an account of all the objects of interest which were viewed in those two days, or even to transcribe to these pages the voluminous notes that were made when the rare experiences were yet freshly in mind. But brief mention must be made of the visit to the botanical gardens which gathered within one enclosure all that seemed most characteristic of tropic growth. From the entrance there stretched straight before us an avenue of imperial palms for a distance of nine hundred feet, having the center occupied by a fountain, with encircling vases of flowers. The gray trunks rose to a majestic height and terminated in stems of tender growth which shaded from dark green to bright yellow. The convex surface of each stem seemed to be polished like burnished metal, and it shone with rainbow hues. Topping each tree was the foliage, in the form of a cluster of mammoth plumes like ostrich feathers. To the right and the left, at different angles, were avenues bordered with other kinds of trees, one to an avenue. Noticeable among them was the mango, on account of its wide-branching limbs and dark foliage casting an impenetrable shade, and because of its unfamiliar fruit. Bewildering was the variety of palms. Bananas, coffee trees, bamboo

thickets, and many other trees, plants and shrubs never imagined before, were on every hand.

Through The Doldrums we passed so quickly that little was seen of the sea and sky which had been observed so anxiously while the barque lay becalmed for weeks, two months before. By the Cape de Verde Islands and the Canaries in succession we steamed, until we reached Funchal in the Madeiras, where the ship had to be coaled, and we enjoyed opportunity to observe features of the picturesque island and the quaint town rambling up the abrupt side of the mountain which faced us. Off Cape Finisterre we were overtaken by a sudden gale of wind with a rising of the waves which at times broke over the deck, so that two men were placed at the wheel, all portholes tightly closed, and the skylight covered with tarpaulins, the captain being obliged frequently to change his clothes because he was so often drenched by the salt water.

At the end of October, thirty days from Buenos Aires, and on a Sunday morning, was our vessel made fast to the wharf at Southampton; and I lost no time in boarding a train for Winchester, in order to attend public worship there. It was a walk of two miles to the church, near the Saint Cross Hospital, founded by Bishop Henry de Blois in the year 1136, part of the way being a path through green fields. After nearly four months passed upon the wide waste of waters, it was inexpressibly delightful to tread the solid ground

of Old England so full of rich associations with past centuries. There was an exuberant song in my heart while my lips repeated the words of the familiar hymn:

"O day of rest and gladness,
O day of joy and light,
O balm of care and sadness,
Most beautiful, most bright."

But the great attraction was the vesper service in the famous cathedral, in its dimensions the longest of any in England and one of the most ancient, showing in both the tower and the nave remains of early Norman architecture. It was a novel experience to be assigned a seat in one of the stalls of the choir, alongside the singers, who gave us as their principal number an anthem by Handel. Because the elaborate musical service was very popular with the public, and to avoid an anti-climax through the thinning out of the congregation, the sermon was put first. Consequently when the excellent discourse was ended, in came the people of the town, troop after troop, until there was gathered a large assemblage; then followed the service with intoning of prayer and psalm, singing by choir and people, and through it all the support of a rich-toned organ.

The niches in the altar screen are empty, having been rifled of their images of gold and silver in Cromwell's time; but the vast structure abounds

in objects of rare interest, such as the old baptismal font of black marble with its sculptured emblems of the Holy Spirit and fire—a dove and a salamander—chantrys of the bishops, Wykham, Wilberforce and others, and the tomb of Isaac Walton. In the market stands the Holy Cross, with statues of King Alfred and other ancient worthies; in the museum is seen the original "Winchester bushel" in the form of a shallow metallic bowl lifted upon a standard and provided with handles like ears. Near the west gate of the city is a memorial obelisk erected over the stone on which merchandise for sale was placed during the raging of the Great Plague, payment for the same having to be made by means of coins which were thrown into receptacles filled with water. Farther away rises the bare Saint Catherine's Hill which is surmounted by a thick clump of trees and wears, as if it were a huge collar about the neck, a circular excavation that was made by the Romans.

It was too late in the season for attempting a general trip through the country; and for several weeks my close attention was given to London and vicinity, making a systematic study of the objects which are sought out by the ordinary tourist, as well as of some that are not generally known. It was my good fortune to be there on Lord Mayor's Day and witness the long procession of those who accompanied the high official, the various guilds and aldermen with their ban-

ners, and the mayor himself carried in a gilded coach of state that was drawn by six caparisoned horses, and attended by bewigged and powdered footmen in gorgeous livery adorned with gold lace. Another event of interest was a wedding in high life to which a fortunate chance introduced me, as I was passing St. Margaret's on my way to Westminster Abbey and found a small crowd of the curious waiting at the gate. It was the marriage of Lady Margaret Beaumont to a member of the House of Commons. The bridal pair arrived in a carriage with but little less of pomp and circumstance than that which distinguished the Lord Mayor, following the many carriages which had brought the invited guests. One of these was an elderly lady who wore an India cape or shawl that was stiff and glistening with thread of gold, so that she was the cynosure of all eyes as she passed into the church. The policeman on guard at the entrance yielded with good nature to the plea of the American that he be permitted to witness an English wedding before sailing for home. The service was read with great deliberation by Canon Farrar and the Archbishop of Canterbury; and after the ceremony, while the members of the bridal party were occupied in affixing their signatures to the necessary documents, the six bridesmaids who wore gowns of crimson hue passed down the aisles bearing large shallow pasteboard boxes containing rosettes of satin ribbon and orange blossoms fitted with a pin, and distributed

them freely, even to some poor people who were present, and with them decorated eight or ten soldiers in scarlet uniform who also were there.

On the day following the Presidential election in the United States, we learned that the popular choice had fallen upon James A. Garfield; but it was disappointing to have the event receive the slight attention of but an inch or two of space in the metropolitan newspapers. But the day of such indifference in regard to events in our own country is past; it has become a matter of great concern to England to learn the drift of opinion in this Republic of the western world; and all sincere lovers of universal brotherhood and peace hope and pray that no serious misunderstanding may arise between two peoples who have so much in common to make them friends and partners in the exalted mission of promoting the welfare of humanity.

A stay at Windsor began with attendance upon morning prayers in the chapel of Eton school. Only on a few set days in the year are visitors admitted to the class rooms; but there was opportunity for exchange of a few words with some of the students, and to observe them at play. In the library were shown well preserved parchments containing bulls of the Pope in regard to the school, other documents bearing the signatures of kings who could not write and therefore made their mark in the form of a cross, or affixed the print of their thumb. There was the signature of Henry the Eighth made by an engraved stamp

which he used after he became too fat to hold a pen. Several hours were spent in going through the Castle and visiting St. George's Chapel and Albert Chapel, while from the top of the round tower or "keep" was obtained a wide view of the valley of the Thames, the field of Runnymede, Virginia Water, the Albert mausoleum at Frogmore and Stoke Pogis. Near the day's close came the walk of two or three miles from Slough station to the country churchyard through avenues of noble trees. A slab in the wall of the moss-grown and ivy-covered church informs the visitor that here is interred the poet's body. At a little distance, in the park, is an old-fashioned coffin of stone lifted upon a pedestal and bearing upon three of its sides selections from the Elegy, while on the fourth is the inscription: "This monument in honor of Thomas Gray was erected A.D. 1797, among the scenes celebrated by that great lyric and elegiac poet. He died July 30, 1771, and lies unnoticed in the churchyard adjoining, under the tombstone on which he piously and pathetically recorded the interment of his aunt and his lamented mother."

For the homeward voyage was made a reservation on the steamer *Queen,* a staunch vessel of the National Line. Her seaworthiness was put to a severe test by a gale blowing from the west for five days, with "a heavy head sea," on each one of which the record of the ship's run was worse than on the previous day. Occasionally a wave

would break over the deck, so that it was necessary to cover the skylights, close the doors of exit to passengers, and light the saloons with lamps by day as well as night. On one occasion a stewardess passing through the dining saloon was thrown completely over one of the tables. Women and children were hurled violently from their berths and suffered bruises. On one of the mornings during that fearful storm the call to breakfast was answered by myself alone; and when the head stewardess expressed surprise at my appearance, this was explained by the statement that I had been spending four months at sea beginning with the long voyage in the smokeless barque, which had gradually accustomed me to life on the ocean wave. Finally at the end of sixteen days we entered the harbor of New York, but with the entire vessel, the rigging as well as the decks, sheathed in ice. Then was formed the resolution never again to attempt a winter passage across the Atlantic.

CHAPTER VI

THE DOOR OPENS FOR FOREIGN SERVICE

In retiring from the pastorate in New Jersey the first thing to be sought was restoration to health as preparing the way for further usefulness; and the bracing air of New England near the sea appeared to offer what was needed. Andover Seminary had just announced for its graduates and for such as might wish to come from similar institutions, a fourth year of study, to be called the Advanced Class. So to Andover we removed at the beginning of September, and established a temporary home under the elms in an ancient house with a gambrel roof, which had sheltered a succession of married students, some of whom became foreign missionaries.

Lectures were given to our class by such men as William J. Tucker, afterward president of Dartmouth College, George T. Ladd, who later was for many years professor at Yale, Albert E. Dunning, so long editor of "The Congregationalist," and Joseph T. Duryea, pastor of the Central Church, Boston. The librarian in Brechin Hall was always ready to direct us to the books which would be most helpful to our researches in any line of study.

Generations of students owed a large debt of gratitude to William L. Ropes whose courtesy was unfailing, and who almost gave the impression that we were doing him a favor when we made some draft upon his wide and thorough acquaintance with the treasures stored in the alcoves of the library.

Near the end of the winter came an invitation to preach in the West Roxbury Church, Boston. Over the Sunday I enjoyed the hospitality of one of the deacons who proved to be Dr. Nathanael G. Clark, foreign secretary of the American Board. All who knew him will remember that this Christian statesman of commanding presence, of wide intelligence and sagacious judgment, who would have adorned a place in the Supreme Court at Washington, was also a man of warm heart, quick to enter by sympathy into the experiences of all with whom he had to do. During our intimate conferences together he kindly suggested two or three openings in the near vicinity for entering again the work of the pastorate. But he was informed frankly that service of that kind in communities of settled religious habits did not appeal strongly to me, whatever opportunities they might offer incidentally for special study or literary work or a pleasant home life among people of refinement and high ideals; that the impulse from pioneer and missionary blood flowing in my veins was again turning my thought toward the western frontier, so that already was I correspond-

ing with a Yale classmate of my father, Dr. Alexander H. Clapp of the Home Missionary Society, in regard to taking charge of a small church in Santa Fe, New Mexico. Instantly came back the question, "If you feel any inclination toward work in the southwest, why not continue along the Santa Fe railroad to El Paso, cross over the international line into Mexico where the builders of the former road have begun constructing the Mexican Central, and found a new mission of the American Board in the state of Chihuahua, supported by the Otis legacy?"

It should be said by way of explanation that two or three years earlier Asa Otis, deacon in one of our churches in New London, Connecticut, who had lived in a very simple manner, left to the Board a legacy of one million dollars, without stipulating in what way the funds should be used. It was the largest amount which had been given to any mission board, whether home or foreign, and it made a profound impression. However, there was danger that our board might be considered so rich as to be able to carry on its enterprises, for some time at least, with the help of smaller contributions than before from the churches; with the unfortunate result of an impoverished treasury, curtailment of the widely extended work, and spiritual loss to the churches themselves through the checking of the stream of their unselfish beneficence. Therefore was it determined not to keep any part of the immense bequest, but rather to ex-

pend it as fast as could be done without wastefulness, and without starting so many new enterprises that it might be difficult to support them afterward by means of receipts through the ordinary channels. According to this decision the newly acquired resources were divided into three parts: one for strengthening the evangelistic work of existing missions, another for enlarging educational enterprises, and the third for establishing new missions. Under this arrangement were begun our missions in East Central Africa, West Central Africa, Northern Japan and Northern Mexico. Subsequently, when all of the legacy had been expended, the last two missions were consolidated with those already existing in the countries named. By this time there had been realized from interest, dividends, and premiums above the par value of the gilt-edge securities left by Mr. Otis, an additional third of a million dollars.

The proposal by Dr. Clark started a ferment in my mind. Here was a third and probably the last call to service in another country; first China, then Japan, and now Mexico. The last offered the unusual combination of both home and foreign missionary work, because so many of our own countrymen were crowding over the border to engage in various lines of business, some of them taking their families with them. Then the newness of it all made a special appeal; it was interesting to be in a sense a pioneer and a founder. Libraries were searched for books that would throw light

upon my new problem, especially those treating of the relations between our own country and her next door neighbor on the south. The farther my investigations were pursued, the more did they serve to enlist my sympathies with the plan suggested by the foreign secretary. Events rapidly succeeded one another; and by April, 1882, we had enlisted for the service, and I was on my way to the southwest, provided with a pass over the line of the Santa Fe, and with another obtained from Thomas Nickerson, the first president of the Mexican Central, at his office in Boston, which said: "Pass James D. Eaton from Paso del Norte to end of track and return."

In those days El Paso, Texas, was a raw frontier settlement, called by some persons "Franklin" to distinguish it from the more important town on the south side of the Rio Grande. It had but few well-defined streets, upon which were located some small frame and brick buildings scattered among structures of *adobe*. There was a low building of one story on the west side of El Paso Street, with perhaps a score of pillars supporting the roof of its long porch. The Presbyterian minister told me that for every one of those pillars a man had been killed on the street or in the saloons; and that the town had a marshal who was so quick on the trigger that he could make effective use of a revolver in each hand at the same time, shooting disturbers of the public order before they could get him. He showed me a sand

lot where shortly before, under the shelter of a tent, ministers of several different denominations had held preaching services in turn. But one of them, "Parson Tays," had constructed a frame chapel for the Episcopalians, and another had done the same for the Southern Methodists.

Lodging was found in a one-story hotel whose unplastered walls consisted of rough boards nailed perpendicularly, but with the cracks between them so imperfectly covered with battens that when the wind was blowing, as it seemed to do for most of the time, the fine sand and dust sifted inside so rapidly that it was difficult to keep it out of the beds and the food. When guests came into the dining room for their meals, the first thing they did usually was to lift their chairs and blow the dust from them before seating themselves at the table.

The Rev. John A. Merrill was expecting the arrival that very day of their synodical missionary to assist in the organization of the First Presbyterian Church on the following morning, Sunday, April 16, 1882; but having in mind the uncertainty in those days of railway connections in Texas, he said to me: "If Dr. Little should not get here, you will have to take his place." What he feared as a possibility did take place, and he turned to me for help. The pastor of the Southern Methodist Church lent his building for the occasion and assisted in the devotional part of the service. There were assigned to me the sermon, which had for its

text, "If we walk in the light as He is in the light, we have fellowship one with another," and the prayer of organization, which was offered after Mr. Merrill had read the names of twenty-seven persons who wished to unite in forming the new church, and had directed their act of covenanting together in accordance with the impressive ritual of that denomination.

Twenty-five years after that event, when the church had had in succession seven pastors, and was beginning to erect a new and more commodious house of worship on East Boulevard, the session invited me to come from Chihuahua and give a historical address at the celebration of their quarter-centennial. The invitation was conveyed in a letter from their minister who wrote: "You are the only person we can get hold of who knows anything about the organization of this church, and the official records of the early days have been lost." After diligent search among the accumulated memoranda of many years, I found the small blank book in which had been written with pen and ink several pages descriptive of early experiences in El Paso, and carried it with me to the border city. When, at a certain point in my discourse, that book was produced from my pocket and I read from it most of those paragraphs, including the story of the formation of their church, it was accorded a hearing which was almost breathless. It seemed to those present as if the long lost record book itself had been recovered for that notable

anniversary. At the close of the address the pastor requested that any person in the crowded house who might have witnessed the organization of the church, aside from the speaker of the morning, should rise. But no one responded to the invitation, so many had been the changes through the years.

The only means of transportation south of the border was a freight train, the last box car of which served as a caboose. Into this were packed twenty passengers (including an ex-governor of Chihuahua, his wife and two pretty daughters, bound for San Jose), all the luggage, quarters of beef, dozens of brooms, and other goods destined for points along the line. One of the American passengers was going to the state capital to take the place of a man who had been in charge of the gasoline street lamps which had been installed recently in that city, but who had fallen from his horse to the stone pavement suffering concussion of the brain, and was reported to be in a dying condition. This gentleman was to leave the train at San Jose, seventy-five miles out, and there take the Mexican stage through to his destination, and he advised me to do the same. In this he was seconded by another gentleman, a Bostonian, who was on his way to inspect some silver mines in which he was interested. But my pass read, "to end of track and return"; and means of transportation might be found beyond that point, Gallego, thirty miles more to Laguna, through which village the stage

would pass. At the worst I could return to San Jose and take the next "diligencia." So it was decided to stick to the slow freight, which required eighteen hours to cover the hundred and thirty-five miles. On the way we passed the lonely grave of a civil engineer, who not long before had been killed in a horrible manner by Apache Indians from the San Carlos Reservation in Arizona. At the end of the track was found a little collection of white tents that furnished shelter and food for the men working on the grade, the first of a succession of similar camps to be encountered at intervals along the right of way.

By inquiry was discovered a man who had come from Laguna in a lumber wagon for the purpose of meeting his employer, a contractor for a section of the grading, who was expected to come with us from El Paso bringing supplies for their camp; but sudden illness had detained the latter at the border. It was arranged with the driver to transport four of us to his camp at the lake. All of the men had a rough exterior but were kind at heart, as one of them showed in a practical way before we had traveled far in the blazing sun; for he climbed over the back of his seat by the driver, (under which were springs), and said abruptly to me: "You get up here." "I do not want to take your seat," was my reply with courteous intent. Like a flash came the rejoinder, "You couldn't take it; I give it to you." True enough, for he had a revolver stuck in his belt of cartridges, and

held a rifle besides. That emphatic declaration of the stranger who settled himself down on the springless bed of the wagon, illuminated the situation prevailing in one region of the frontier. By sunset we reached the lake and a sort of inn which provided supper and a bed without springs; but its hardness did not prevent the tired tenderfoot from falling into a sound sleep. At midnight was heard a great hubbub before the door; dogs barking, harness rattling, and men talking. They were changing the mules of the diligence which had arrived from San José and would soon be speeding on toward the city of Chihuahua. In a half stupor I stumbled out into the courtyard and encountered the two gentlemen who had advised me to leave the freight train for greater certainty of reaching our common destination, but who had arrived six hours behind me, and after more than a hundred miles of expensive travel by coach.

At sunrise we stopped for a fresh team of six mules and breakfast at Sauz, one of the haciendas of Don Luis Terrazas who had won the title of General in his successful campaign against the French soldiers who were supporting the pretensions of the ill-fated Emperor Maximilian and had occupied the capital city. Don Luis was governor of the state at the time of our arrival, having held that office for more than fifteen years. He had acquired title to many square miles of the fertile valleys which we had been traversing, and over

them roamed vast herds of cattle and horses and numerous flocks of sheep.

Passing through Nombre de Dios we saw the old church built by the Franciscan friars when they founded their first mission to the Indians in this region; and at noon the wheels of our coach, rattling over the cobblestone pavement of Chihuahua, made a noise that seemed redoubled as it was echoed from the near walls of the buildings of stone and *adobe* which lined the long streets. We arrived at the central plaza, on which fronted the cathedral, the city hall, several banks and other places of business, and stopped at the American House. Here we received an uproarious welcome from a group of our countrymen who greeted us as if we were long lost relatives of theirs. Very puzzling was a demonstration of that sort, until we learned of a rumor which had gained currency, to the effect that the triweekly diligence from San Jose had been robbed, the mules stolen, and the passengers killed, by the Apache savages who were known to be engaged at that very time in one of their destructive raids from their reservation in Arizona across the Mexican border. Confirmation of the sensational story seemed to be given by the fact that our coach was hours behind the usual time of arrival.

In the afternoon the man who had fallen from his horse nine days before, and had been nursed day and night by kind countrymen, breathed his last, having been unconscious for most of the time.

These friends were glad to learn that a minister had come to town that very day; and they lost no time in asking him to conduct the funeral service the next morning. It was held in the large room in which the man had died. Some of his clothing was still hanging from nails driven into the wall; and on table and bureau were various articles of use or ornament; while through the open door of an adjoining room we could see a stock of street lamps and other material connected with his late business. There had crowded into the place between fifty and sixty Americans, all men of course, while many curious natives peered in at the door and windows. At the head of the pine coffin which had been painted black, with narrow lines of white to relieve in part the somberness, I stood to read some portions of Scripture, give a brief talk, and offer a prayer whose closing amen was echoed by the bass voices of some who had not attended a religious service of any kind for years. Six Mexican peons lifted the dark burden to their shoulders, and we formed a procession to show respect to the dead. Four countrymen walked at the head as a vanguard, three on each side as honorary bearers, while twenty policemen accompanied us because the deceased had been connected with the lighting of the streets under a contract with the city government. Along the middle of the street in the hot sun we walked to the cemetery gates, passed through them with bared heads, and committed the body to the ground, several of

the company following the minister's example in dropping earth upon the lowered coffin.

The large attendance of men at the funeral and the knowledge that there were already living in the city a few American women encouraged me to arrange, one week later, for holding a service with sermon on Sunday afternoon (because all kinds of business were carried on as usual up to one o'clock on the Lord's Day), on the upstairs balcony facing the inner patio of the building on the main plaza. Captain Jack Crawford, who was widely known on the frontier, volunteered to give his help as my "warden," and he wrote and posted in prominent places notices of the novel proceeding, promised for half past four o'clock. One woman lent her large family Bible to lay upon the improvised pulpit; and another furnished a lot of chairs, sending them by her *mozo*. These ladies came; but we waited for the arrival of some of the men who had promised to attend. Something unforeseen might have occurred to delay them. We waited and waited. Rather ominous was the sound of music by a large military band on the alameda, and the deserting of the streets in our vicinity by people who were attracted by the circus and the cock-fighting. At length one of the ladies remarked that she would have to be excused soon in order to prepare supper; and the other was needed at home. It was too late to hold the service; and so after prayer with them and two men besides Captain Crawford, we went our several

ways. Later my warden informed me that he "won the cigars" over the result, although sorry for my disappointment. He added that many men will "tell the parson white lies to save his feelings," and that if he himself were not tied to a mine, he would "catch the first train back home to God's country." Doubtless he had helped me with sincere good will; but he knew the prevailing sentiment among his countrymen in regard to the claims of religion, and their reluctance to have ministers come to remind them of those claims, much better than did the newcomer who, however, did in time come to realize the true situation.

More encouraging was my experience with the mayor, Don Juan N. Zubiran, a member of the liberal party, who had been intimately acquainted with the great Indian statesman, Benito Juarez, and who himself was of the Indian type in feature and color of skin. In excellent English he assured me that he would give cordial welcome to anyone who would help to educate the people in general, and inculcate religious principles that were friendly to freedom of thought and consequent liberation of men's minds from a slavish subjection to an ecclesiastical tyranny which had oppressed the mass of his countrymen for centuries. He pledged himself to use all the power at his command to enforce the laws which guaranteed freedom of worship, and to defend against unfair treatment all who might wish to avail themselves of that promised freedom.

During the two weeks of my stay I was able to gather much information concerning the climate of the region and conditions favorable to health or otherwise; the prices of domestic and imported articles of food, clothing and furniture; the leading characteristics of the people and their probable attitude toward new religious teachings; also in regard to the distribution of population throughout the state, the relative importance of other towns, such as Parral, Santa Rosalia and Jimenez, and the lines of business in which their citizens were engaged. It was evident that to win a hearing for a simple gospel, gather adherents for a faith that should be unincumbered by the multiplied accretions of ceremonial and superstitious practice, and in time establish a fellowship of self-governing, self-supporting and self-propagating churches composed of men and women such as Mayor Zubiran described, who had suffered from the deadening influence of priestly domination during hundreds of years—to go no farther back than the Spanish Conquest—would not be a holiday task.

The return to El Paso was easier than the outward journey; for the "end of track" was at Laguna station, a caboose carried us Gallego, and there we changed to a passenger train, covering the entire distance by rail in half the time which had been consumed before. Indeed, my itinerary provided for somewhat leisurely travel back to Boston, permitting stop-overs for four or five successive Sundays, all of which were fully utilized

for addressing congregations in as many different states. Everywhere were the people eager to hear of some events connected with my exploring tour, and to learn of the new opportunity for helping in the development—materially, educationally and spiritually—of their neighbors on the south who were yet strangers to them, as foreign in language, religion and customs as most of the nations of Europe.

The report of my investigations on the ground was made in person to the officials of the American Board at a regular meeting of the Prudential Committee which was presided over by Alpheus Hardy, the patron of Joseph Hardy Neesima, the Japanese who had found his way to the coast of New England in one of the vessels belonging to the Boston merchant, was educated at Amherst and Andover, and returned to his own country to become the founder of the Doshisha at Kyoto. Although Dr. Ellinwood had suggested the advisability of our making a beginning at Paso del Norte and tarrying at the border until the railroad should open up the country more fully, in a measure preparing the people for so novel, and to many so unwelcome, an event as the advent of a Protestant missionary in Chihuahua, my own conviction was that the state capital, which was at the same time the most populous city in the three northwestern states, offered the most strategic center for the work proposed; and it was voted unanimously to begin operations there in the autumn.

CHAPTER VII

A SUMMER OF PREPARATION

It was proposed by the foreign secretary that we continue our residence in Andover through the summer, waiting for the cooler autumn in which to establish the new home below the international border; and that in the meantime we begin the study of Spanish, endeavor to find a well equipped and congenial man to be associated with us, and make other preparations for insuring as far as possible an efficient undertaking of the new task. Several officials of the Mexican Central Railway already were receiving instruction in the language which their employees would need to learn, from General A. Ibarra, who was a native of Venezuela; and the same person was engaged to teach me at his residence in Boston. Immediately after each lesson I took the train for Andover, and imparted to my wife what had been learned that day. Thus did we advance together along the new path of knowledge; and even the scant acquaintance with the native tongue of Cervantes, which was gained in that brief period of time, was of great value to us a little later, when religious prejudice tried to hedge up our way by

intimidating those who otherwise would have been willing to teach their own language to the newcomers.

Among the students in the theological seminary were several men who felt the force of the appeal for assistance in taking advantage of the new opening for Christian service; an opportunity which had been created by a combination of favoring circumstances, viz., on this side, the laying of plans by farseeing business men for providing a backward nation with transportation facilities and other means of material development, and on the other side, the efforts of a determined group of liberals to secure for their people a greater degree of intellectual and religious freedom, even to the extent of letting themselves appear to be the friends of Protestant missionaries. Instances of this sympathetic attitude on the part of Mexican gentlemen who claimed to be freethinkers will be given in the course of this narrative of personal experiences. Yet when it came to the point of making a final decision, no one of the graduating class proved to be available for the new enterprise. It was easier to get recruits to fill up the ranks of Christ's soldiers on fields across the seas, than it was to persuade men to take up the work so near home.

The vacation season gave opportunity for acquainting a number of churches, whose pastors were away, with the interesting situation which had developed on the south. While the people

wanted to have a sermon on Sunday morning, they were not averse to hearing a less formal address in the evening on a subject which was new to most of them; and at the close some would come forward to express their interest, and would ask questions to elicit additional information. After such a talk in Park Street Church, Boston, among those who presented themselves was Mr. Frederick A. Ober, traveler and author of a number of popular books, who was then seeing through the press his Young Folks' History of Mexico. After giving me his name, he turned to introduce a Mexican gentleman; and I had an uncomfortable moment of suspense, thinking that the latter might take exception to some of the statements which had been made concerning his country and its inhabitants. But my apprehensions were groundless; for both gentlemen assured me that my representations were correct. The following year Mr. Ober visited Chihuahua, and was introduced by me to a wealthy citizen who was led to donate to the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, for which the former was making collections, valuable specimens of ancient pottery from Casas Grandes.

Speaking in the South Church at Andover, I was introduced to the librarian of the Boston Public Library. He expressed great interest in what had been said, but gave me an unpleasant surprise by suggesting that it would be better to find some other man to go in my place and undertake the difficult and, to him, uncongenial task of "trying

to reform those Mexicans." How different was his point of view from the one to which I had long been accustomed! Among the books read in my childhood were biographies of missionaries whose work was done; but other men who were still very much alive had visited in the family, and I had regarded them with admiration and reverence. My grandfather had helped to educate Dr. Peter Parker who is still referred to as the one "who opened China with his lancet." In college and seminary I had been stirred deeply by the appeals of Crosby H. Wheeler, J. K. Greene, Luther H. Gulick, Josiah Tyler and Titus Coan. Who would be worthy to follow in their train? Not I.

Also it was my privilege to get information and inspiration from men and women who had personal acquaintance with Mexico and her people—their achievements and their needs. One of those memorable interviews was had with Dr. William Butler and his wife, then making their home in Somerville and who, after founding and nurturing for many years the mission of the Methodist Episcopal Church in India, returned to this continent and became the pioneers of the great work of their denomination in Mexico. Dr. Butler's book, "Mexico in Transition," is still of value to all who would trace the course of events that point toward the social, moral and religious regeneration of that country.

It was worth much to have an intimate talk in New York with Judge Helfenstein, the principal

owner of the famous iron mountain in the state of Durango. He was a Christian and a sincere friend of the Mexicans, quick to recognize their many fine qualities, and had often knelt with them in their churches, although he did not pay reverence to the pictures and images found there. He advised me to avoid as far as possible religious controversy, make the most of the people's reverence for what they held to be sacred, and set forth positive spiritual truth, in confident expectation that by degrees the good would give place to the better, and that this in turn would point the way to the best, liberating many from bondage to error and sin.

Another interesting personality was discovered in the city of Brooklyn, New York, a lady who had been governess in the family of the liberator Benito Juarez almost up to the time of his death which had occurred only ten years before our conversation together, and whose prolonged residence in the home of the President of the Mexican Republic had made her familiar with many features of the life of the influential classes at the capital.

But the most inspiring of all the interviews was the one granted to me by the foreign secretary of the Presbyterian Board of Missions, Dr. F. F. Ellinwood, who had recently returned from a visit to Mexico City, and who showed photographs of a number of the leading preachers he had met, the encouraging fruits of ten years of missionary effort. He was full of enthusiasm over the promis-

ing outlook for evangelical undertakings there, and remarked that one did not have to be an inspired prophet to foresee a religious reformation in that country, and that it would be a high privilege for one to have even a small part in ushering in a brighter day for our neighbor, Mexico. On his voyage to Vera Cruz he became acquainted with an elderly gentleman of high rank in the Mexican army, who made the frank statement that, although he himself had been baptized in the Roman Catholic Church and expected to continue in that communion, he would welcome an effort to build in his own country a Protestant house of worship alongside of every cathedral and parish church of the ancient order, for the sake of the elevating influence upon the latter of that kind of competition.

Dr. Ellinwood had already given assurance to Dr. Clark that if we opened work in Chihuahua, the Presbyterians, who had a flourishing station in Zacatecas and had made a beginning in Durango (which joins the first-named state on the south), would respect our occupancy and avoid any appearance of rivalry in Christian work. Our secretary also wrote to Theodore Frelinghuysen, Secretary of State under the administration of President Chester A. Arthur, setting forth the plans of our board; and through that influential medium he got into communication with the Mexican Minister at Washington, Señor Matias Romero, who was known to be a man of liberal views.

The specific end in view was to obtain authority for the shipping into Mexico without payment of customs charges, (as was occasionally allowed in the matter of importing school supplies), of housekeeping outfits for two missionary families; one of them to go to Guadalajara, and the other of course my own. Mr. Romero was ready to favor, so far as his official position would permit, the plans for education and evangelism as explained to him by our Secretary of State; and in due time he reported to our Government that the President of Mexico (who was General Manuel Gonzalez), did not feel at liberty to ask the Congress to pass a law granting the exemption desired, because such an act would be in contravention of the principle of religious equality established by means of the federal constitution; but that he would see to it that the collectors of the ports of entry at Vera Cruz and Paso del Norte received orders to admit the effects of those two families free of duty.

CHAPTER VIII

ECONOMIC CONDITIONS IN CHIHUAHUA IN THE YEAR 1882 AND AFTER

One of the builders of the Mexican Central remarked to me that the construction of that railway was like a new Declaration of Independence for the Mexicans. He meant this to be taken in an economic sense; for he went on to explain that great numbers of common laborers who had been receiving the merest pittance in exchange for their toil, were now earning good wages which would enable them to provide better food and clothing for their families. But his remark was also true in the sense that the opening of a highway connecting the two countries would bring the backward people into business and social relations with the strong, progressive nation on their northern border, thus introducing them to a new world and arousing within them new ideas of personal and political freedom.

During a period of about thirty years after she lost to the United States nearly one-half of her territory, Mexico pursued a policy shaped to guard herself from further encroachments by the nation to which was given by many of the writers

for her newspapers the name, "The Colossus of the North." She established along our border a zone twenty leagues in width, within which no American citizen might purchase land, unless he obtained a special permit from the national government to do this. The only railway she allowed to be constructed was one to connect her capital with the seaport of Vera Cruz, and that was built and owned by an English company. There was a strong sentiment against the establishment of too easy communication with the United States; and the desert of sand and sagebrush which extended for so many miles from the Rio Grande furnished a means of defense against the approach of a possible enemy from that quarter almost as effective as a line of military fortifications would have been.

In the year 1876, President Lerdo, having received the votes of two-thirds of the members of the electoral college, was declared elected for a second term. But before the date for the inauguration in December, there was started a revolution for his overthrow by General Porfirio Diaz who had distinguished himself in the campaign for resisting the invasion by the French army which had been sent by Louis Napoleon to support the pretensions of the Austrian Archduke Maximilian to an emperor's throne. The slogan adopted for the revolution was "No Election for a Second Term," and the movement gained such headway that the President feared for

his life and fled for refuge to the United States. In the spring General Diaz took the reins of government, about the same time that President Rutherford B. Hayes was inaugurated at Washington; but the latter's administration did not recognize the former as the lawful president of Mexico until after he had maintained himself in power for a considerable period of time.

In 1880 General Diaz retired from the chief magistracy, in apparent consistency with the principle he had fought for; but he took care that he should be succeeded in the presidency by a member of his cabinet, the General Gonzalez who was referred to in the last chapter, and during the latter's incumbency the former was generally regarded as the power behind the throne. Therefore he may fairly be credited with the government's change of attitude shown in the voting by the federal congress of a substantial subsidy to insure the construction of a trunk line of railway between Mexico City and Paso del Norte, a distance of twelve hundred and twenty-five miles. The work was carried on from each end, as in the case of the building of the Union Pacific and the Central Pacific railways after our Civil War, material for the southern end being transported over the English road from Vera Cruz, and that for the other being brought by the Santa Fe; with the result that early in the year 1884 the two sections were joined near Lagos, and trains began to run through from each terminus, consisting of coaches

for the accommodation of first, second and third class passengers, besides the Pullman cars which in effect provided for an extra class.

But in November, 1882, there was no palace car attached to our train from the border, which had one coach filled with soldiers to protect us from the Apaches. It was a weary ride for our party of five in dust and discomfort through an entire day. There were the four-year-old Howard, and his baby brother of three months, and the wife's sister who had come with us to help her in the care of the little ones while we should be making some kind of a home in a strange land and getting our bearings for the new work. Arrived at our destination after nightfall, we were carried in a public hack to a Mexican hotel which became our shelter for several weeks. The aspect of the streets and buildings by moonlight reminded the tired wife and mother of her acquaintance in previous years with cities in Italy; and thus the unwonted scene was brightened a bit for us as we beheld it through a halo of romance. But the searching light of day revealed many things which wore no charm for us, and we might easily have become unhappy through thinking of what we could not have. However, we determined to make the best of what was within reach, which was so much more than can be found by the devoted men and women who volunteer for service in savage or only partly civilized countries.

In the center of the main plaza was a fountain

Governor Don Miguel Ahumada

and large basin of water to which women carried earthen jars to be filled, and to which householders living in the near vicinity sent their menservants with small barrels slung from a pole that rested on their shoulders. In order to supply families at a greater distance, two-wheeled carts, which were fitted up with a sort of giant tub to hold the precious liquid, were driven from door to door and the contents offered for sale at the rate of two buckets for a cent and a half. There were no sewers, and the only way for disposing of waste water was to sprinkle it over the pavement in the court of the house or on the street outside, and leave it for the sun to dry up. Soiled clothing was taken to the river to be washed and spread out on the ground or clumps of bushes to dry. Street cleaning was accomplished by means of a municipal ordinance which required the occupants of each house to sweep the part in front of it out to the middle of the street, after having sprinkled the same to avoid raising the dust, and to leave the sweepings in little heaps (to which were added any garbage from the kitchen), for the scavengers to cart away and dump in the outskirts of the city, where the accumulated filth became a menace to the public health.

When Colonel Miguel Ahumada became governor, which office he held for a period of ten years, one of the first things he did was to make the water supply accessible to the entire population. There was already in existence a fine aqueduct of stone,

dating back for a hundred and fifty years or more, which took water from the "salto" or fall, three miles up the Chubiscar river, and brought it to the edge of the town. There he caused to be built reservoirs for storing and purifying the water, and modern pipes to be laid for conducting the same to all sections of the city and into all places of residence or business requiring such service, and at moderate rates. The governor told me that he introduced the water without making provision for sewerage, because the taxpayers would object to the great expense of installing both systems; whereas if he furnished the water desired, the very abundance of it would make evident to all the necessity of some provision for disposing of it after it had been used. The correctness of his position was proved by the outcome; for very soon public sentiment demanded further relief, and he contracted with certain Americans to install a modern system of sewerage.

In order to raise revenue for the support of government—federal, state and municipal—there were levied all sorts of taxes. Stamp taxes affected everybody, even the multitudes who owned no real estate nor any personal property which was worth mentioning. Stamps had to be affixed not only to checks and drafts, but to every kind of receipt, to all contracts, to title deeds, to mortgages, upon every leaf of every book of accounts which might possibly have to be presented for inspection in a justice's court in the

settlement of a claim, and upon a large printed sheet which had to be hung up to public view in every place which offered for sale articles of any description, the sum of the stamps depending upon the amount of the sales as indicated by the books of account. Taxes on real estate were levied in moderate amount, to which twenty-five per cent was added in behalf of the federal government. In addition to all of the foregoing, there was the old system of *alcabalas* which had been introduced from European countries, and by which imposts were levied upon every article of merchandise brought into the city. For the collection of these imposts, there were located *garitas* or tiny custom houses on the roads leading into the town. Near these were stationed guards to prevent the entrance by night, when the *garita* was closed, of any sort of merchandise. Ranchmen must pay a tax on their cartloads of beans, corn, melons or squashes. Every milkman was obliged to make a daily payment according to the size and number of earthen jars or tin cans which he introduced. Every donkey load of straw or of sticks of firewood had to pay a trifling tax.

When our household goods arrived, we gained a vivid experience of the old system; for besides the federal duties imposed at the border custom house, and an additional levy by the state into which we had come, we had to pay again for the support of the municipal government. For instance, on my previous visit for investigation it

had been learned that the retail price of kerosene oil was about $2.00 a gallon in our money. Consequently there was purchased in Boston as a part of our outfit, a barrel of it for about $7.00. The import duty was about $15.00, the state collected nearly $2.00, and the municipal impost was practically the same as the federal; or a total of $32.00. The sequel of the story is that the inexperienced importer did not realize that in so dry a climate the barrel staves would shrink, and so failed to procure tin receptacles to guard the contents. Consequently the greater part of the kerosene leaked out, and for the remainder he actually paid more than the local dealers would have demanded.

Among our goods was a reed organ which had been donated by the American Organ Company for the use of the new mission; and a piano which had been given by a relative of Mrs. Eaton for her own use. The two instruments together had been listed at the border custom house to pay a duty of moderate amount, less than the government of the United States would have collected at the port of Boston on imports of like value from Europe. The addition of the small state impost made the sum about $150.00. But the city tax was only $2.00 to $3.00. The poorer classes could not purchase pianos or organs; but they had to have coal oil with which to light their humble dwellings, or limit themselves to candles. When an officer of government called at the house to inspect the boxes, bar-

rels and crates of our belongings, to see that they agreed with the items on the custom house manifest, I ventured to refer to the apparent discrimination in favor of citizens and residents who were in comparatively comfortable circumstances.

While the man did not seem to sympathize with the criticism, he could not deny the logic of my deduction.

It may be asked by the reader of this narrative, why there should have been required any payment of charges by the federal government at the custom house on the border, when the Mexican Minister had promised that the personal effects of the missionary would be admitted free of duty. When the goods of the latter arrived at Paso del Norte, the collector of the port had not yet received the promised order from headquarters; but in view of the documents from Washington which were shown to him, he did not hesitate to instruct his subordinates to release the goods for immediate shipment to their destination in the interior. However, for his own protection he felt obliged to require the execution of a bond, by the terms of which the usual duties should be paid at the end of three months if by that time no instructions were received from Mexico City. The bond was signed by a leading merchant of El Paso who felt confident that in the end there would be no disappointment of our expectations. But through some oversight or misunderstanding the anticipated order was never received. Very likely the govern-

ment itself was expecting further notification from the American Board or its humble representative or from the collector of the port, before issuing the necessary order.

In the year 1882 the postage on an ordinary letter was twenty-five cents, the same that our fathers had to pay a century ago. Under those circumstances a good deal could be saved by carrying one's letters to El Paso and posting them there, if one had occasion to visit the border city. When the rate was reduced to ten cents, where it remained for some years before coming down to five cents, a similar economy was possible, though in less degree. In those days the post office at the capital of the state was lighted with candles, and the few individual boxes were made of wood. When an American presented himself at the one window to inquire if there was a letter for himself, the courteous postmaster would hand out the whole bunch of letters addressed to foreigners, and wait for him to look them over and take what belonged to himself. But carriers were employed to deliver mail matter addressed to residences or places of business. When the triweekly mail from the United States arrived at the close of day and had been distributed, the letters for foreigners were at once turned over to some one of the group waiting in the lobby, usually the editor of the English-Spanish weekly newspaper, who read in a loud voice the names he found written on the envelopes; and when any man in the crowd sung

out "Here," the letter was passed to him, sometimes through the hands of several others.

Although all this seemed very primitive, the Mexico of that day in some respects was already in advance of our own country. It had adopted the metrical system of weights and measures for use in all the custom houses and post offices; and within a few years from that time the simple and labor-saving method was made obligatory in all transactions. Then it was no longer possible to buy a *vara* of cloth (nearly a yard), nor an *arroba* of sugar (twenty-five pounds), nor to purchase farming lands or city lots, according to the old measurement. To attempt such a thing rendered the violator of the law liable to arrest and punishment. From the first the railroads built by Americans adopted the same system; and they found that it saved so much of the time of the freight clerks in making out bills of lading, and in other ways, as to result in a large economy in operating expenses.

Postal rates on printed matter were so fixed as to promote general education. All such matter was carried at a lower charge than is the case with us. Text-books for the use of pupils in the primary and grammar grades were transported at a rate that seemed little more than nominal. Our authors and publishers would find it very convenient to have the postal service carry manuscripts for publication, and corrected proof sheets as well, at the rate of one cent Mexican for 100 grams,

or more than three ounces. All missionary propaganda that was carried on by means of the printed page, or through the maintenance of elementary school instruction, was greatly aided by this enlightened policy of the government. Its mail carriers, who in the mountainous regions of that state were often Indians toiling up steep trails under the weight of heavy sacks on their backs, transported Bibles and Testaments, other printed books, and tracts at an expense far less than would have been incurred in our own land.

After a time the vexing *alcabalas,* which were found to be a serious hindrance to commerce between the states and even among the cities of any one state, were abolished; and measures were taken to protect the railroads from any interference by bandits with the running of their trains. A very drastic law was enacted whereby anybody was authorized to shoot at sight individuals who might be discovered attempting to obstruct their passage or rob travelers. The result was that highway robbery became very infrequent; and after the incursions of Apaches from Arizona ceased, there was no longer any occasion for the trains to carry armed guards.

The raids of the redskins had become so frequent and galling, causing the destruction of both life and property, that the state government offered a reward of $250 for every scalp of a warrior which might be brought in. On Sunday, the twenty-fifth of February, 1883, just before the

hour of our English service, word was passed around that the authorities would do honor to certain men who had volunteered to go on that strange kind of a hunt and had been so successful that they had returned bringing with them sixteen of the ghastly trophies. The natural desire of Americans to witness so rare a ceremony left me with scarcely anybody to preach to; but I learned afterward that the victors were welcomed on the outskirts of the city, and decorated with ribbons suitably inscribed, and addressed with speeches of congratulation. Then they marched in procession around the main plaza carrying aloft on poles the scalps they had taken, the one who was regarded as the greatest hero of all being a boy in his early teens who had two.

On Monday morning we went to the women's jail to visit the Apache prisoners, wives and children of the slain warriors, who had been brought in by the victors. They were a desolate looking company; and I could not speak a word of their language. Most of the children were given to Mexican families to serve as domestics, while the youngest with their mothers were transported to a region farther south, whence it would be impossible for them to find their way back to the reservation in the United States.

At that time there existed a friendly agreement between the authorities on both sides of the international boundary, that whenever a military force from the United States might be pursuing Apaches

"on a hot trail," it need not halt at the border, but was at liberty to continue over it into Mexico; and vice versa, a force of Mexicans in pursuit of the same Indians should be allowed to enter our country, without regard to boundary lines. There was good reason for the making of such a concession on our part, in view of the fact that those savages, who in their forays robbed and killed Mexicans, were our wards, for whose hostile action we might justly have been held responsible. But of course the Mexicans were not in a position to enforce any demands of that kind. At one time our troops reached a point three hundred miles south of the border in the state of Sonora, where they surprised a camp of Chief Geronimo. Finally in 1886, on the fourth of September, this chieftain in company with Naiche, the son of Cochise, surrended to General Nelson A. Miles at Skeleton Canyon, which was a natural route from Mexico to Arizona, along which both Apaches and our troops had often passed and repassed. The scene of the surrender and of the erection of a mound of rough stones, ten feet in diameter and six feet high, to confirm the treaty there made, is a few miles north of the Mexican boundary. The event brought us a deep sense of relief; for at times during the four years since our taking up residence in the state, there had been a feeling of uncertainty as to whether we ourselves might not be in danger of surprise by the wily enemy. That there was ground for such feeling of appre-

hension became clear afterwards when our wider acquaintance with residents of settlements scattered over the state disclosed persons who vividly recalled those troublous times, when the men dared not go into the hills to cut firewood except in companies of considerable size for mutual protection, because some of their neighbors and relatives had been ambushed and slain.

At the time of our advent each member of the police force carried a rifle and a revolver, with the addition at night of a lantern. Some of the Americans humorously suggested that probably the light was for the purpose of letting the rogues see where the guardian of public order was, so as to be able to avoid him! More likely the lantern was designed to aid the officer in his investigation of dark and suspicious-looking corners, or in searching a house or store whose door might have been found unlocked; and incidentally to advertise the fact that he was "on the job." Often when the officer was standing still on his beat, the lantern was placed in the middle of the street, especially at the intersection of two thoroughfares. And all through the night, when the cathedral clock struck the hours and the quarters, the weird sound of the policeman's whistle would be heard; and to listening ears the signal seemed to say "All's well."

In addition to the police, the city was garrisoned by a considerable military force representing all arms of the service. Usually there was a regiment

of cavalry, a battalion of infantry and a few cannon of small caliber. The ranks were not full; for there were small detachments of troops stationed at points scattered over the state. But at patriotic celebrations held in the theater, looking down from a vantage point in one of the balconies, I have counted as many as fifty officers in uniform. There was always a brigadier general in command. Each regiment or battalion had its own band of at least thirty-five musicians; and how the rather slouchy-looking men did play! There were opportunities to hear them several times a week, either in front of their barracks or in one of the parks, by day or in the evening.

When he encouraged the building of the Mexican Central, and later of other lines of railway, General Diaz doubtless had in mind not only the economic development of the country, but also the strengthening of the power of the federal government and the welding of the several states into a closer union. Before the era of quick communication between the capital and the more distant provinces, it required two or three months to transport a small army and its supplies from Mexico City to Chihuahua, a distance of a thousand miles. Consequently a revolution in that border state might bring about a change of administration before federal soldiers could reach the scene of disturbance; but when they could be transported in a couple of days, the situation was very different.

There were three kinds of money in circulation: first, silver coins; second, paper money issued by the local banks, of the denominations of 25 cents, 50 cents and $1.00, and handed out by the tellers in packets of one hundred bills, which were often accepted without being counted, and which circulated at a discount of eight per cent as compared with specie; and bills of banks in different parts of the republic, principally of those located in Mexico City. The bills issued in some other states were of different values, in terms of silver, the market price often depending on the cost of transporting the silver from the location of the bank to where the paper promise was accepted. Alongside of the silver coins issued in accordance with the decimal system, were still circulated many pieces of the old coinage, such as reals having a value of twelve and a half cents, and half reals. Then there were the copper *tlacos,* with the face value of one-quarter of a real. But these had depreciated in value, perhaps through the enormous quantity which had been coined, and passed for only one-eighth of a real.

In 1882 the Mexican silver dollar was discounted ten per cent in comparison with one of our own coinage, although the weight of the former slightly exceeded that of the latter. At the end of ten years it was quoted at eighty cents of our money. Coincident with the fall in market value of silver bullion, the dollar suffered a further decline until it reached a point below fifty cents, recalling our

experience with "greenbacks" during the dark days of the Civil War. Business enterprises suffered still further embarrassment from the rapid fluctuations in prices quoted from day to day. The sale of checks issued by the treasurer of the American Board became something of a gamble. Quotations were telegraphed from Mexico City at noon; and it was an interesting problem whether to sell the exchange on Boston before noon or after. Since the price might be raised or lowered as much as two per cent in the brief interval, the gain or loss to the treasury might be as much as $20 on a single check of $1000.

In the hope of removing this disturbing element of uncertainty, which for some time had seemed to grow worse, the federal government sent to Europe a commission of three financiers to study the monetary problem, one of whom was the leading banker of Chihuahua, Don Enrique C. Creel, who afterward became governor of the state, then minister of foreign affairs in the cabinet of President Diaz, and finally ambassador at Washington. Upon his return he invited a number of us, representatives of different nationalities, to meet with leading Mexicans in the drawing-room of his private residence, when he told something about the investigations and conclusions of his committee. Later he published a pamphlet on the subject. The net result was that the country adopted the gold standard on the basis of a unit value of fifty cents for the silver dollar, which of course was

an approximation to its bullion value, and this served to put a stop to the fluctuations in the price of "exchange."

A large quantity of gold coins were minted, of the denominations of $5, $10 and $20 Mexican, having, of course, but one-half the weight of the gold pieces of the same denominations coined by the United States. Also were there introduced improvements in the subsidiary coinage of silver and copper—the old reals and fractions of the same having already disappeared from circulation. The notes of all the banks of emission were received at par, and readily redeemed in specie when desired. In the meantime the foreign debt had been refunded at a lower rate of interest, much lower than our own government had been compelled to pay during the throes of the Civil War, because the Mexican government was meeting its obligations promptly, and its credit abroad had consequently risen.

CHAPTER IX

FOUNDING A NEW MISSION

The first step after arrival in the city was to find a house suitable for our purpose; centrally located and having a *sala* large enough to accommodate a small assemblage for public worship. Soon we secured a convenient place of residence on Aldama Street, only one short block from the plaza. The owner was an elderly spinster of French descent, who had come from St. Louis many years before to engage in teaching, but was now retired from active service. She was pleased to have for tenants a respectable family comprising women and children, rather than unattached men who might on short notice abandon their lodgings. An American resident introduced me to the lady who, after learning our errand, agreed to rent the house for a stipulated sum, and handed over the bunch of keys.

Inspection of the premises made it plain that some repairs were needed before the rooms would be fit for occupancy. Therefore on the following day I went again to see the landlady and ask her to be so kind as to put the place in better order. To my great surprise she requested the return of

the keys, saying she had learned that I was a Protestant minister, and she supposed I would hold religious services in the *sala* of her house. I admitted that my countrymen would be invited to meet for worship in that room until they could rent some kind of a hall to serve for a chapel. "But after a while you will invite the Mexicans to meet with you." My rejoinder was: "I do not know that they will care to come." "Oh, they will come," she said. That was about the first word spoken by anybody which encouraged me to think that in time the simple gospel would win a hearing from the people of the land. She was frank enough to say that if only we were in St. Louis, she would have no objection to us as tenants, adding that in the circle of her friends there were some Protestant ministers, "but it would scandalize this whole city for me to rent my house to you who have come to establish a new religion."

She was immovable and the case appeared hopeless; for as yet there had not been drawn up any rent contract in writing with revenue stamps affixed to make it effective. If those keys had been in my pocket, undoubtedly they would have been surrendered to their owner. But they were of great size and correspondingly heavy, similar in dimensions to the key of the Bastille which Lafayette gave to Washington, and which is guarded with other precious relics at Mount Vernon. Therefore they could not be stowed in an ordinary pocket, and had been left at the hotel. Fortunately

I went at once to the friendly mayor to apprise him of our predicament, and he cast a new light on the situation. "She agreed to let you have her house for a stipulated monthly rental?" "Yes." "She gave you the keys to that house?" "Yes." "And in presence of a friend who might serve as witness to the transaction?" "Yes." "Then send to her by the hand of two persons money to pay the rent for one month, and have them bring back her receipt for the same. If she accepts the money, well and good; but should she decline to receive it, then deposit it with a justice of the peace, and get his receipt. The law protects you as tenant; and she cannot dispossess you, unless she desires to sell the property or to occupy the premises herself. If you surrender those keys, you might just as well pack your trunks and return to the United States; for no one else in this city will rent you a house now. They are two hundred years behind the times."

Two gentlemen consented to carry the money to the landlady, quite confident of being able to obtain a receipt for it; but they soon returned and reported failure in their mission, assuring me with emphasis: "She will never touch your money."

Then the editor of the American newspaper, who could speak Spanish, accompanied me to the office of the judge. The latter gave close attention to my statement, through the interpreter, of the circumstances connected with the case; and when I had finished, he replied in excellent English, say-

ing that he had understood every word. Evidently he had allowed all to pass through the medium of the other's translation in order to satisfy himself as to whether both of us were speaking the truth. Then he gave me a receipt for the money which he was going to deposit in one of the banks. The necessary repairs to the dwelling were made at our own expense; and on the first Sunday after we occupied it, the doors were thrown open for an afternoon service in English. But the account of what was done for our countrymen will be given in a subsequent chapter.

Although we had arrived at El Paso early in November, so much time was consumed in waiting at the border for our belongings, and again in the Chihuahua hotel, that it was now after the middle of December; and an unusually cold winter had set in. Soon there came a fall of snow to the depth of several inches; and it was necessary to shovel it off the flat roofs which surrounded the court on all four sides, in order to prevent the leaking of water into the rooms below. Since the house was eighty feet in width and built against the adjoining houses on both sides, the snow was thrown into the court; but across this were cleared two or three paths to give access to the principal rooms. One of the paths led from our bedroom to the dining-room, which could not be heated; and the only way to light it was by leaving open the heavy wooden door. The accumulated snow transformed the interior of the house into an ice chest, and the

ladies seated at table for their meals, wore the circular cloaks lined with fur which had been their defense against the rigors of winter at the north, while I was protected by an overcoat. But within a few days the snow had melted; and a wood fire in an imported stove, which had been set up in the living-room, brought grateful relief.

When the pleasing and capable Mexican woman, who had been engaged to perform domestic service, had suddenly disappeared at the behest of her priestly adviser, there was found a man, teachable, honest and faithful, to work in the kitchen and sometimes tend the baby. During the hour of our religious service in the *sala* he would give himself to the diligent reading in the kitchen of a manual of prayers and devotions to the saints, thus to protect his soul against contamination by the heretics. On the front doors of the cathedral was posted a notice signed by the bishop of the diocese, which warned the faithful, under pain of excommunication, not to work for us, nor sell to us food or furniture, and especially not to attend our religious meetings. With the object of continuing the study of Spanish which had been begun in Boston, it was arranged with the professor of English at the state college to give me private lessons at our residence. He failed to come at the hour indicated, but sent a note asking to be excused on the plea that he had so much to do. It was learned that while he himself had no religious prejudice, for the sake of peace in the family—

his wife objecting strongly to his teaching a Protestant minister to speak their language—he felt compelled to break his engagement.

In the meantime my sister-in-law was giving lessons in English to a few Mexican gentlemen who had called while we were yet staying in the hotel, and had prevailed upon her to teach them. One was a popular teacher of the piano; another had a private school for boys; a third was a lawyer, who afterward became the attorney for the *Banco Minero;* still another, son of a former governor of the state, was a rising attorney whose professional library consisted mainly of works in the French language. This last, upon learning of the impossibility of getting anyone to teach me the Spanish, very kindly offered to instruct me himself without charge, coming to my study for the purpose, after his teacher had dismissed her class.

One evening, in the course of a somewhat intimate conversation, he informed me that in his childhood he believed all that was taught him, and was accustomed to kneel in church by the side of his mother and repeat the prescribed prayers. "But now," said he, "I believe nothing of all that; I am an atheist." Probably it would have been nearer the truth for him to say: "I am an infidel." His attitude toward the Roman Catholic Church was typical of that of multitudes of the more intelligent men in professional, business, military and official circles in Mexico.

Later I had occasion to call at the residence of

a cultivated gentleman who was holding at the same time two offices, being president of the state college and superintendent of public instruction. When he found me seated just inside the door of the well-furnished *sala,* he insisted upon conducting me, quite after the manner of a punctilious oriental, to the seat of honor on the sofa at the upper end of the room, while he seated himself in a chair near by. He explained the presence of a handsomely framed picture of the Virgin of Guadalupe which hung against the wall at my left, by saying that it was a gift to his wife by friends of hers. He then directed my attention to a large picture on the opposite wall, of very different character. It presented an interior view of the refectory of a monastery, the stone walls and arches being of massive construction. At the table were seated two monks wearing the habit of their particular order. Before them were decanters and wine glasses; and their faces were sensual and bloated. One of the two was diverting himself by torturing a fly. The insect dangled from a string held aloft by the fingers of the left hand, while in the other was a pair of scissors with which the lazy monk was clipping the hapless fly's wings and legs. Thus were priests of the Roman Catholic Church presented to view in a most repugnant aspect, and in marked contrast to the devout face and mien of the Virgin. Said the official with a smile: "I tell my friends that they may take their choice." He also stated that he allowed his

wife to attend Mass, but that he had forbidden her to go to confession. Of course then it was not possible for her to be in good standing in the communion of her church.

Many similar cases might be cited of men of my acquaintance who took the position of saying in effect, with regard to what they knew of the Christain religion, "If that is Christianity, I cannot accept it; I am an infidel." Such a declaration as that has my sympathy; for it does credit to both mind and heart. But what a lamentable result of the teaching and the mode of life of most of the priests in Latin America! Men who have been forced into infidelity by having pressed upon them such a caricature of the religion of Jesus, prefer to call themselves "freethinkers," claiming the right to form their own opinions concerning religious matters without being dictated to by an ecclesiastical caste or class of men who, they feel, are holding the minds and souls of their wives and daughters in spiritual bondage. In the public schools the greater part of the men engaged in teaching, and a considerable part of the women instructors as well, demand for themselves this freedom of thought; and even the older boys among the pupils are familiar with the term *librepensador* and rather pride themselves upon being freethinkers.

The owner and editor of "The Chihuahua Mail," which was printed in two languages and had a weekly circulation in the state of nearly two

thousand copies, began to suffer some inconvenience from religious bigotry, because he published notices of our church services in both English and Spanish. Some of his patrons threatened to withdraw their advertising if he continued to favor us in that way. They demanded that at least he should put those notices among the advertisements and exact payment for them at regular rates. But he continued to print in a prominent place, and gratuitously, our announcements, and invited me to write regularly for the columns of the paper. Although not a member of the church, he made a determined stand for religious freedom; and even purchased of me a Spanish Bible and laid it on the counter of his office where all callers would see it.

On Sunday evening, May 20th, was held the first service in Spanish, one almost exclusively of song. An American lady gave valuable help with her powerful soprano voice and perhaps still more by her very presence, since she was widely known as the wife of the first foreign physician and surgeon to establish himself in Chihuahua. Several other Americans came to the meeting; and the organ playing, together with the singing, quickly attracted a crowd of Mexicans to the open windows. Some of them were persuaded to enter; and all listened respectfully to the reading of the hymns which afterward were sung, and to the verbal translation by the leader of texts from the Eng-

lish Bible which had been displayed upon the walls of the temporary chapel for months past.

One week later, in addition to the singing, there were given readings from the Scriptures, especially the twenty-third psalm. About the third week the principal of the private school for boys, who had had a talk with me about our religion and had purchased a copy of the Spanish Bible of the largest size, reported what he had heard said by somebody who was listening on the outside and seemed rather puzzled by the proceedings within. The remark was: "What kind of a religion is this? No prayer nor preaching; only reading and singing!" Therefore I determined to go a step further and present, if possible, a closer approximation to an orderly religious service including the sermon. Already was I writing compositions to be corrected by my teacher. Why not select a religious topic and prepare a discourse suitable for the pulpit? In accordance with the new plan, on the fourth Sunday evening I read some collects from the Episcopal Book of Common Prayer in Spanish besides the Lord's Prayer, and recited the Apostles' Creed; read the fourth chapter of the Gospel according to John—the story of the conversation of Jesus with the woman of Samaria who asked Him concerning the place where men ought to worship; and then presented the composition which had been prepared on the subject of "Worship,"—the spiritual kind to be offered to a spiritual Being. The reading occupied

from twelve to fifteen minutes, and was listened to with profound attention. Evidently my hearers understood what was said. After it was all over, and the people had gone, it seemed like a dream that I had been preaching in Spanish to Mexicans! Thus had cherished hopes begun to be fulfilled.

During the preceding months there had been put into circulation many copies of the Bible, either as a whole or in part, and a lot of other books and tracts, through the display in the little show window of my study which faced the street. Upon a table behind the glass were arranged in an attractive manner a variety of volumes, with a Bible of large size for the pulpit lying open in the center. Day by day were turned the leaves of the book, in order that the regular passersby might, if they wished, read different portions of the volume. A little book published by the American Tract Society was full of pictures that children loved to look at. It was a translation of the Tract Primer which was widely read in my own childhood, and contained nothing in criticism of the Roman Catholic Church; and it became very popular. The mother of a prominent banker came to the house repeatedly to buy copies for presents to her grandchildren.

It would have given me great pleasure to offer for sale the Roman Catholic Bible, because then it would have been easy to prove the falsity of the charge made by the priests that we were putting into circulation a mutilated book. But the stand-

ard work was very costly, consisting of the Latin version by Jerome, commonly called the Vulgate, and the Spanish by Padre Scio, in parallel columns; having foot-notes in Spanish on every page, which were explanatory of the text or quoted comments by early church fathers; and containing numerous steel-plate engravings illustrative of sacred history. But this edition was in five volumes bound in leather, and sold at that time in New York for fifty dollars. There was a cheaper edition in two volumes obtainable for about twenty dollars. But even this was far beyond the reach of the mass of the people, when unskilled laborers were receiving less than fifty cents *per diem,* a wage which did not provide them with decent clothing and nourishing food.

The faithful were warned not to purchase any books which bore on the title page the name "New York." Consequently it was arranged later to insert in copies of the Spanish New Testament and single Gospels which were designed for our use, a special title page that did not mention that city. I wanted to have omitted also the words, "American Bible Society," but one of the secretaries wrote that it would be necessary to retain those words in order to meet legal requirements. However, he did obtain for us from Europe, and at a comparatively low price, copies of the Padre Scio version in one volume, bound in cloth; and these served the purpose of demonstrating to the satisfaction of intelligent persons who honestly

desired to know the facts of the case, that there was no essential difference between this translation and that of the Protestants; and, further, that the books included in both Bibles were very nearly the same.

In some small towns the priests succeeded in getting hold of a few copies of our Bible; and they burned them in public as pestilent books which were a menace to the moral and spiritual welfare of the people. But for this mild form of *auto-da-fe* they were not able to gather much material; for the simple reason that we did not give away any Bibles, Testaments or Gospels. Those who possessed these books had paid cash for them out of their scanty earnings, and consequently were loath to part with them at the behest of the *padre;* and when they had had time to read them thoroughly and to appreciate their contents, finding these to be not corrupting but elevating, they were not so easily terrified by the denunciations of an angry priest.

In those earlier years even the tracts were not distributed gratuitously, but were sold at prices graded according to the number of pages in each one. The only exceptions occurred in connection with selling copies of the Scriptures. Thus to the purchaser of a Bible would often be donated, as a sort of premium, a tract in the form of a booklet which might be priced at from five to eight cents; with a Testament might be given one that was worth three or four cents; while a Gospel might

be accompanied by a still cheaper tract of four or eight pages. The endeavor was to select a tract which might give needed help or guidance to an unaccustomed reader of the Scriptures.

It is not surprising that the priests were unwilling to have the common people get hold of a book which, if it were studied with an open mind, would produce an impression so largely at variance with many things which they had been taught to believe. They were reluctant to permit even those belonging to the educated classes to investigate for themselves the sacred volume. Let it be remembered in this connection that what is here set down does not refer to the more liberal and enlightened administration of ecclesiastical affairs in England and in the United States, but to what is done by the majority of the priests who serve the Roman Church in the Latin American countries.

One instance of this priestly distrust of the Bible, which came under my close observation, will show to what lengths of sheerest folly it can lead an honest bigot or an insincere official of the church. A well-informed gentleman who was in charge of hundreds of customhouse guards, stationed over a wide area bordering on the United States and reporting regularly to him at the central office in Chihuahua, told me that he asked a leading priest in the city to be so kind as to lend to him a copy of the Bible of the Roman Catholic Church, but that the priest denied his request.

Later, when that same gentleman wished to give his son the advantages of a course of professional study in my country, he came to me for advice. From among several schools of dentistry which were recommended to him, he chose the one of the Iowa State University, on account of its being nearer home. The young man was examined by me as to his command of the English language, which was found to be excellent, and he carried a letter of introduction to Chancellor J. L. Pickard. Three years later, when the coveted diploma had been won, Dr. Pickard wrote of him: "His standing was at the head of his class of sixty-one, or very near it. The Dean of the Faculty said to me a few days ago, 'Barrera is a model student; I wish there were more like him.' . . . I have seen him every week, and can say that I have never met a young man more self-respecting, more polite, more careful of his reputation. . . . All who have met him here have only words of praise for him. I wish you might send up others like him. He must have an excellent mother and a wise father. I thought you were entitled to know of his work here, and that he has met fully your recommendation of him."

During all the years of my residence in Chihuahua it was my custom to take sympathetic advantage of the church year in my religious teaching, as well as on their national days to call attention to what the Bible says regarding respect for civil authorities, and to urge the members of

our local church to pray for grace and wisdom to be granted those who were charged with administering the affairs of government. One year there were given out handbills announcing special services during the lenten season, with the added statement that all the Scripture lessons would be taken from the Roman Catholic Bible. One Sunday morning, during the session of the Bible school, a policeman called at our place of worship and asked for a copy of the handbill, which was given to him, and nothing more thought about it. But afterward was it learned that the mayor of the city in conversation with a prominent attorney had told the latter that the Protestants were using in their services the Roman Catholic Bible. He could not believe this to be true. Then the mayor laid a wager that it was even so. His challenge having been accepted, he dispatched an officer to obtain a copy of the handbill, thus furnishing proof of his assertion which the lawyer could not gainsay.

Whichever one of the five elegantly bound volumes might be opened on the desk, attention was called first to the title page, from which it appeared that the book had been printed in Barcelona, Spain, *con las licencias necesarias;* that is to say, it had the required approval of the Church. Then followed the reading of the selected portion; and often was the reading suspended long enough to present, from the notes at the bottom of the page, a helpful comment made by some one of the

church fathers of the early centuries. Sometimes the comment was enlightening to one who had been brought up in the Roman communion, because it showed that certain of the teachings and the practices of the priests in Mexico were not in accord with the spirit of that comment, and consequently not in accord with the doctrines of their own Bible. That appears to me to be a sufficient explanation of the unwillingness of the priests to have the people read the Scriptures for themselves, even when those Scriptures are the very ones printed *con las licencias necesarias.*

Early in May, our infant son, never robust, became very ill, and there was held a consultation of physicians. The child rallied for a time; but toward the end of a summer whose extreme heat, added to the work of studying Spanish and caring for services in two languages, had depleted the strength of all of us, we carried the child to cool Wisconsin in the endeavor to save the precious life. But soon the sweet spirit took its flight to the better land.

Returning in the autumn to our foreign home we resumed both branches of the work under favoring conditions. The officers of the American Evangelical Society and their wives were invited to take tea with us and consider plans for the coming year. We made out a list of fifty families on the ground, besides single men who might be considered as belonging to our parish. But the most cheering thing, which came to our knowledge

First Fruits of the New Mission

a few hours after our arrival, was the fact that a Mexican and his wife, who had many acquaintances in the city and who had bought of me before our departure a large Bible, had been reading it diligently, and as a result had been thoroughly converted, and desired at the earliest opportunity to make confession of faith in Christ as their Savior.

On the eighteenth of November these two, accompanied by eight or ten of their Mexican friends, attended the afternoon service in English, a language which none of them understood. At the close notice was given of what was about to take place; and the suggestion was made that after the ceremony of their reception was concluded, all the Christians present give a right hand of fellowship and friendliness to the new believers. To my surprise and joy nearly all the Americans, whether avowed church members or not, before passing out shook hands with the two Mexicans. It was a delightful scene of international good will and of sympathy with our special work. Even Don Felipe's old mother, a communicant in the ancient church, had come to witness the ceremony; and she warmly grasped my hand in both of hers while the tears rolled down her cheeks, thus acknowledging a common bond of Christian faith. Great was our rejoicing over this gathering of the first fruits of the harvest which was to be.

CHAPTER X

A TOURING EVANGELIST

EARLY in December I started south with a stock of sixty copies of the Scriptures, as a whole or in part, and twenty-five hundred tracts. My first stop was at Santa Rosalia, a town of about five thousand inhabitants, and distant one hundred miles. After dinner I went to the market to offer my books, and before sunset had sold them all. The next morning in the same place all the tracts remaining in my possession were disposed of before ten o'clock, some of the street venders buying small stocks of the booklets which were offered at prices so low as to leave them a good margin for profit. As no material remained for other places along the line of projected travel, it seemed best to return home.

In January was undertaken a trip to Parral, which was distant two hundred miles by rail and diligence, with the object of visiting a small group of believers who had drifted there from the Laguna district further south, where they had heard the truth from Presbyterian brethren; and at the same time to test the attitude of the general public by offering them our publications. The

market was housed in a fine building of stone and iron, which had been given by a German long resident in that city. When application was made to the Mexican superintendent for a permit to sell there my books and tracts, for a moment he was puzzled as to the kind of form he should use. He would have had no difficulty in arranging for the sale of meats or fresh vegetables; of milk and cheese; of corn, beans and rice; of clothing, hats, shoes, and sandals; of saddles and bridles, spurs and lariats; of domestic utensils of iron, brass, copper, tin, glass and china; but books and tracts! However, he soon selected a small printed slip of paper, filled in the blank spaces by writing the date, the class of goods and the amount paid, and handed it to me. The slip stated that for the sum of five cents there was granted me license for one day to sell *granos,* that is to say, grains. My heart felt a thrill of joy; for what could be more significant of my real errand than the word he had chosen to designate the articles I had brought for distribution? "Behold, a sower went forth to sow." My aim was precisely to scatter the good seed of the word, in the hope that some of it might fall into good ground. Indeed it did; for in after years men whom I had come to know declared that they had obtained from me there the first copies they had seen of the Scriptures, the reading of which had revealed to them the way of life.

Upon a borrowed table my wares were displayed to the view of all who passed by; and soon a brisk

business was under way. My method was to read aloud for a few minutes from one of the books, thus attracting a group of hearers, and then to offer for sale the volume or tract containing the narrative to which they had just listened. No sooner did I hold up, for example, the Gospel according to Luke from which had been read the story of the birth of Jesus, offering to exchange it for the small sum of six cents, than a hand would be thrust out from under the woolen *serape* of one of the bystanders (it was midwinter), to pass over to me four copper *tlacos*. Others would do the same. When the stock of that Gospel was running low, I could read the account of the visit of the wise men from the east, and thereby start a run on the Gospel of Matthew.

By the middle of the second day my entire stock had been disposed of; and a new supply was ordered from home by telegraph. In the meantime I made the acquaintance of the humble brethren who had been holding meetings in one of their dwellings under the lead of one of their number, a shoemaker, who was better instructed than the rest and could teach them the fundamental truths of the Christian faith. The patriarch of the group, who thought his age to be ninety-five years, was laid upon a bed and had not long to live. He expressed deep sorrow for the sins committed in past years, and said that he had put his trust in Jesus as his Savior. Also he had a great desire to partake of the Lord's Supper before passing out of

this life. Of course there was no silver service within reach; but we had all the conveniences that were possessed by most of the Christians of the first century, and as we partook of the simple symbols, we felt sure of the presence of Him who said: "Do this in remembrance of Me."

In March were made two trips to Aldama, which included visits to ranches along the way. Again were the sales beyond expectation. But there was no market, and I had to carry the books and tracts in a bag, going from door to door like a common vender. Some householders would not give me any chance to talk with them; others were interested, but generally had no money. The best results were obtained in the corner grocery stores; but the great hit was made when I walked through a large open door and found myself in a cockpit, where a company of men were watching a fight between two roosters. At the first favorable pause in the bloody diversion my bag was opened, and the attention of all was quickly drawn to the novelty of a *Gringo* reading and offering for sale religious publications! It was the middle of the afternoon; and there I stayed until the sun went down, reading, talking and taking in money from those who were interested to purchase, until most of my stock had been disposed of. When it was time for all to go, the proprietor of the resort intimated that it would be the fair thing for me to hand him a fee for having had the use of his *plaza de gallos* for a considerable time, and he

seemed satisfied with the gratuity offered him. On those two trips were sold thirty-two Bibles, thirty-eight Testaments and one hundred and twenty-four Gospels, besides fifty volumes published by the American Tract Society, and over seventeen thousand pages of tracts.

In April was made another visit to Parral, with stops on the way in the important towns of Jimenez and Allende. In four and a half days in the first-named place were sold three hundred and thirty-one copies of the Scriptures, complete or in portions, and fifteen thousand pages of tracts, besides other books, and the receipts amounted to one hundred dollars. In Jimenez alone were sold, at a *tlaco* each, more than one hundred copies of a four page tract entitled "Ventajas Que Resultan de la Borrachera," (The Advantages Resulting from Drunkenness). The sarcastic allusions to the supposed advantages convey many a sly thrust which makes its way through the joints in the defensive armor of the user of intoxicating liquors. Mexicans even of the peon class have a lively sense of humor; and whenever I read aloud portions of that tract, I was absolutely certain in advance of the response it would call forth from my hearers, particularly at the suggestion, "If you want to have your brain befuddled . . . so that you may become as stupid as a donkey, get drunk." At this point the broad smiles would change to hearty laughter. In after years an intelligent man, who was a sort of attorney repre-

senting clients in the courts of law, and who became a faithful member of our congregation at the capital, said that he had purchased of me in Jimenez a copy of the tract; and that it led himself and several friends to become teetotalers.

At home during the following week we were favored with calls from tourists who left with us donations for the work. But the greatest encouragement came from a visit made by Rev. Dr. and Mrs. F. A. Noble of the Union Park Church of Chicago, who made a brief stay as our guests. To Dr. Noble was shown a piece of ground on Independence Avenue for which the friendly mayor of the city (as my confidential agent), had offered to pay the owner $3000, in vain; and at once he said: "Pay as much as $5000, if necessary to secure so fine a location for the erection of buildings to serve the uses of the mission; some way will be found to raise the money." But something still better was in store for us.

In the autumn, with money donated by friends in the United States, I purchased a horse and a large spring cart for the purpose of extending my visits to points not yet accessible by railway. The first trip on two wheels was to the mining town of Cusihuiriachic, eighty miles west, which then had a population of seven thousand. My companion was a young Mexican who had formerly led a wild life and in the course of it had killed a man, and who was not yet a Christian. Our route lay through diversified and beautiful scenery—long

and wide stretches of grazing lands, of a vivid green after the summer rains, rounded and wooded hills succeeded by mountains—and among these last our road followed, now on one side and then on the other, a stream of clear water flowing over a rocky bed. It was necessary to ford that small river thirty-seven times, jolting over the large stones which disputed the passage of the cart; but the obstacles were overcome without accident and with the springs intact. The miners seemed to have money to spend freely; and within a short time was sold the entire stock of books and tracts, leaving nothing with which to interest the people in Guerrero, fifty miles beyond, which had been our final objective.

In December, in the same cart and with the same companion, I drove along the line of the old diligence road, two hundred and fifty miles, to Paso del Norte, to take advantage of the assembling of the crowds that came every year to celebrate for a week the "Fiesta de Nuestra Señora la Virgen de Guadalupe." But the people were so completely absorbed in the diversions offered them, in the form of tables for eatables and drinkables, licensed gambling for that week, and the peddling of relics and appliances of religion, that food for the mind was not in demand; and consequently the sales were disappointingly small. However, the missionary had learned a lesson that would be of service to him.

In May of 1885 the wife accompanied me by

railroad to Santa Rosalia and Jimenez for the purpose of extending our acquaintance in those towns, and considering the advisability of starting regular gospel work in one or both of them. As often occurred, some persons who were expected to cooperate failed us, while others for the first time showed real friendliness. In Jimenez on Sunday afternoon we passed along the streets from house to house, greeting in a courteous manner the people, chiefly women and children, who were grouped about the doorway or seated behind the iron-barred windows; and when they were willing to listen, reading to them and singing gospel songs. In front of one of the humbler dwellings the curious continued to come from both up and down the street, until there were assembled about fifty persons who listened attentively to every word read or spoken or sung. The only thing lacking to make of that impromptu gathering a religious service, was prayer; but the omission of the last was necessary to save us from liability to arrest and the imposition of a fine for an infraction of the law which forbids the holding of religious meetings outside of buildings—a prohibition which thus far has prevented the Salvation Army from undertaking any work in Mexico.

Soon was the cart exchanged for a commodious beach wagon, in preparation for extended tours by the country roads. The two double seats and top were removed and a covered buggy seat put in their place, thus making room for transporting

bedding, provisions, books and changes of clothing. The bedding was rolled up inside a shelter tent of unbleached muslin, which at night was tied on one side to the tops of the wheels, and on the other to stakes driven into the ground. This was occupied by us two, while for the little son a bed was made in the wagon. The horse was tethered to some tree near by; or when a tree was lacking, to the vehicle itself. Sometimes when we stopped for the night in a village, where it was not convenient to pitch the tent, we spread our bedding on the ground under the wagon. Occasionally when it threatened to rain, we slept in some large store-room among sacks of corn and beans, and then we enjoyed a more luxurious resting-place upon a heap of straw.

In this manner during successive years we made many round trips of from two hundred and fifty to three hundred miles each, covering a region in the western part of the state which extended out to the high sierras and measured from north to south between two hundred and three hundred miles. Usually a trip was accomplished in ten or twelve days, involving an absence from the home base, where we were much needed, of only one Sunday at a time. In the heated term it was often advisable to imitate the example of the freighters, and get started on the road a good while before sunrise. Like them would we stop for breakfast at the roadside, wherever we could get a little fuel

for making a fire, and preferably near a stream of water.

But on some of the broad expanses of the plain the precious liquid could not be found for many hours, and our supply was limited to what the canteen might contain. Sometimes we had to share this small store with "Roany," this name having been given to our faithful steed because his color was that of a strawberry roan. He was so small that in our country he would be called a pony; but he was very strong and willing, never requiring a whip to urge him on, and he was kept in good condition, so that everywhere he attracted attention and an occasional offer by some admirer to purchase him. In order to save his strength on those long journeys, it was my invariable custom to walk up the hills; and since our safety depended in so large a measure upon his welfare, at the end of each day it was my first care to look after his comfort. He was very intelligent and appreciative, so that we became strongly attached to him. For twenty years he was a faithful co-laborer; and when the end came, we mourned him. It hardly seemed possible that there could not be a future life for our dumb friend; and if there be any paradise for such as he, his fidelity will have its reward.

Some of our American friends thought it very unsafe for us to travel in this way, without carrying firearms for our defense on the highway, according to the universal custom of those days, and

without having even a man servant for company. Indeed, one of the Presbyterian missionaries, who did a great deal of touring in his buggy drawn by a team of horses, told me that he always kept a loaded rifle by his side, and that he believed it had saved his life a number of times when some rough-looking man had arisen suddenly at the side of the road, but, seeing the gun, had slunk out of sight. At length a Christian mining man, who occasionally made a stop in our city and attended church services, so urged the importance of taking precautions against attack, at the same time offering to present me with a revolver and a belt of cartridges, if I would promise to carry them on the next trip, that I yielded to his importunity.

Not long after that promise was given, the articles were received from a camp in the Organ Mountains of New Mexico, having been brought by the conductor of a Santa Fe train to El Paso, and from there by a Mexican Central conductor to Chihuahua. It was a formidable-looking weapon of 45 caliber, and I felt unwilling to buckle it around my waist, and begin the next trip wearing a Colt's revolver. But my promise had been given to the friend that I would carry his present, and there was no help for it. So it was packed with our other belongings in the wagon box to start with; and it was never taken out, but left with them to the end of the journey.

That was the last of my carrying firearms! Indeed, we were probably much safer without such

weapons of defense. Far better to submit to being robbed of all we had, than to attempt to put up a fight with men who were "quick on the trigger." About that time a Mexican gentleman assured us that we need have no fear, because we "knew how to treat" his countrymen, with kindness and courtesy. Some of the Americans who have had trouble in Mexico, and rail against the "Greasers," really would better blame themselves for their misfortunes. Our own experience taught us that to try to follow the Golden Rule gave far better results than to be on the lookout for fraud or personal violence; for the attitude of suspicion or dislike toward foreigners is sure to affect our treatment of them, and breed a corresponding attitude of distrust on their part.

On one of our trips to Cusihuiriachic, while yet on the outskirts of the town we learned that a local revolution had taken place, resulting in the killing of the mayor by some one of the faction opposed to him; and that it would be unsafe to enter with horse and wagon. Consequently we accepted the hospitality of the family of a believer who had a contract for supplying oak wood for the furnaces of the principal mining company. They lived in a house built of stone on the edge of a wide, grassy plain, at a distance of three miles from the center of the town which lay at the bottom of a rapidly descending road through the *arroyo*. There we remained for several days. The aged parents of the householder and his two

maiden sisters, together with his wife and three children, composed the family. At night all of us occupied one large room, making a company of twelve, consisting of three married couples, two spinsters and four children. One day I walked down the long hill alone into the town, but found all places of business closed, with heavy shutters before the windows and the streets almost deserted, as if a plague had fallen upon the inhabitants.

One year when the grazing lands had suffered from a prolonged drouth, and the stock had to travel many miles to get water to drink, there were lying close to the road scores of bloated carcasses of horses and cattle; and the only way we could get past the grewsome sight, was by covering the head of Roany with a blanket and leading him, thus blindfolded, as far as might be necessary.

Many times we encountered cases of sick people whose friends thought we might be able to help them by furnishing medicine. How we did wish we were possessed of professional knowledge to minister to such needs! Naturally the ignorant people took no precautions against the spread of infectious diseases; and we could not always know to what perils of contagion we were exposing ourselves. In one *adobe* house the wife, exhausted by many hours of travel on the road, was glad to rest for some hours on a bed that was not very clean. Not until after leaving it did she learn that a

woman had died in that bed from diphtheria a short time before.

Another time we found refuge at midday from a frightful windstorm, and were thankful to obtain from kind strangers shelter and food. As soon as we came to a halt in the court the poor horse lay down on the bare ground just as he was with the harness on, his strength almost gone from pulling the wagon against the wind which had lifted tiny pebbles from the road and hurled them into our faces with stinging impact. After we had done full justice to the palatable dishes that were brought to us in the living-room by a young woman, we found out that in the kitchen, where our food had been prepared, lay another woman desperately ill with smallpox. But we were not greatly disturbed by the occurrence; for we had become used to similar experiences. The only thing to do was to keep on with the work that fell to us, and commit our way to Him whom we were trying to serve. He kept us from the anxiety and worry which are so wearing and useless.

A method of work productive of good results, in that it obtained a hearing for the gospel among all classes of people, was the use of the stereopticon. My stock of slides covered a wide range—views of notable places, buildings and personages, both in this country and in Europe, objects of art in painting and sculpture, astronomical pictures, illustrations of the evils of intemperance and other

vices; but especially biblical scenes presenting both Old Testament and New Testament history.

In order to launch successfully the new undertaking, my first effort was to gain the good will of leaders in the educational movement. Therefore I obtained permission to show a selected number of views in the assembly room of the state college before a company of teachers and other influential men including the head of that institution, who was also superintendent of public instruction. Afterwards this gentleman gave me letters of recommendation to those in charge of the common schools in certain towns, which opened the way beautifully for presenting my pictures in them.

In further preparation for the campaign, I had printed a quantity of handbills which described the novel apparatus to be used, gave an alluring list of some of the pictures to be shown, and indicated the uniform price of twenty-five cents for admission. There were two kinds of tickets; one of extra size and superior quality of pasteboard and denominated "Complimentary," which were to be distributed among the more influential families, while the other was of a different color and grade of material for people who paid.

Almost invariably the pictures were shown in one of the school rooms; and each evening a large part of the seats were reserved for the pupils who, of course, were admitted free of charge under the supervision of teachers. In order that

all might have a chance, some of the scholars were told to come on a specified evening, and others at different times. The charging of an admission fee served in a measure to avert suspicion, which would have arisen at once, if the "show" had been announced as free to all; and incidentally the moderate receipts were useful in meeting the traveling expenses.

In Santa Rosalia the "liberal" mayor was so pleased to have worth-while information given to both children and adults, that he not only ordered the teachers to arrange for their pupils to attend as a part of their school work, but sent the municipal band to play on the street in front of the school house for an hour before the exhibition was to take place, to advertise it in the Mexican way.

In San Pablo it was the wish of the authorities to obtain for my use the spacious court of a certain private residence, where traveling theatrical companies were wont to present their dramas; but the owner was out of town, and we had to make the best of a small and ill-ventilated school room on a hot night. Because the paid admissions to the entertainment were few, the village president and the priest expressed their disappointment at the small pecuniary return, and insisted upon my acceptance of a gratuity of five dollars as partial compensation for my service to the public.

At that time the *padre* was adding a tower to his church. So I offered to come again at any

time he and the owner of the place of assembly might agree to name, for the purpose of giving another exhibition for the benefit of the building fund, the sale of tickets to be wholly under his control, and nothing to be paid to myself except enough to meet the traveling expenses for the round trip of a hundred miles. He accepted my offer, and, after the custom of the country, we parted with a close embrace. However, some time later came a courteous letter from the priest, thanking me again for my generous offer but declining it on some convenient ground. Doubtless he had heard from the capital something about my official relation to the missionary movement there. From the language used by me in commenting on the biblical scenes, he must have known that I was a Protestant; but it was an altogether different matter to have personal dealings with the minister who some time before had introduced into the state his heretical teachings.

In Cusihuiriachic, owing to the old feud between two parties which had resulted in the killing of the mayor, the adherents of one of them would not come to see the pictures I was showing in the covered court of a certain hotel which was often rented for public entertainments, because it belonged to a prominent supporter of the other party. Therefore, in order to reach the entire community, it became necessary to show the views for some additional evenings in a less convenient locality which belonged to one of the first-named

group. While we were still giving exhibitions in the hotel, it was arranged to have the pupils of the public school for girls attend on a certain evening. When they marched into the place a full hour before the appointed time, I thought there had been an unfortunate misunderstanding, which would result in the children growing weary and sleepy before we should be halfway through. Not at all. The teacher explained that her pupils were so eager to see what had been promised them, that they had assembled at the school at a very early hour; and it was practicably impossible for her to keep them in order there for so long a period of waiting. Consequently she had brought them over to the hotel by way of a partial concession to their impatience. There they sat with respectful demeanor, quietly gazing at the white screen and wondering what was going to be done when the appointed hour should arrive.

Everywhere on each evening was there a change of program, the miscellaneous views being presented first, not too rapidly but with intervals of time sufficient to impart a good deal of information concerning each one. Then were shown pictures illustrative of the Bible. In San Pablo I obtained the consent of the *padre* himself to explain some of the biblical pictures; and these were shown to him in advance. But it was a rather lame performance on his part; for he did not seem to be familiar with the sacred Scriptures; nor did he talk about the pictures with anything

of the interest, not to say enthusiasm, which is essential to win and hold the attention of children.

At one of the national assemblies of Sunday-school workers there was given a sample exhibition of my pictures. At the close the Rev. Arcadio Morales, who for so many years has been the dean of the evangelical ministers resident in Mexico City, and who has done much evangelistic work in various parts of the country, remarked to me: "In these pictures you have a wonderful instrument for presenting the truths of our religion to the public, and for making lasting impressions upon the minds and hearts of those who may see and hear."

CHAPTER XI

GATHERING A CHURCH AT THE STATE CAPITAL

STARTING with a simple song service in Spanish in the spring of 1883, there had been steady progress made in the Mexican work. Not only were there attendants at the chapel in sufficient number to organize a dignified church service and a Bible school; but there were held regularly meetings in private houses in different sections of the city, for the benefit especially for such as felt reluctant to show themselves at the headquarters of the Protestants. Very early was established a weekly meeting for women, under the lead of the wife, for prayer and study of the Scriptures, and for instruction in methods for personal work. A number of women enrolled themselves as "Willing Workers," and at every meeting gave reports of their visits and conversations and distribution of religious literature. In some respects those meetings were the very heart of the work, the spiritual dynamo, generating power which sent its renovating, beneficent impulse in many directions.

By the winter of 1885–6 there had been translated into Spanish a constitution, confession of faith and form for admission to the church; and

the believers had been gathered into a class for thorough instruction in matters pertaining to the Christian life. On the 24th of March, 1886, was organized the Church of the Holy Trinity consisting of twenty members; and at the same time were named eight more as candidates to be received later. The name was chosen for the purpose of showing the falsity of the calumnies which were put in circulation by the priests, to the effect that we were "no better than Jews or infidels"; that we had an image of Christ which in our meetings we laid on the floor of our chapel and then marched around it in procession, at intervals spitting upon it to show our enmity. With the same object in view, of confounding our enemies, the Sunday-school of the First Congregational Church in Montclair, New Jersey, was requested to furnish me a bookmark for the pulpit Bible, that would keep in sight the symbol of our redemption; and the friends were so good as to send a double mark, with a Greek cross hanging from one broad ribbon, and a Roman from the other.

Those charter members, and others who were added in the early years, were in the main persons of strong convictions and consecrated purpose, undismayed by petty persecution or by the more serious losses of friends and of the means of livelihood on account of their religious belief. One was the sister of a prominent banker. Another was cousin to the *cura* who for more than thirty years had been in charge of the church

which afterward became the cathedral. The cousin owned a tannery employing a number of men. This man and his wife committed to memory a large number of the gospel hymns and delighted to sing them; and when they built a new place of residence, they invited us to hold there a kind of service of dedication. They were generous givers to the church, and were unfailing attendants upon its services; each of them being of such large size that we used to say that they alone almost filled one of the benches. Still others belonged to an influential family whose head, Colonel Orozco, had rendered important military service to the state, so that after his decease they were in receipt of a pension from the government.

Still another was the son of a priest. He had been in business partnership with an Englishman who finally left him, because his wretched habit of intemperance threatened complete ruin to both. He had a charming wife, whom afterward we were wont to refer to as "the elect lady," and beautiful children; yet strong drink had made a beast of him. However, he became interested in some of our books and papers, gained more knowledge of the truth through conversing with believers, and at length conquered his worst enemy. For some time he could not give up his favorite diversion of witnessing bullfights; but at last he made humble confession of faith in Christ, and fully cast in his lot with us. His progress in the new life was rapid. He took a class of boys in the

Bible school, became a member of the standing committee, and was elected treasurer of the church's benevolences.

Before his reformation he was a ruined man financially, having nothing but a few personal effects, and owing $3,000 to his creditors. Within a few years of his conversion he had built up a new business, had paid all his debts, and had deposited with me for safe keeping the sum of $2,000. His bad habits had weakened his constitution, so that he was unable to survive an attack of pneumonia. But we never had any doubt as to the genuineness of the moral change; and the church deeply mourned the loss of one who, in his last hours when the mind wandered, called for his best clothes to be brought in order that he might present himself in the house of God. His brethren were confident that he had joined the company of them who are arrayed in white raiment. When wife and I read Harold Begbie's "Twice Born Men," we seemed to be on quite familiar ground; for we ourselves had witnessed on the mission field moral and spiritual transformations of character no less extraordinary than those described by the English writer.

For a while after beginning the work, in accordance with the program usually followed in this country, we had worship with sermon both morning and evening, and Sunday-school at another hour. But conditions pointed the way to a better plan. The people whom we succeeded in impress-

ing with our message were in great need of studying the book which most of them had never seen until we carried it to them. Furthermore, we could not start a Sunday-school for the children in the hope of winning through them the parents; for, with few exceptions, we were unable to get hold of any children until their parents had been freed from the bondage of prejudice against the Protestants.

But the parents or other adults were not easily persuaded to enter our place of assembly in the broad light of day. Such individuals were perhaps inclined to take the first step in our direction, after hearing of us from others or reading the literature we distributed, by pausing under an open window or before the door at night within hearing distance, partly screened by the darkness. After making approaches of that kind for a while, the investigator might step quietly inside and slip into a rear seat. Many times in after years we met persons who informed us that, long before, they had stopped outside in the street to listen to the singing and the sermon. For the most part they were visitors to the city, having come from towns and ranches in other parts of the state; and they took advantage of being among strangers to satisfy their curiosity concerning the peculiar ways and teachings of the sect which the priests denounced in such emphatic terms. It was a novel sensation we experienced, finding ourselves put in the same class with questionable

characters or diversions of ill repute, to be investigated by people who did not wish to be seen doing it!

We adopted the plan of having in the morning a Bible school for the whole congregation, and in the evening an evangelistic service with sermon. The afternoons were utilized in various ways, the main feature during many years being the English service. At the same time for the Mexicans was held a meeting in some hall in another part of the city, or there were assemblies in private houses when these were placed at our disposal. After societies of Christian Endeavor had been organized, there were meetings for them also. So it came about that for a considerable time the wife was accustomed to play on the reed organ accompaniments for five or six different meetings on Sunday, besides what she did in religious work during the week. For myself, during a period of twenty years, before competent native preachers had been educated for the task, it was necessary to superintend the Bible school, and teach a class of men in the morning, preach in English in the afternoon, and do pulpit work in Spanish at night.

Three times during the first ten years were the congregations obliged to change their place of meeting, as they increased in numbers; first from the *sala* of our residence to a commodious hall which belonged to the governor of the state, next to the enlarged assembly room of the mission compound, afterward given to the *Colegio Chihua-*

huense, and finally to the splendid edifice described in another chapter.

From the first our Mexican brethren were encouraged to contribute not only toward meeting the current expenses but also for accumulating a building fund. On one occasion, when I was preaching on the "Duty and Privilege of Christian Giving," an elderly woman left her seat, walked to the front and laid on the pulpit a silver dollar. The preacher had not anticipated so prompt a response, which helped him to realize that the hearts of men and women in other lands are as sensitive to sincere appeal as are those of the people among whom we have been brought up; and that they can be persuaded to do their full share in sustaining Christian institutions, when they possess a genuine love for Christ and His Gospel. That woman of humble station had earned the dollar by washing clothes in the river, to which she had to carry also the few sticks of wood required for making a fire under the kettle, and then do the ironing at home. Her two sons were shoemakers who supplied their widowed mother's simple wants, and they were unwilling to have her toil so for other people. But she wanted to have money to give to her Lord's work, and she pursued the only method for earning it which was open to her. Later she purchased a large-print Bible and learned to read, in order that she by herself might explore the rich mines of truth in that book of books. Although the

volume weighed six pounds, she always carried it to the Bible school. One day as she was passing along the street she was stoned by cowardly boys who had been taught to despise the Protestants, and she reached the church with blood flowing from a scalp wound. The attack resulted in her being confined to her bed for some time; but she rallied from the shock and was spared for many years to bear witness to her faith by her joy in Christian service.

There might be cited many similar instances of fidelity to the new cause which had been espoused, in spite of pecuniary losses and sufferings both physical and mental which resulted from that loyalty. In our experience there did not occur a single case of a convert's recanting during the last sickness and sending for a priest in order to confess to him and die in the communion of the Roman Catholic Church. On the contrary, in some instances the sick one took special precautions against being overcome in an hour of weakness by the pleadings of zealous friends and adherents of the old order. For example, there was a woman in our congregation who had a wide acquaintance among families of high social standing and, as she was alone in the world, she lived with one of them. She wore a mantilla of black lace, and by her conversation as well as by her dress and manners showed that she was a perfect lady. When she fell seriously ill with what proved to be her last sickness, she feared what

might happen if she remained in a house to which the priests had ready access. So there was rented a room in another part of the city, to which she might be carried and there be waited upon by fellow members of her church, and be allowed to die in peace; and in that isolated retreat she breathed her last, trusting in her Savior.

CHAPTER XII

PROMOTING EDUCATION

On the twentieth of May, 1885, was opened our first elementary school in the *sala* of a private residence belonging to an excellent Mexican family of our congregation, mentioned in a previous chapter as receiving a pension from the government on account of services rendered to the public by the deceased head of the household. A daughter of the family was engaged as teacher, and she began with an enrollment of seven children, besides several older pupils who came to take music lessons of Mrs. Eaton. Thus was planted the seed which in process of time produced the vigorous tree that came to be known as the "*Colegio Chihuahuense,*" which was a boarding and day school for girls, with a kindergarten and a primary department for both sexes. But what gave special character and standing to the school was its normal department, from which graduated teachers who took high rank in both public and private schools.

On the tenth of October was purchased the old Zaragoza Theater, which had been used for many years as the principal *plaza de gallos* (cockpit),

in connection with billiard hall, drinking saloon and rooms for card players. There was also a residence at the rear. The entire property measured eighty feet by one hundred and fifty, running through the small block and having two fronts, one of which was for the theater and the other for the dwelling. It could be fitted up to accommodate at the beginning both the school and a missionary family. But the tenant was unwilling to vacate the premises, and he engaged the best legal talent to support his contention that the purchaser had no right to eject him. The only practicable solution of the difficulty was for me to give him a lease for six months. Thereafter with great punctuality he paid the rent agreed upon, and this was credited to the account of the American Board; so that the treasury of that great missionary organization received money from the income of the cockpit and its drinking and gambling appendages. Was that "tainted money"? It gave me a queer sensation to occupy for a brief period the position of landlord of so disreputable a place. But that was in law the fact; because at that time, and for many succeeding years, the properties of the Board were held in my individual name. During that period we were favored with a visit from the Rev. Dr. Charles H. Richards, who was then pastor of the Central Church in Philadelphia. When he was taken to inspect the newly acquired real estate, which was to be transformed into a mission

compound, there was a cockfight in progress. A few years after that, when Dr. Richards invited me to tell his people about the work in Mexico, I revealed to them the fact that their beloved pastor had attended a cockfight when he was away from home!

In May the school was transferred to the new locality and put in charge of the first missionary teacher, a lady from Connecticut, and was given the name already mentioned. Three years later was added the boarding department; but because the teacher who was then in charge did not feel equal to carrying the new responsibility, Mrs. Eaton volunteered to organize and carry on for a limited time that branch of the educational work, in addition to all that she was doing for the two congregations, Spanish and English. Consequently we left the residence which a Mexican gentleman had built for our use in a corner of his garden of trees and flowers, and moved into the school premises, expecting to be released and return to our new home within six months. But we remained with the school for seven years, and did not have the opportunity of again living in that house with a garden.

Another teacher came from our former congregation in New Jersey. An associate was secured from Hartford, Connecticut. She arrived on the day which had been designated for the inauguration of a new State House which had been in process of building for ten years. The mission-

ary family had received an elegantly printed invitation to attend the function; and of course the new recruit was invited to accompany us. After the formal program was finished, the evening was devoted to an inaugural ball. The stone pavement of the great inner court had been covered with canvas; and overhead, level with the roof of the building of two lofty stories, was stretched another canvas, thus converting the entire *patio* into an immense hall of assembly which was utilized for the purposes of the inauguration. This same hall then became a dancing pavilion. Ascending to the corridors of the second story, we tarried for a while to look down upon the gay scene. It was a novelty to see hundreds of Mexican gentlemen in evening dress; while the toilets of the ladies, presenting a great variety of colors, made the groups below resemble a garden with beds of flowers. What kind of an impression would have been made by an announcement in the next number of "Life and Light" that their recently commissioned missionary had spent her first evening on the foreign field in attendance upon a ball?

But very significant and gratifying to us was that change in public sentiment, from one of aversion and fear, caused by religious prejudice, to one of real friendliness which led the authorities to feel justified in including us among those who were to receive an official invitation. Even years before this event, some liberally inclined

students of the State College had invited us to attend the graduation of their class, and ventured to ask Mrs. Eaton for the loan of her piano to be used in the musical part of the program. And at another time the principal requested me to serve as examiner of the classes in English at the close of the year, marking their standing in that branch of study for the official record. Usually also I attended the annual celebration of Mexican Independence, on the Sixteenth of September, in company with a few other Americans and representatives of other nationalities, such as the British, French, Spanish and German. We went first to the governor's reception room to meet that official, and then walked with him in procession to the place appointed for the public speaking. This helped to promote relations of comity between the sister republics, and at the same time tended to show that the religious convictions of the Protestants in no way interfered with their sincere respect for the civil authorities and their wish to cooperate heartily with them in their efforts to administer the government so as to maintain liberty under law and thus further the public welfare.

Soon after the school had been domiciled in the reformed Zaragoza Theater, we began to hold the religious services in its main assembly room. Just across the street, and almost fronting the entrance, was a notorious house kept by American women. The sounds of revelry which in the

early evening issued through its open windows were extremely disturbing to our worshiping congregation; so that even on the hottest nights of summer we were obliged to close our own windows on that side, to secure partial protection against the annoyance. We learned that there existed a city ordinance forbidding the establishment of such resorts within a certain distance of any school. Therefore, we respectfully requested the mayor of that day to enforce the ordinance, taking what steps might be necessary for abating the nuisance and grave menace to good morals. But his contention was that the resort had been established there before our school was opened.

The next step was to ask the governor who was holding office then, to use his influence with the mayor in our behalf; all in vain. Then was it determined, since we could not obtain justice, to plead for mercy. After consultation with a Mexican gentleman, there was drawn up a petition to that end; and I started out to obtain the signatures of the most prominent citizens and selected persons of the foreign colonies, but especially the former. Among those secured in the course of a few days were the names of attorneys, physicians, merchants, bankers, teachers and other classes in society. Even the highest dignitary of the Roman Catholic Church was approached. He received me in his study, surrounded by his books; and when he had heard my story, without a word of objection he reached for a pen and appended his

signature. A judge of the federal district was visited at his place of residence, readily signed the petition, and then summoned his wife to add her own name. Two other Mexican ladies, admitting me to their house for the first time, thanked me heartily for giving them a chance to sign such a document. When a leading banker who was acquainted with all persons of influence in that capital city, and who at the outset had given me his signature, was shown my list of one hundred and twenty-five signatories, he said there was no need of trying to add any more to the imposing array; for if the governor would not grant their petition, he could not be persuaded by a larger number.

Another Mexican banker accompanied by the American Consul, both of them Roman Catholics in name, offered to carry the petition to the governor. They reported that he had received it and promised to give it his attention. But the days passed, no reply of any sort was made, and in the end the official did nothing. He dared not grant the request, because to do so would displease his friend the mayor; nor did he venture to refuse the reasonable petition of so many influential people; therefore he simply pigeonholed the document. However, within a few months this man and the mayor retired from office, the latter being succeeded by one of the petitioners, who in fact had sold to me the old theater; and one of his earliest official acts was to order the abatement of that public nuisance. The failure of his predecessor

to enforce for our protection the municipal ordinance was really a blessing in disguise; for it disclosed a kindly feeling for us that was widespread, and brought us into relations with some persons whom we had scarcely known before.

When the governor whom we Americans cheered at our celebration of the Fourth of July was requested by the Spanish consul, whose wife was the daughter of a Mexican family of the highest social rank, to recommend a young woman for the place of governess in his own family, the choice of the former fell upon one of our graduates who was teaching in a government school. But she declined the offered position with thanks, explaining that she enjoyed her present work, and that she did not care to face the uncertainty of being able to satisfy those who would employ her in an unaccustomed task. The governor then begged her to accept, as a personal favor to himself, assuring her that in case she were not retained as governess, he would see to her reinstatement in the public schools. She yielded to his plea, and was highly successful in the new task.

At the close of her first year she held an examination of the little pupils in their home, to which were invited not only the Roman Catholic relatives of the family, but also her beloved principal and an associated missionary teacher of our school. At the close of the function our ladies were returned to the school in the closed carriage of a banker brother-in-law of the consul. Yet a

young American woman who had preceded our graduate in the position of governess and who sometimes attended our church services in English, was forbidden by the consul's wife even to speak to Mrs. Eaton on the street, if she happened to have with her at the time the children of that family. But the new governess, who was a member of our Mexican church, actually called at our residence, bringing with her the same children, for the purpose of inviting my wife to attend the examination. What a wonderful transformation in the attitude of that household toward the individuals who were regarded as in a sense official representatives of Protestantism!

The graduation exercises of the successive classes of the *Colegio Chihuahuense* were held in the spacious church edifice, and were largely attended by persons not connected with our congregation. The Mexican's passion for music was gratified by engaging a small orchestra to play compositions of the best class, in addition to the songs given by the school; and usually some prominent man was secured to make an address. One year the speaker was the principal of the largest private school for boys; another time it was a leading physician.

There were several village schools aided by the mission in distant parts of the state, which served as feeders to the boarding department; and graduates who became wives and mothers, in after years sent their children to have a share in the

privileges which they themselves had enjoyed. Educational influences of another sort were also set in motion. Even before the beginning of the school, there was organized by my wife in behalf of the women a society for making over old garments, and offering them for sale together with used clothing which had been donated by friends in United States, on which occasions preference would be shown to those who belonged to the society, in order that they might have the chance to purchase what was desired before the public should be admitted. In this way they learned needed lessons in thrift and economy, and were able from the receipts of their treasury to aid in sustaining the church to which they owed so much.

Furthermore, both church and school were in fact, though not in name, organizations for promoting education in the matter of abstaining from the use of intoxicating drinks. When the Woman's Christian Temperance Union sent Mrs. Addie N. Fields to Mexico to organize branch societies, it did not seem worth while to install extra machinery under that name, when we were already engaged in propagating the same principles. At one time we persuaded an excellent Mexican physician to address a large assembly in our church concerning the evils caused by drinking wines and liquors, from his professional standpoint. On another occasion I got the editor and publisher of the daily newspaper of largest circulation in the city, who was an advocate of temperance, to prepare for us

an address on the same general subject. As the time announced for the special assemblage drew near, inquiry was made as to his readiness for delivering the address. At once he brought to me the completed manuscript, but could not be induced to read it himself in church, making the plea that he did not possess a voice for public speaking. While this was disappointing, it did not altogether surprise me, because he was a faithful Roman Catholic and a close friend of the bishop of that diocese. However, he did publish the address in full in his paper the day after our meeting, acknowledging its authorship, and stating that it had been read the evening before in Trinity Church by Don Santiago D. Eaton.

One year a botanist, who had been devoting years to the collecting of specimens of the flora of Mexico and preparing them for the museums of universities in this country and in Europe, suggested to me that it would be desirable to obtain for the college of the state as complete a collection as possible of the plants growing within its borders. It was not practicable to get an appropriation to cover the expense, because the legislature was not in session. But my good friend the banker, who had given such valuable help in the matter of the petition to have a certain nuisance abated, and in later years was to aid us in yet more important ways, guaranteed that the cost should be met. At the close of the season he decided to pay the bill himself. Then was he

asked to allow his name to appear on the mounted specimens. To this he made strenuous objection at first, but yielded to my plea that it was important to accustom his countrymen to the idea of devoting some portion of their wealth to the education of the public, not leaving all of the task to be done by means of taxation. Consequently each one of the beautifully mounted specimens which filled the drawers of a large wooden case bore a label on which was printed not only the botanical name and the habitat of the plant, but also a line saying (in Spanish), "The Gift of —— ——."

When President Diaz called upon all the states of the Republic to make contributions toward a Mexican exhibit for the Exposition in Paris, that botanical collection was lent for the purpose, as being one of the best things our state could furnish. But when the articles were returned from Paris to the Federal Government, the superb collection was kept in Mexico City, very likely because the authorities felt it was too valuable to be hidden away in a college located in a border state.

In the year 1909 was obtained permission from the American Board to sell the old property down town, and use the proceeds, with the addition of donations it was hoped to secure from friends, to cover the cost of an enlarged campus and a new building. But it seemed inadvisable to sell the old plant before securing a new site, lest the school be left "in the air" as the Spanish phrase

has it; i.e., without a home in which to continue its work. Soon there presented itself, in a surprising way, an opportunity to purchase from a highly connected family which had lost its head through death, two-thirds of a block situated on high ground near the State Industrial School (separated from the latter by a street one hundred feet in width); and this was secured by loans from friends. The revolution against President Diaz prevented disposal of the old property to advantage, but this was just as well; because when there occurred an exchange of certain fields of labor between the Board of Foreign Missions of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and the American Board, involving the transfer of all our interests in the state of Chihuahua to the former, the old plant was remodeled and repaired to make it suitable for a Christian Social Center. The building which was erected on the new campus in the year 1915, is now occupied by a school for boys; while girls are cared for in the long-established Methodist school. Their chapel has been converted into a gymnasium; and the evangelical Christians of both missions now are one body meeting for worship in the capacious and centrally located Trinity Church.

Our Methodist brethren are maintaining a force of a dozen or more workers in that city, having added to the church and schools and social center, a hospital, and a printing plant from which issues their own periodical. In view of this generous

provision for meeting the religious, educational and social needs of the people of that region, we, who could not help feeling keenly the sundering of the old ties which had been forming through the more than thirty years of residence and of labor for both citizens and foreigners in that state, are now able to say, in the manner of those who are in the fellowship of the Free Methodists in Southern California, "Praise the Lord." For we have been made to realize anew the truth of what Saint Paul wrote: "I have planted, Apollos watered; but God gave the increase." As was said by the Master himself, "He that soweth and he that reapeth may rejoice together."

CHAPTER XIII

A BOOK BUSINESS AND RELATED ACTIVITIES

For the first two years of our residence in Mexico, before the completion of the Mexican Central Railway to the capital, it was convenient to obtain our supplies of the Scriptures directly from the American Bible Society in New York; and soon we had acquired by purchase a considerable stock of their publications in Spanish, and a limited variety of volumes in English to meet the needs of our own countrymen. Also were the resources of the American Tract Society drawn upon; and as the work developed, it became necessary to order books, in both Spanish and English, which were published by various firms, especially D. Appleton and Company and the American Book Company, until the stock on hand filled several large bookcases.

While at the beginning our orders were sent through the American Board, for the purpose of securing the lowest wholesale rates from the respective publishers, as the sales increased the firms consented to allow me the largest discounts for export which were granted to anybody; and

open accounts were carried with the houses mentioned, payments being made monthly. In order to save time, to obviate trouble and expense at the border custom-house, and to avoid the inconvenience of keeping on hand a large stock of publications, it was found expedient to have all books sent by mail.

Among our best customers were the teachers and pupils of private schools; and many individuals were glad of the chance to obtain through my instrumentality, and within a very short time, volumes which were not to be had in the few and small bookstores of the city. Some of the public schools also drew upon our resources to a greater or less extent. In one instance the administration of public instruction suggested that a bid be made by me, in common with other dealers, on a lot of eight hundred or a thousand copies of a certain text-book published by the Appletons. Accordingly there was sent in an estimate which would yield a small profit; and, greatly to my surprise, my bid was accepted. There was a steady demand for "methods" for learning both English and Spanish, for dictionaries in both languages and, on the part of private schools, for English readers. The local booksellers soon found out that they could purchase of me all such books at a price about equal to what it would cost them to import the same; and all they had to do was to dispatch a messenger to my house for a few copies at a time. The special rate allowed them still

left a margin of eight to ten per cent to aid the mission work.

But the principal advantage resulting from this little business was the opportunity it afforded for extending acquaintance and gaining friends for our work. It also served to do away with much of the foolish prejudice against us. The principal of one of the private schools, who in his religious opinions was a decided liberal, told me that some of his pupils objected to buying their text-books of the missionary, but that he insisted upon their going in person to make the purchase, rather than avail themselves of the agency of a good-natured schoolmate, for the express purpose of bringing about a change in their silly attitude of aversion.

To the book business was added a special department for a period of eight years, during which time I was publication agent for the National Christian Endeavor Union; and there was kept on hand a supply of all the material provided in the Spanish language for this movement, such as the different model constitutions, pledge cards, booklets and tracts. All prices were put at the lowest possible figure that would enable us to get the articles to our customers without loss. For two or three years I entered into an arrangement with the Endeavorers in Spain, for the joint publication of a Christian Endeavor Handbook containing notes on the prayer-meeting topics and valuable hints for the conduct of different depart-

ments of the work of local societies. I ordered seven hundred copies, advertised them thoroughly by sending samples to the evangelical periodicals, and disposed of them all; so that it was possible at the next national convention to hand over to the treasurer a few dollars of profit.

Orders for Christian Endeavor material came to me from all parts of the Republic, from societies scattered throughout several states in the southwestern part of our own country, from Cuba and Porto Rico, from several countries of South America, and even from Guam and the Philippines. These orders and some of the letters which enclosed them were of intense interest to me, making the extra work a delight and in no sense a burden. The printed matter was not enough; for the Endeavorers wanted to wear the emblem of the society. It was not practicable to obtain the pins from the headquarters in Boston, where the prices were in American gold. So we had them made in Mexico City by Mexican workmen who used silver taken from the native mines, through the interposition of the Rev. Arcadio Morales who in his youth had learned the trade of a silversmith. When the Endeavorers of New Mexico invited me to attend their annual convention held in Santa Fe in December of 1900, to report for them the London Convention, I carried with me a lot of those Christian Endeavor pins, all of which were purchased with avidity because

they were regarded in the light of interesting souvenirs.

When the Rev. Dr. William H. Gulick, for many years a missionary of the American Board at Madrid, learned of the amount received in one year at Chihuahua for all kinds of publications, he wrote me that he doubted whether the annual receipts from sales by all the evangelical agencies in Spain would equal it. But the conditions in the respective countries were very different. In the former case we were dealing with a people who had been emancipated by the Reform Laws from the official domination of the Roman Catholic hierarchy (although their Declaration of Independence, which was adopted in 1810, stipulated that the only religion to be tolerated in the new Republic should be that of the Holy Catholic Apostolic Roman Church), who had been liberalized to some extent by their contact with Americans, and who probably had a better income than did those to whom the missionary forces in Spain had access.

In those days, before the adoption of the Cincinnati Plan for division of territory, each one of the denominations at work in the Republic had its own periodical; and we encouraged our brethren and acquaintances to subscribe for several of the leading ones. An uneducated local preacher who was put in charge of a certain district was able to multiply his efficiency many times by obtaining subscribers to those journals, placing a

large share of them in families not connected in any way with our small congregations, with the result that those evangelical papers made monthly, semi-monthly or weekly visits to homes which would not receive him as a visitor. During a stay of a few days in the mining town of Cusihuiriachic I placed more than one hundred subscriptions to the Presbyterian paper, "El Faro," which was the denomination we favored most, outside of our own "El Testigo," and which was the first to be printed with illustrations.

One branch of the business which consumed a good deal of time was that of supplying publications to one or more colporteurs at work under the supervision of our particular station. Even to employ one man involved considerable bookkeeping; for it was necessary to open both a book account and a cash account with him, and also keep both kinds of account with the Mexico City Agency of the American Bible Society, and all four accounts were rendered monthly.

For a good while we had as colporteur an American who had intended to join a faith mission in China. Instead he came to Mexico hoping to make a living while preaching the gospel. He arrived at our house unannounced and with all his worldly possessions contained in two handbags. Inquiry as to his expected means of support elicited the laconic response, as he pointed to a Bible lying on my table, "That is my check book." We could do no less than provide him with food and

shelter for a time. He was ready to tackle any kind of a job, and found work on our division of the railroad as a member of the "bridge gang." This often involved working in the water, sometimes with his body half immersed; so that he had a fit of sickness and was obliged to go to the hospital. But he managed to get into circulation among the laborers a good many copies of the Scriptures; so that we recommended him for employment by the Bible Agency.

As colporteur he made a thorough canvass of the three northwestern states and the territory of Lower California, enduring many hardships with a truly heroic spirit, and disposing of a great many books besides those supplied by the Agency. While he was working along the west coast, where as yet were no lines of railroad, we availed ourselves of the federal telegraph which connected all towns of any importance and saved us much time and expense. We invented a secret code which enabled the man to send a large order for publications and yet not exceed ten words, a single letter indicating a book of a particular size and binding. At an average cost of only thirty or forty cents in gold, he could advise me in an hour's time of his needs in Sonora or Sinaloa. One of his orders stands out in my memory because it required almost a day's labor on my part, to select the wide variety of books, enter them on account, wrap them securely for shipping by mail, address the packages, weigh them and affix the proper amount

of stamps. The resulting product was forty-seven parcels of about four pounds each. Not all of them were delivered at the post office at one time, lest they cause great inconvenience to the mail carriers in a sparsely settled region; but they were divided into four lots, and dispatched during as many days in succession. To the honor of Mexico's postal service, it should be added that all of them reached their destination.

CHAPTER XIV

AN ERA OF CHURCH BUILDING

For a long time it had not been possible to secure a suitable site for the erection of a church edifice. At the very beginning were noticed some lots situated near the upper end of Avenida Independencia, upon which stood a small *adobe* building bearing upon its front wall the sign, "Sociedad Mutualista de Obreros," and which would be admirably adapted to our purpose. But the mayor informed me that the city owned the property, and had granted to that society free use of the premises on condition that it teach mechanical trades to others besides its own members.

One morning in the year 1889, I observed some federal soldiers at work with pickaxes and other tools leveling to the ground that part of the wall enclosing the grounds of the Mutual Society of Workmen which obstructed the view up Independence Avenue. Inquiry elicited the information that the avenue, which at that point turned to the right, was to be carried straight through to the Alameda; and that the city government had canceled its agreement with the workmen, on the ground that they had not fulfilled their part of the

Church Edifice and Home in Chihuahua

contract, and had sold the part not required for opening the street to certain private parties, who had divided it into three lots.

Either one of the three, all facing the avenue, would be a fine location for a church, since they were on an elevated site, about four hundred yards distant from the main plaza, and almost at the geographical center of the city, although outside of the business district. But my choice was for the one on the corner of Coronado Street, and thus nearest to the plaza, besides facing two streets. Fortunately that lot was owned by a federal judge who had already given proof of his friendship for me; and it was not long before he had executed a deed of sale of the coveted site for a very moderate sum, which was advanced from private funds.

It may be explained here that a wise rule of the American Board forbids its missionaries to purchase with mission funds real estate for its use, or to contract for such purchase, without previous permission from headquarters. Therefore we bought the lot at our own risk, feeling sure that such a wonderful opportunity ought not to be lost; and word was sent at once to Secretary Clark of the chance to purchase a fine site at a low figure. He replied with the suggestion that, if possible, I get the refusal of it for a while until the Prudential Committee could take action. He was then told that the property in question had come into

the possession of an American resident who was willing to wait a reasonable length of time.

According to the terms of the sale by the municipality the purchaser was obligated to begin building on the land within one year. The expiration of that time limit approached; and as yet no action had been taken in Boston. Therefore in order to preserve our title, we had to make a further outlay. We built on the rear part of the lot a small dwelling of three rooms which might in time be occupied by the janitor of the church edifice to be. Then the owner of the adjoining lot offered to sell it to me, suggesting that a church would need a site of ampler dimensions. When his offer was declined, on the score of lack of funds sufficient for utilizing two lots, he asked me to lend him money on his note secured by mortgage on the lot. This appealed to me, because the site would be so admirable for a boys' school, if the Board should decide to establish one, or for a missionary residence; and we lent him the amount he named, which was less than we had paid for the corner lot.

In the year 1890 District Secretary A. N. Hitchcock of Chicago visited our mission; and we showed him the wonderful site with the *adobe* house on it, telling him the whole story. He was so deeply interested that soon after his return home he wrote offering to obtain funds for the purchase on a certain condition, which was accepted. Soon was he able to report the entire amount pledged, and a surplus of $125 for the building fund. With-

in a week came a letter from Boston with the good news that $1000 had been appropriated for the same object. In the bank had accumulated toward the building fund another $1000. Evidently the time had arrived for proposing to take into partnership with us our friends in the home land, more especially those in Montclair; and leave of absence for some months was obtained for the purpose of interviewing them, the entire trip to be made at our own charges.

Chicago architects were visited and engaged to draw plans for a building. They were asked to make it as large as possible for the money, and with high walls like those of the Roman Catholic churches. Also it was arranged with them to place in the wide recess behind the pulpit a group of five lancet windows similar to those in the chapel of Beloit College; and to show in some prominent way the symbol of our redemption. It was stipulated that there should be a roomy vestibule in which the curious might stand to look and listen, without committing themselves so far as to take seats inside with the congregation.

The specifications called for a structure seventy-five feet in length by fifty-four in width, having walls thirty feet in height and a flat roof. The drawing showed an octagonal tower on the corner, twenty feet in diameter, rising twenty feet above the roof and terminating in a spire fifteen feet higher, or sixty-five feet in all. The main entrance was through the tower, under three arches

of stone which were closed by means of iron gates. The floor of the vestibule was of stone, like the sidewalks on both streets, and was practically an extension of these. On one side double doors gave access to the main auditorium; while on another was the entrance to the chapel. On the remaining three sides in place of baseboards were slabs of dressed stone. Thus it would not matter if water should flow in during a driving rainstorm. In order that passersby might not mistake our edifice for a Roman Catholic church, the architects refrained from placing a cross on the spire, but they ingeniously left a cross-shaped opening in the wall of the tower above each one of the three arches spanning the entrance. Thus both in the number of the arches and in the thrice-repeated symbol above them we seemed to have architectural features in harmony with the ancient doctrine of the Trinity, which had been recalled in choosing that name for the church that was organized six years before.

Inside, the vaulted ceiling rose to a height of twenty-five feet, concealing the heavy trusses of timbers and iron rods which supported the roof. The four walls were protected by a wainscoting six feet in height. All the woodwork was of Texas pine, oiled and varnished. Light in abundance was admitted through eight large, triple windows with Roman arches; three of the windows on each side, and two in front for the chapel. The arched portions of each, as well as the entire windows

in the recess behind the pulpit, were filled with leaded cathedral glass, finer than that possessed by any other building in the city. To please the native taste, warm colors were selected; while the lancet windows were further enriched with pictures and adornments. In the central one of these was seen an open Bible, since our chief endeavor was to get that book into the hands of the people. In those on either side were the first and the last letters of the Greek alphabet, recalling Him who is represented as saying, "I am alpha and omega, the first and the last." In the middle of the first and of the fifth was a pure white lily; while all five were decorated with imitations of precious stones —rubies, topazes and diamonds.

An immense amount of dressed stone was to be used in the structure, although the chief material for the walls, two feet in thickness, was to be *adobe;* for a cornice of stone five feet in height was carried along the top of the walls on the two street fronts, besides three feet at the bottom, between the water table and the foundation. Besides the stone and *adobe,* there were brought from Texas five carloads of lumber.

The responses from friends who saw the architects' plans were most cheering. Those in Montclair promised $2500, increased by later gifts of the bell and pulpit furniture to $3000. Relatives took a generous share in the enterprise. The superintendent of a Sunday-school in New Haven, who had visited us years before and was so in-

terested by what he saw that he sent $100 to the Board for our work, gave $300. A lady member of our church in Bound Brook, who had also seen our work on the field, sent her check for the same amount. The donor of the gymnasium for Beloit College, when he was asked by letter for a certain sum, remitted it immediately. These are but a few of the instances which might be mentioned; but they serve to show from how many quarters came the needed aid.

An American resident who was both a mason and a carpenter, and accustomed to employ Mexican labor, and had built two churches in the United States, contracted to build the church on very reasonable terms; and in February, 1892, ground was broken for the foundations which were laid broad and deep, "the best in the city" being the declaration of a banker who inspected them. At first the priests caused us annoyance by frightening away some of the common laborers; but soon the contractor had all the men he wanted, and he remarked upon the change in public sentiment which grew more favorable from day to day. As a prominent visitor from the United States put the case, when the building was nearing completion, "The erection of so noble an edifice on this sightly location for the Protestant Church is probably equivalent to the maintenance here of an additional missionary family."

The digging of the trenches for the foundation brought to light the contents of ancient graves;

for the site was part of the first cemetery of the town, (from which all monuments had long since been removed), and dated back more than two hundred years, having been called *El Campo Santo de San Felipe.* An attorney, scion of one of the oldest families, who accepted my invitation to inspect the interior of the finished edifice in after years, remarked, while we were studying the details of a memorial window: "Ancestors of mine are buried here; the graves in this place hold the bodies of generals and governors." We kept out of sight, as far as possible, the human bones and bits of coffins, and buried them again at the base of the foundation wall. Nevertheless, since the earth which was taken from the trenches was made into *adobes* for use in the structure, it is the literal truth that some portions of the dust of the early inhabitants who were adherents of the Roman Catholic Church (because the old cemetery was consecrated ground and under ecclesiastical control, as the places for burial are not now), were built into the walls of Trinity Church, where assemble for worship Protestants, whose lifeless bodies even would not be suffered to pollute sacred earth, if the religious hierarchy were allowed to dominate everything, as it did before the adoption of the Reform Laws of 1857.

The lancet windows above the pulpit platform were furnished by my brother-in-law, Mr. John Barnes Pratt, in memory of his mother; and in the

vestibule was placed by his father a large tablet of bronze bearing the inscription:

"En Memoria de
Adeline Barnes Pratt
Quien Amaba a los Mexicanos
Se Ha Construido Este Templo Cristiano
A la Gloria de Dios
A.D. 1892."

Although Mrs. Pratt had never visited that country, and had passed into the higher life only four years after our missionary work began, she was deeply interested in all efforts put forth for the elevation of the people, following closely the progress of the work, becoming acquainted through correspondence with the names and to some extent with the personal history of individuals concerned in it, and offering suggestions of value to the workers. Therefore was it eminently fitting that, by permission of the American Board, her name should be linked with the noble edifice which crowned as with a diadem the first ten years of labor.

In the upper chamber of the tower was placed a sonorous bell weighing a thousand pounds. Mr. Clinton H. Meneeley wrote me a letter stating that it had been cast to order as one of a chime for Saint Patrick's Cathedral in New York, but that it was shipped to us because it was of the exact weight we had ordered, and we had expressed the

desire of getting it as soon as possible, in order that it might be rung for the dedication. He added that there was still abundance of time in which to cast another for the famous cathedral. We raised in Chihuahua $150 to cover freight and custom-house charges; but the bell was donated by the Sunday-school of the First Congregational Church of Montclair. This fact is stated by an inscription stippled on its convex surface, while underneath and nearer the mouth of the bell are the words, "Let him that heareth say, Come." In the wall around that octagonal chamber are sixteen open arches through which is obtained a magnificent panoramic view of the city and the surrounding plains and mountains, without a single building high enough to obstruct the vision of a complete horizon; and through those arches, during thirty years past, have been sounding out the words of invitation which many have heeded.

For the dedication on the evening of November 12, seats for five hundred people were crowded close together, leaving at the rear a large part of the floor available for standing room. Handsomely printed invitations, signed by citizens of four different countries—Mexico, the United States, England and Germany—had been sent widely to families outside the congregation, to serve as cards of admission to be presented at the door. In anticipation of the great crowd that was sure to assemble, we asked for police protection; and two officers were sent to guard the en-

trance at the outer gates. Seven hundred were admitted, and the number might have been nearer one thousand, had it not been for the timidity of our untrained ushers who failed to keep open the passageway. Late comers with invitations in hand, seeing the throng pressing against the gates, supposed there was no more room inside, and tried to content themselves with hearing what they could through the open windows.

Back of the pulpit were draped the flags of the four nations already mentioned. Supported on an easel at one side was a large crayon portrait of the lady in whose memory the church had been built. In the audience were representatives of all classes, government officials, professional men, merchants and artisans; and the attendance of a large number of ladies was especially gratifying. The music was furnished by an orchestra and four vocalists. Seated on the platform were seven ministers; but before these should take any part, there was presented a preparatory program of unusual character. Señor Zapata, superintendent of public instruction, expressed hearty appreciation of our efforts in behalf of education. Don Tito Arriola, an attorney and a member of the state legislature, spoke of man's need of religion; and he rapidly sketched the history of Christianity, referring to Luther and the Reformation, the abuses committed by the Inquisition, the happier day of freedom of worship, and the modern effort to gain converts not by the sword but by the persuasive-

ness of the truth. He closed by saying, in Spanish of course: "The Evangelical Church is a powerful aid to our progress, founding schools, publishing periodicals, and extending civilization among our people. It has relieved poverty, furnished employment to labor, beautified our cities by the erection of modern edifices, and deepened the sentiment of patriotism in the hearts of our people. Such conduct gives to the ministers of this communion legitimate title to the respect and gratitude of every good Mexican, and justifies the favorable reception accorded to this church by the citizens of Chihuahua, a considerable number of whom attend its services under the protection of the laws which guarantee freedom of worship."

Both speakers were heartily applauded; and it seemed wonderful indeed that such influential men should be willing to stand on the same platform with Protestant ministers, and utter such sentiments to an assemblage of which the majority were nominally Roman Catholics. A brief sketch of the life and character of Mrs. Pratt was read by another gentleman who also was an educator. The sermon was by Rev. John Howland of Guadalajara, on Spiritual Worship. For the act of dedication the entire audience arose, and remained standing during the prayer of consecration. It was delightful to hear the voices of our guests blending with those of the brethren in reciting the responses indicated in the printed form, and to note their attitude of reverence. At the close of

the service was manifested universal satisfaction; and in the days following we heard some Romanists say: "It was beautiful and solemn, very different from what we had been led to expect." There were sent to the church letters of congratulation, from Dr. Richard Salter Storrs and from the Congregational Association of New Jersey through the Rev. Cornelius H. Patton of Westfield, now one of the secretaries of the American Board, whose brother Normand S. Patton designed the building.

During the next few years were built a number of houses of worship in the state of Chihuahua and in the adjoining state of Sonora; and in most cases it was my privilege to give the dedicatory address. The most commodious edifice of them all was that erected in Parral as a memorial of the gifted wife of the young missionary who was stationed in that important city. Another was built by the offerings and the personal labor of the "Church of the Pilgrims" in San Isidro de las Cuevas. A single member of the congregation in San Buenaventura, who owned considerable property, on a lot adjoining his residence built a chapel at his own charges, and arranged to have it dedicated on the first day of the twentieth century. It was his cherished hope that one of his younger sons might hear a providential call to educate himself to be a preacher, occupy the house next to the chapel, and minister to the congregation holding its meetings there. Until his death he

was happy to ring the bell which summoned relatives and neighbors to the building he had prepared for song and prayer and meditation.

In Hermosillo, the capital of Sonora, on the principal street a church was built by Rev. M. A. Crawford with the aid of his father and his brothers, he himself doing much of the work with his own hands. On the Friday and Saturday evenings preceding the dedication the place was filled with people who had been invited to attend exhibitions of pictures by means of my stereopticon. The governor of the state, upon whom we had called to pay our respects, graciously accepted an invitation and brought his wife and children to the function. It was a great point gained to secure in this way the presence of influential families in a building where later, as all of them knew, the Protestants would be meeting for worship.

CHAPTER XV

MINISTERING TO RESIDENT FOREIGNERS

After taking possession of the private house on Aldama Street, as described in the ninth chapter, the first formal religious service for our countrymen was held there on Sunday afternoon, December 24, 1882, with an attendance of sixty persons, many of them Mexicans. An American previously had remarked to me: "If a man wants to succeed in this country, he would better not meddle with either politics or religion." While the fear of offending Roman Catholics probably kept some away, the large *sala* of our residence was filled; and we were gratified by the response to the announcement of a service in the English language.

At the close all were invited to remain to hear a statement of plans for continuing the meetings; and a committee was named to draw up a constitution for a religious society. One week later an instrument was presented and adopted, under the title of "The American Evangelical Society of Chihuahua." Its object was stated to be "The promotion of acquaintance and good feeling among the Americans resident in the city, recognition

of the common bonds of Christian fellowship uniting those of various religious connections, and the maintenance of stated public worship on the Lord's Day." Officers were elected for six months only, on account of the probability of frequent changes in the personnel of the membership. Two months later was organized a Sunday-school with three classes. After some years the word "Union" was substituted for "American," to emphasize the spirit of unity among the different denominations represented, and because some of the most faithful members were from Great Britain and Canada. During more than twenty years these were the only meetings for worship in English, with the exception of one year when a minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, was preaching in a chapel of their mission, which was begun four years after we entered the city.

Then the Episcopalians started work for English-speaking people only; and about the same time came the Baptists to establish services in both languages. Also the Methodists made English work a part of their regular plan of operation. Consequently the word "Union" no longer fitted the actual situation; and in the month of April, 1904, was organized Trinity Congregational Church. The sermon was preached by Rev. Linus Blakesley, D.D., who for thirty years had been pastor of the First Congregational Church of Topeka, Kansas. It was not possible to assemble a council of churches to welcome into their fellow-

ship the new organization; but we obtained public recognition in a novel and scarcely less impressive manner. For there were read letters from four prominent ministers, as follows: (1) Rev. John Howland of Guadalajara, pastor of the English Congregation there; (2) Rev. W. Elsworth Lawson of Mexico City, pastor of the Union Evangelical Church at the capital; (3) Rev. Dr. James L. Barton of Boston, Foreign Secretary of the American Board; (4) Rev. Dr. A. H. Bradford of Montclair, N. J., Moderator of the National Council of Congregational Churches in the United States, who wrote:

Dear Brethren and Friends:

I have heard with much interest of the new Congregational Church soon to be started in Chihuahua. Such an event is of international importance, and one which seems to call for a few words of greeting and congratulation from the Moderator of the National Council of Congregational Churches of the United States of America.

We are so near to one another in our continental relations, that what concerns you also concerns us. And I think we are destined to be still nearer in our social and spiritual kinship than we are geographically. Our peace and welfare are bound up with all that concerns the welfare of Mexico. Your peace and prosperity means ours also. If a pure and noble type of Christianity is developed within your territory, it will make all Christian work on the American continent easier. A great and increasing opportunity is opening before you.

I am sure that I voice the sentiment of all our churches in the United States when I pray that the blessing of God may attend the beginning of your church, and follow it throughout all the coming years.

Very sincerely yours,

Amory H. Bradford.

The beginning of religious services in English immediately upon our arrival in Chihuahua was advantageous in several ways. First, to thinking people of the Roman Catholic communion even, it seemed only fair that to Protestants should be afforded opportunity for public worship in their mother tongue; and that they should have a minister to baptize their children, to visit them in times of affliction, to counsel them in difficult situations, to bury their dead, and when desired, to officiate at weddings. In the second place, this introductory step opened the way for carrying the gospel later to those who were not declared Protestants. For in the course of time the citizens became somewhat accustomed to the idea of recognizing differences in religious convictions, and of tolerating other forms of worship. Whereas, if the missionary at the outset had devoted himself wholly to studying Spanish and then, when he had acquired enough of a vocabulary, to preaching the gospel exclusively to Mexicans who would listen, it might have been said to him, and with pretty good reason, "Why do you not care for the hundreds of your own countrymen who are living here? They, too, need instruction in spiritual things; they require moral restraints and the consolations of religion." In the third place, in this way we gained friends for the foreign missionary enterprise. Occasionally were donations in aid of that work made by American residents. After the Mexican Central Railway was opened for

through traffic in 1884, many tourists visited the city. For a number of years in succession the Raymond and Whitcomb parties always spent their first Sunday after crossing the border, in Chihuahua; and it was not difficult to persuade some of the Christians on the excursion train to leave their sightseeing long enough to attend the English service for an hour in the afternoon. Some of these travelers became so interested in the mission work proper that they made offerings for it, either to us on the spot or to the American Board after they returned home.

Of the German Colony the larger part had been connected in the old country with the Lutheran Church; and some of them were glad to avail themselves of the services of the only Protestant minister for weddings and christenings. When some one of the infant sons became old enough to be sent to Germany for his education, the baptismal certificate which had been issued by the minister on this side of the Atlantic was forwarded with him as one of his credentials.

Individual Germans were of great help to us. One young man who had graduated in theology from the university of Leipsic, but was troubled with an affection of the throat, came to Mexico to find relief in its admirable climate. He had a fine tenor voice, and for a year sang in our choir. Another, the son of a clergyman in a suburb of Hamburg, served for one term as president of our society of Christian Endeavor. A third was for

a time treasurer of the same society; and he was particularly useful whenever there was occasion for decorating the interior of the auditorium, he being decorator of the show windows in a department store.

One of our mission force for some years was Rev. Theodore F. Hahn, who was born in India, the son of a missionary to the lepers. Once when he was our guest over a week end, it was arranged to have him preach in German. To supply the lack of hymnals in that language, the Germans had printed an order of service containing the words of three hymns; and the singing was led by a quartet of their young men. From the rector of the Episcopal Church we borrowed a scholar's gown for Mr. Hahn, in which he might array himself so as to wear the aspect of a Lutheran clergyman. When he announced the scripture lesson, the whole congregation arose and remained standing reverently while he read from the Word of God. A few German Jews came to the church that day in order that they might have the treat of hearing in their own language a religious address by an educated man. There were in attendance about sixty of that nationality.

The Society of Christian Endeavor raised money for remodeling the janitor's residence at the rear of the church edifice, so as to make of it a small auditorium with a curtained stage at one end for musical entertainments and social gatherings; and there was held the English Sunday-

school. Over the street entrance was a sign with gilt letters on a black background—"C. E. Social Hall." The same society purchased of the Estey Company their largest reed organ, with two manuals, stops and pedal bass, for use in the English church services. At this instrument presided our son Howard who had had experience as organist in the Second Congregational Church at Beloit, and at various churches in Chicago while he was attending the medical school; and he found that more satisfactory results could be obtained with this than with a very small pipe organ. Howard and his wife Katherine, formerly leading soprano in the choir of the Beloit church, attracted other musical people, so that we had for our English services a quartet that would have been a credit to almost any church.

The Sunday-school was fortunate in having capable superintendents, the one who served for the longest period being a grandnephew of Rev. Samuel Worcester, first secretary of the American Board. During the period in which the school was simply an English department of the general Bible school, (as was the case for some fifteen years), all the classes met together for the opening devotions; and there were chosen hymns or gospel songs which had been translated from the English and were found in the Spanish hymnal. Thus were we accustomed to use simultaneously two different books; and yet all present were able to sing together, everyone in his own tongue. All hearts

were united in the spirit of praise while all sang the same tune; and all thoughful minds found one vehicle of expression for the same religious sentiments.

In the year 1908, in New York, at a luncheon which was attended by ministers of our fellowship, the chairman called on me for a word from Mexico. In response there was given a brief sketch of the English work in Chihuahua; and the question was raised whether we might not find some young man, or an older minister possessed of private means, who would accept a call to that little flock and give it better care than was possible to one who had to meet so many other demands upon his time and strength. When the assemblage was breaking up, a gentleman came to take my hand and say that perhaps he himself might be able to render the service which had been suggested. It was the Rev. A. L. Loder, a graduate of Princeton College and Theological Seminary; and soon he accepted the offer of the church to pay the small salary of an unmarried missionary. All were delighted with his thoughtful and eloquent preaching; and after a short time his stipend was increased. It was with great regret that we accepted his resignation, in the spring of 1910, when he wished to make a long visit to his children in the home land, and felt that the church ought not be left without leadership for six months.

A successor was found in the person of a recent graduate of Atlanta Theological Seminary, Rev.

L. Frank McGinty, of Scotch-Irish extraction and a native of Georgia. So considerable a portion of the congregation had come from the South, that it was thought one who had been born and reared in that section of the country might be welcomed as bringing some change from the traditions and methods of Northerners. Mr. McGinty was well liked; but he felt unwilling to be left alone facing an unwonted task, particularly in a foreign land, and having to administer the affairs of a church that had been formed out of very diverse elements. Therefore when, in the autumn of the same year, we left for the United States on the first formal furlough we had taken since we started the Mission to Northern Mexico in 1882, he obtained release from his engagement and went to Yale Theological Seminary for a year of further study. But in the meantime he had made an engagement of a different kind—having won the love of our daughter who was spending with us her summer vacation from Teachers College, Columbia University.

On the Sunday morning before we went away, in the name of the congregation he presented me with a handsome watch fob which had attached to it a facsimile in gold of the artistic bronze medal which had been struck that year to commemorate the Centenary of Mexican Independence. It was the handiwork of a Mexican jeweler of my acquaintance who had used the precious metal produced by one of the mines of his country.

Several years earlier there had been given me another surprise when the treasurer of the church, an English banker, called at my study and handed me a generous purse, saying that I was to go to Southern California to visit my wife who had been absent for six months in search of health, at the same time making a home in Claremont for the daughter who was studying in the preparatory school of Pomona College. We met at "The Breakers" in Long Beach and had a delightful sojourn there, spending hours at a time on the sunny strand, storing up strength and courage for years to come.

It gives us great satisfaction to know that almost without exception the young people who were in the Bible School and the Christian Endeavor Society of that church are living useful lives. They are capable, honest and upright men and women, engaged in various lines of business—commercial, mining and manufacturing—and in the professions of medicine and teaching. Some achieved distinction on the battle fields of the World War. Others are winning victories in the great conflict of life, in which there are no exemptions on account of age or physique or sex. One is secretary of a Young Men's Christian Association in Egypt. A young woman, now wife and mother, is active in social service through a Parent-Teacher Association in Los Angeles, California, ministering to the needs, both physical and mental, of Mexicans in that city. Another has

shown special capacity for educating children of defective mentality, and holds a responsible position in the same city for which she receives a large salary. Still another, who was teacher in the *Colegio Chihuahuense,* served a long time on the Immigration Committee of the Young Women's Christian Association, and was a recognized leader in woman's work in a large Episcopal Church of the same metropolis. A fourth may be named, now a wife and mother, who finds time to help Mexican young women to feel at home in a strange land, because they have found here true friends who understand them and lovingly show them the way to be happy and useful members of society.

For the purpose of considering plans for celebrating the Fourth of July, 1902, a large number of Americans assembled at the United States Consulate. After many of those present had set forth their ideas, I ventured to suggest that we should not limit ourselves to providing music and fireworks on the plaza, as in former years, but utilize the occasion for teaching lessons of patriotism to the children and youth belonging to our Colony, at the same time giving to the Mexicans among whom we had established our homes, a more accurate knowledge of the history and ideals of the people of our own land. The thought met with general approval; and all felt sure that a large sum of money could be raised without difficulty to meet the considerable expense involved. A

committee of arrangements was appointed with myself as chairman; and we were divided up into several subcommittees, which worked together in perfect harmony for the preparation of a two-fold celebration, to include an elaborate program for the morning of Independence Day at ten o'clock, and in the evening the presentation to the public of the conventional music and fireworks.

A lady then residing in the city, who was a brilliant impersonator and teacher of elocution, was engaged to drill our boys and girls for the production of a sort of pageant which included the singing of patriotic hymns and of airs that are popular in both the North and the South. Our church edifice was placed at her disposal; and during several weeks the young folks to the number of sixty came regularly in the afternoons after school to receive instruction.

As the time for the celebration approached, we were trying to arrange with the manager of the Betancourt Theater, where it was expected to present the pageant, to let us have the use of it free of charge for final rehearsals in the daytime, when a Mexican official, who had shown himself a true friend, accosted me on the street to say that probably the governor would willingly lend us for the occasion the splendid new *Teatro de los Heroes* which had been built at a cost to the State of a half million pesos, if we asked for it. At my instance our Consul went with me to make the request, which was granted at once and most gra-

ciously. The governor further consented to order the Boys Band of the School of Arts and Trades to play at the function. We sent out invitations beautifully printed with the national colors, and showing at the top the American flag, to prominent families belonging to all the colonies of foreigners, as well as to those of the respectable citizens in general. The response was most gratifying; for although all kinds of business had to take their usual course on that day, which was not in the national calendar, hundreds of Mexican gentlemen came to the entertainment accompanied by their ladies, so that all the seats on the main floor and in the first gallery were occupied. Two of the boxes were reserved for officials of the government and the consuls of other nations. To everybody was handed a printed sheet containing the words of all the songs that were to be given, while a note invited all to join in the singing.

When the curtain rose, there was disclosed to view seated at the front of the stage, (which is fully as large as that of the Auditorium Theater in Chicago), six or eight persons, among whom were the Mayor, the American Consul and the Chairman of the Committee. A brief and fitting discourse was given by the Consul; and the Chairman read Lincoln's Address at Gettysburg. Then were the chairs removed; and for the next hour the young people held full sway. There was a youth to impersonate Uncle Sam, and a beautiful girl to take the part of Columbia. All the parti-

cipants were appropriately dressed; and they went through a variety of interesting evolutions. The closing number presented a scene resembling a tableau all kneeling in the form of a great cross, with faces turned toward Columbia, while they softly sang the hymn beginning with the words "Nearer, my God, to Thee."

The curtain fell; but before the spectators could leave their seats, I ran up the steps leading to the footlights and arrested them with a word. A graphic account of the episode appeared in the local papers the next day in both languages. Following is the English version of it:

The chairman then said: "My Countrymen and Countrywomen, we are assembled here to honor the Republic of Washington, by the courtesy of the Mexican people. I am sure that you are eager to express your appreciation of their kindness to us. Then let us give three rousing cheers of the old-fashioned kind. A gentleman near me says 'I couldn't sing, but I can yell.' Are you ready?" (Many voices answer "Ready"; and all Americans rise to their feet.) "Now, then, three cheers for the Republic of Mexico, which has made such gigantic strides under the enlightened and patriotic administration of President Porfirio Diaz."

There was a tremendous response under the lead of the speaker who from the stage in front of the curtain waved his handkerchief as a signal. Then he called for three more cheers, "For the City of Chihuahua whose generous hospitality we enjoy, and whose citizens have honored us by their presence on this occasion." These also were given with a right good will.

But the greatest demonstration occurred when another call was made for three cheers, "For the Chief

Executive of this State, whose untiring devotion to the public welfare has enabled us for so long a time to live in health, comfort and safety,—for the promoter of industry, the patron of education, the friend of peace and good government, Colonel Don Miguel Ahumada, Governor of the State of Chihuahua."

It should be explained that the great enthusiasm evoked by the third call was due to the popularity of the governor with Americans, who liked his military promptness and directness of manner. When to their pleas he answered Yes, they knew that he meant to keep his promise; and when he had to say No, he did not hesitate to speak that word. Many of the younger children of the chorus, who were behind the curtain and did not understand what was taking place, were frightened by the noise of the cheering, thinking perhaps that the building was about to fall.

Many of the dignitaries, upon leaving the boxes, grasped my hand and expressed their feeling of complete satisfaction with the pageant they had witnessed. On the street in the afternoon a stranger excused himself for accosting me, explaining that he was from Georgia and that he wished to say how pleased he had been to take part in that cheering. The next day an Englishman, who was a friend of long standing, stopped to salute me by the way, but with a voice so hoarse, that I expressed sympathy with him for having contracted the severe cold. He laughed at my mistake, saying that the damaged condition of his

vocal cords was the result of his having taken too energetic a part in the cheering of the day before!

General Hernandez, commanding that military zone, willingly lent to us one of the two army bands to furnish music on the plaza in the evening, in connection with the finest display of fireworks which our Colony had ever given. For days afterward the pleased expression on the faces of individuals, strangers to myself, whom I met on the street, some of whom were ladies, presumably Roman Catholic, and the bows that were given by several of these last, showed plainly how gratifying to them had been the program given in the theater; and how the whole affair had increased their respect for their *"primos"* (cousins) of the family of "Tio Samuel" (Uncle Sam), and at the same time had softened the asperity of the remaining religious prejudice felt for an official representative of Protestantism in that city.

CHAPTER XVI

BATOPILAS AND GOVERNOR ALEXANDER R. SHEPHERD

In marked contrast to the trips described in a preceding chapter, was the one to Batopilas in the spring of the year 1901. Although the work in that mining town, both evangelistic and educational, was under my care, I had never visited it in person, chiefly because of the long, fatiguing journey and the expense connected with it. But at length a letter was addressed to Governor Shepherd, manager and principal owner of the famous silver mines there, to inquire what would be the cost of transportation by means of the monthly *conducta* which carried in the supplies needed by the company and brought out the bars of silver bullion. He replied that they would be pleased to have me make the round trip as their guest. He further stated that his daughter —— was soon to wed Dr. —— of Washington, D. C., who was there; and that they would like to have me perform the marriage ceremony. He added that it would be more comfortable for me to stay with his family at the hacienda; but that I should be at liberty to look after the mission work down town as much as might seem advisable; and that

if it were too long for me to wait for the next *conducta,* he would send me out by a special. Nothing could have been more generous and satisfactory in every way; and the proffered courtesy was accepted.

For this occasion the *conducta* was put in charge of one of the sons of the governor. The others of the party were: a niece from Boston, who afterward became the wife of a Harvard professor, a granddaughter, the secretary of the mining company and his wife from New York, and several who had been engaged to work for the company.

The first stage of the journey was made by the Chihuahua and Pacific Railway to San Antonio, seventy-five miles; thence in the company's Concord coach, drawn by six mules, fifty miles to Carichic, which was reached in time for a hearty supper and a good rest Monday night. This refreshment was provided in the company's station house which was built of stone and contained three rooms. Along the road were four more station houses, each of which was furnished with a supply of kitchen utensils, all that was needed for setting the table in the dining-room, and bedding for the night. Connected with the stations were corrals and stores of grain and fodder, it being necessary of course to change daily the "mounts" for passengers and the animals that were to carry packs.

From Carichic to Batopilas it was a journey of one hundred and seventy-five miles on "the

hurricane deck of a mule" accomplished by means of five *jornadas* of an average length of thirty-five miles each. For much of the way the trail led us up and down the steep sides of mountain ranges, so steep that in places we followed a zig-zag path back and forth. Then occasionally there would be a level stretch, over which our beasts would be urged to a trot. That was the hardest part for a tenderfoot. Sometimes our trail followed the windings of a mountain stream. For miles upon miles we threaded dense forests of pine timber. Here and there were seen numerous single trees which had been felled; a phenomenon that was explained by our conductor who said that they had been cut down by Tarahumare Indians when these were hunting squirrels. We passed within sight of several of their small villages; and occasionally we encountered Indians near the trail. Sometimes the only living being in sight would be a dog; but a careful scrutiny of the immediate vicinity, made as we passed along, would usually reveal his master lurking within a clump of trees or behind a huge rock.

The number of Tarahumares scattered through the mountains of Chihuahua is variously estimated, from twenty-five thousand to fifty thousand. They are peaceably inclined, not carrying firearms, only bows and arrows. They gain their living in part by the chase, in part by raising corn and beans and a little fruit. They weave thick warm blankets similar to those made by the

TARAHUMARE INDIANS

Navajos of Arizona. In summer the men wear a loin cloth, although the women are modestly dressed in garments of cotton. Their simple wants, as for a little sugar, coffee, rice and cloth, are met by purchase in the towns. While passing along the trail we saw their method of planting corn. A solitary Indian, standing in a little patch of ground and having scarcely any clothing, would bore a hole in the soil with the toes of his right foot, drop into it a few grains of the maize, cover them with the foot and proceed a little farther on to make another hole.

A few are able to speak a little Spanish, and thus serve as interpreters for their fellow Indians in dealing with the civil authorities; and some of the Mexicans know a little of the Tarahumare tongue. A slight beginning has been made by the government in establishing schools for teaching their children. Little parties of them are often seen on the streets of Chihuahua in the daytime, or discovered camping outside on the ground under one of the stone arches of the aqueduct. They walk in Indian file, the women behind with their babies on their backs. They are not loath to accept gifts of food and clothing. In one instance a Mexican gentleman in jest gave to one of them an old silk hat. The Indian gravely took the present and walked off with it perched on his black locks of hair. His summer costume being limited to the loin cloth, the combination was extremely grotesque. One day I endeavored to

persuade a Tarahumare to part with his bow and arrows in exchange for a sum of money; but by means of signs he gave me to understand that he needed the weapons on the home journey, because he must eat by the way.

Four days in succession we stopped at noon for a picnic dinner, the abundant and varied materials of which were carried on one of the pack mules that was kept with us. In some choice spot, preferably near good water and under the shade of a tree, was spread a white cloth to receive the viands for our refreshment. Other pack mules carried our luggage and the supplies for the mining company, including provision for the wedding banquet, the bride's trousseau and even the wedding ring. Before starting down any extra long and precipitous descent, the Mexican conductor would call a halt, in order that he might pass along the line and make careful examination of our saddles and tighten the girths wherever needed, as a precaution against accident. Occasionally when our trail lay along the rocky edge of a precipice, where a single misstep of the beast might dash its rider to sudden death many hundreds of feet below, the same official would station himself just outside the narrow path and remain there until each one of us had passed in safety between him and the mountain side towering above our heads. The divide was crossed at an elevation of about eight thousand feet above sea level.

On the last night of our journey we went to bed early; for we were to be called at midnight to partake of a hot breakfast and be in our saddles at one o'clock, so as to be able to reach our destination at the bottom of the deep *barranca* before the heat should become oppressive. As we passed along the darkened trail under the trees in single file and in almost complete silence, it really seemed as if we might be a party of stealthy marauders plotting mischief—robbery or violence—against persons whom we desired to surprise. Just before sunrise we came out of the woods upon an open spot near the head of the descent, and halted to eat the sandwiches we carried in our saddle-bags, while we gazed down the tremendous *barranca* and off to the dim horizon beyond the town which for six days had been our goal.

Soon we started down, and continued going down with no step up for four hours in succession; longer than it takes to descend from the rim of the Grand Canyon of Arizona by the Bright Angel Trail to the Colorado River five thousand feet below. The ascent of that same trail, ten days later, required eight hours of toil. The last station was reached in time for a late breakfast; and there we were met by two grandsons of Governor Shepherd, who had ridden on their ponies a distance of three leagues to bring a small sack of oranges for our refreshment.

Before noon our cavalcade was making a clatter

over a pavement of cobblestones, and we rode through huge iron gates which gave entrance to the hacienda. This had an area of many acres of ground surrounded by a high wall, within which were the reduction works of the company and other buildings, including comfortable residences for the family of the manager and for those of several of his assistants. It was not difficult to imagine ourselves back in the Middle Ages, within the walls of a baronial castle. Near the entrance we were most graciously received by the ladies of the castle, all of them arrayed in spotless white, in striking contrast to the travel-stained clothing of the weary travelers; and there in the shade we were regaled with glasses of lemonade which had been cooled by means of lumps of snow brought down from the mountains on the backs of peons who in the winter time had stored it in caves for the convenience of their employers.

It may be well here to explain, for the sake of my children and grandchildren, how Mr. Shepherd acquired his title. During the presidency of General Grant he was made Governor of the District of Columbia; and under his administration were effected the extensive improvements which lifted Washington out of the condition of an overgrown village into that of a beautiful metropolis, with adequate systems for the supply of water and the disposal of sewage, paved streets and avenues, and numerous parks. Such a transformation could be accomplished only at a cost

of millions of dollars; and there began to circulate rumors of dishonesty in the handling of public funds which had been appropriated to cover the expense. About the same time occurred the exposure of the Tweed Ring in New York, made familiar to all readers of "Harper's Weekly" through the work of the famous cartoonist, Thomas Nast. The democratic party had been made to suffer for the misdeeds of "Boss Tweed"; and some of the leaders of that political faith were active in pushing investigation of the truth of the charges of corrupt practices that were brought against the administration of the affairs of the Federal District. For if they could saddle the republican party with the incubus of a "Boss Shepherd," they would have a better prospect of being able to weather the storm of righteous indignation that was beating upon Tammany Hall.

The democratic senator from Ohio, Allen G. Thurman, was chairman of the committee of investigation which instituted the most thorough inquiry into all departments of the local administration, calling for the production of contracts, account books and other documents bearing upon the case, and summoning a multitude of witnesses. Governor Shepherd himself told me of the severe grilling to which he was subjected by the senator. But there was no proof of his having been dishonest, and the investigation came to naught. But in order to get rid of "Boss Shepherd," the Congress abolished the office of governor, and pro-

vided for the appointment of three commissioners to adminster the affairs of the Federal District. Of course it was the duty of the President to nominate men to fill those offices; and the first one of the three named by General Grant was Alexander R. Shepherd, and his nomination was confirmed.

But Governor Shepherd had grown weary and sick at heart of the long and bitter conflict; and he sought rest in retirement and in a change of scene and work. Therefore he purchased the interest of the Wells Fargo Express Company in the mines of Batopilas, which were already famous for their production of native silver often occurring in pockets of great value; and he made plans for establishing his residence in that remote corner of the great state of Chihuahua. The General of the army, William T. Sherman, urged him to remain in Washington; but when all arguments failed to shake his purpose, the former said: "Then I'll give you a letter of introduction to the officers of the army posts in Texas stationed along your route of travel." The gist of the letter, as the recipient of it told me, was "You will treat Governor Shepherd as you would treat me."

At that early day it was necessary for the family, which included little children, to travel by stagecoach for hundreds of miles along our southern border, and other hundreds of miles across the Mexican desert and over mountain trails, in order to reach their destination. For

many years after were stories told by the drivers of those coaches to their passengers, of the wonderful endurance, the patience and unfailing cheerfulness of that refined and beautiful mother, whose charming personality won the admiration of the frontiersmen who were so fortunate as to meet her.

In working the mines Governor Shepherd drove a tunnel into the mountain for a distance of more than a mile, giving to the bore the name of "Porfirio Diaz." There I saw his sons directing the work, in rough and soiled mining garb; but at the close of the day they came to the dinner table dressed with the same care that would have been bestowed upon their toilets, had they been invited to dine with friends in Washington. Under the wisely inflexible rule of their mother they adhered to this custom during the years of their stay under the parental roof. Who can rightly estimate the refining influence of such a custom followed in the remote Mexican town?

In Mexico the only legal marriage is one performed by an officer of the civil government. Not even the archbishop of the Roman Catholic Church in that country has authority to unite a man and a woman in the bonds of holy matrimony, since the adoption of the Reform Constitution of 1857. Hence the faithful are married twice—once by the *juez del registro civil* and again by the priest; and thus the church enjoys its revenue as of old. In 1882, and for years thereafter, the judge collected

a fee of seven dollars from those who came to his office to be wedded, while his charges were multiplied if he had to go to a private house. That was a heavy burden for the poor; but it was a trifle in comparison with the fees exacted by the Church, the minimum in the city of Chihuahua being eighteen dollars. No wonder that the peon, earning from twenty-five to fifty cents *per diem* and in consequence scantily clothed and meagerly fed, could not afford to get married, but came to a private understanding with some woman of his class who consented to live with him as his wife.

As is the general custom in Europe, and used to be in early times in the eastern states of our own country, Mexican law requires that public notice of intentions be given eighteen days before a couple can wed. This is a very important measure for protecting women against the schemes of designing men who may be comparative strangers. But in cases where the contracting parties are well known in the community there is no need of this precaution; so the governor is authorized to let the judge waive the formality of a previous notice, or rather reduce the interval to a day or two. Naturally it is only the influential families that can obtain such a favor; those of humble social condition must wait for the legal interval to elapse.

Since Governor Shepherd was at the head of an enterprise which furnished the means of subsistence to thousands of people, a majority of the in-

habitants of the town, he was a most important personage there. Arrangements had been made with the local magistrate to perform the legal ceremony, near the close of a certain day, after obtaining permission by wire from the city of Chihuahua. But in the middle of the afternoon the household was thrown into a state bordering on consternation by the tidings that the judge had not been able to obtain the necessary permission from the capital, because Governor Ahumada had gone to El Paso to meet President William McKinley, who was to make a stop there on his way to California; and it could not be learned who was acting in his stead during the brief absence.

In the meantime the wires were kept "hot" with messages to the attorney of the bank in Chihuahua through which the business of the company was transacted, and to others who might be able to get into communication with the governor. After hours of waiting the judge telephoned that matters at last had been arranged and he was about to start for the hacienda, accompanied by his wife and two clerks of the court as witnesses. When the glad news was passed from lip to lip, a little granddaughter of the governor jumped up and down in her chair in an ecstasy of joy exclaiming: "Now we can do it!"

The official party arrived on horseback (for there were no wheeled vehicles in Batopilas); and no time was lost in beginning the civil ceremony, which is quite elaborate and includes much good

advice to the persons about to wed. Also the entry in the book of record is extensive, giving full information concerning the contracting parties, and mentioning the names of the parents and grandparents on both sides. As the clerk with pen in hand was about to complete the record, indicating the exact hour at which the matrimonial union was effected, the judge drew from his pocket a heavy gold watch and remarked: "Son las diez y quince minutos"; that is to say, "It is ten o'clock and fifteen minutes."

Then the wedding party rearranged itself facing in another direction; and the minister began to read the Form for the Solemnization of Matrimony as observed in the Episcopal Church. The change to our mother tongue was most grateful to all of us; and the distinctly religious nature of the service stirred the most sacred emotions of our hearts. At the wedding banquet that followed toasts were given, first by the judge, and then by the father of the bride, the latter referring with evident feeling to his own marriage when the same ritual was used.

After the banquet, there were brought to the door saddled mules, each of them adorned with huge bows and long streamers of white satin ribbon fastened to bridle and crupper. The bride was helped to mount one of them, and the groom took possession of the other; and they were given a hearty send off, as they began their brief wedding journey of a few miles up the mountain side

to a resort which had been built as a place of retreat for the family from the heat of summer. There accompanied them an attendant on foot carrying a torch to light the way. As they trotted out through the iron gates a brother of the bride fired several shots from his revolver; and almost instantly was given a response which we descried at a point thousands of feet above where we stood, a flame which rapidly grew to a great blaze as a beacon to greet and guide them who were beginning the journey of life together.

After this family event the Governor took occasion to express his appreciation of the kind of work being done by our Mexican preacher who in a quiet and unpretentious way was presenting the truths of the gospel and bringing about reformation of life in the cases of many, with the result that members of his congregation were given the preference among laborers seeking employment by the mining company. When he was told that we were about to invite that preacher to become pastor of the church at the capital, because funds were not available to keep him where he was, my host made energetic protest against removing from Batopilas a leader who had acquired so wide an influence for good, and offered to meet the expense of sustaining the work there, if we would not withdraw the man. We could not decline to accept the generous offer which accompanied the valued testimoy of one so experienced in business enterprises. Not long after

that he entered into the other life; but his sons continued their father's generous cooperation.

Fortunately, some years before this, Governor Shepherd had the great satisfaction of visiting Washington, and having tendered him a reception by the Chamber of Commerce, when not less than seven thousand persons pressed forward to grasp the hand of one who had been so maligned and persecuted in the past. In one of the parks has been erected a statue of him in enduring bronze as an expression by the citizens of their gratitude for the great service he had rendered to them and to the nation as a whole.

CHAPTER XVII

NOTABLE VISITORS TO CHIHUAHUA

Upon the completion of the Mexican Central Railway there set in a strong current of tourist travel toward "Aztec Land"—a country more foreign, even oriental, in its aspect than anything to be found short of the Mediterranean shores. Instead of taking a voyage across the Atlantic, one could board a vestibuled train of Pullman cars and in a few days reach the old capital of the Montezumas; and there find on every hand, in the homes of the people, in methods of agriculture, in the conduct of small businesses, in much of the architecture, in many of the social customs, in the very features of the open country and in the climate, striking reminders of life in Egypt and Palestine. Indeed, it was often remarked by those who had visited the Holy Land, that they found close resemblances to that in the country where we were then living. With the reestablishment in Mexico of a stable government, we are on the eve of a revival of tourist travel, in larger proportions than ever before, to that extremely interesting country. Such a movement is certain to promote and strengthen relations neighborly and friendly be-

tween the two republics that ought to be really, not merely in name, "sisters," with the larger responsibility for sympathy, forbearance and true helpfulness resting upon the shoulders of the older and the stronger of the two.

First in importance and interest to us of course were those who came as representatives of the American Board. In the course of the years we were privileged to welcome as visitors, and in many cases as guests in our home, Secretaries Nathanael G. Clark, James L. Barton and Charles H. Daniels, of Boston, A. N. Hitchcock, of Chicago, and members of the Prudential Committee in the persons of Mr. C. C. Burr and Dr. E. B. Webb. From the Woman's Board we had Mrs. Charles M. Lamson, Mrs. C. H. Daniels of Boston, and Miss Susan Daggett of New Haven.

There were many other Congregational ministers, such as A. E. Winship, Dr. Charles H. Richards, already mentioned, Dr. Frank A. Noble of Chicago, Dr. Charles R. Bliss of the same city; Dr. C. H. Everest of New Jersey; Dr. Edward Dwight Eaton returning with his wife from deputation work in China, and Dr. Francis E. Clark, the founder of Christian Endeavor.

There were Bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church: Eliott of Texas, who afterward sent to me a copy of an official periodical containing a letter of his in which he commended our efforts in behalf of our own countrymen, and advised against sending a clergyman to care for them;

J. Mills Kendrick of Arizona, who accepted my invitation to conduct in our house of worship a service in English, in order to gratify the preferences of some who had been brought up in the communion of his church; and Joseph H. Johnson of California.

There were Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South: Joseph S. Key, Walter R. Lambuth and W. A. Candler; and Secretaries of their foreign mission work, both men and women.

At an early day, while meetings were still being held in the school room, we had as our guest the well known administrator of foreign missions, Dr. H. Grattan Guinness of London, who preached by means of my interpreting, and at the close grasped the hands of the humblest members of the congregation with the warmth of a loving brother in Christ. In the year 1890 came my parents for a stay of two months, in the course of which they accompanied me on a missionary journey by railway train and coach into the southern part of the state, eating and sleeping in the homes of the people. On another trip of ten days, covering two hundred and fifty miles with horse and buggy over plains and through mountains, my father went with me, and availed himself of the opportunity to speak to several scattered groups of believers.

There were S. Guy Inman, now active in efforts for the religious welfare of Latin American countries, Samuel P. Craver, who was transferred from Mexico to Paraguay, Eucario M. Sein, who

was in turn preacher, editor and national secretary of Sunday-school work in his native country for many years, Thomas F. Wallace, who began laboring in the United States of Colombia and continued fruitful efforts in Northern Mexico, Arcadio Morales, who has been a Presbyterian pastor in Mexico City for more than forty years and has rendered important service as evangelist in many other places, W. Elsworth Lawson, who came from England to his long pastorate of the Union Evangelical Church of Mexico City, and many others. There were laymen like Wm. Henry Grant of New York, Bernard C. Steiner of Baltimore, and Young Men's Christian Association Secretaries—Clarence J. Hicks, Fred B. Shipp, George I. Babcock and William G. Coxhead.

Nearly all of those whose names have been given in this chapter spoke from our pulpit. Also, of visiting women, besides those who have been mentioned, were Mrs. Mary Foster Bryner whose fame drew a large assemblage to hear her, Miss Lucy Tappan of Gloucester, Massachusetts, who is now Mrs. D. B. Scott, and Mrs. J. M. L. Woodruff of New York. The last named, having read the monthly items of news from my pen in the department of missions in the "Independent," wrote to inquire whether it would be safe for a lady without escort to travel in Mexico. The tone of her letter made me think that it would be advisable to encourage such a woman to undertake the trip. My reply led her to start at once; and soon she re-

ported herself at our house, then continued her journey southward. Weeks passed without bringing any tidings from her; and we had begun to feel rather solicitous for her welfare, when she appeared again, full of enthusiasm over the delights of her long tour which had been extended to regions beyond Mexico City, seldom visited by ordinary travelers. She expressed gratitude for my confidence in her ability to care for herself; and thus was begun an acquaintance which ripened into friendship for us that lasted to the end of her life. She was the widow of an Episcopal clergyman; and after being left alone she devoted herself to the writing of books under the *nom de plume* of W. L. M. Jay, which were published by E. P. Dutton and Company. One of the volumes she sent to Mrs. Eaton was named "In Green Pastures," with the subtitle, "Poems of Cheer, Faith, Hope and Comfort," selected from a wide range of authorship on both sides of the Atlantic, and including fifteen to twenty of her own. This volume bore on its cover thickly clustering Easter lilies, while above them was a soaring butterfly. On the fly leaf the author had written:

"Green be the pastures where *you* go,
And stillest waters shining flow!
Easter, 1899."

There were a few others whose visits seem to require special mention. One was that of John

Wanamaker who was accompanied by a party of relatives and friends. In the spring of 1893, at the close of his term of service as Postmaster General, he made an extended tour in a private car through Mexico, in the course of which he was presented to President Diaz and to the governors of several states. Friends of his in El Paso were hoping that he would spend Easter Sunday with them; but he decided to stop over in Chihuahua for that day; and the result was a most delightful surprise for our Mexican congregation.

Soon after our Bible service had begun at the usual hour, there were ushered into the rear seats a dozen or more American ladies and gentlemen. At the close of the devotional exercises I remarked that I thought one of the visitors was a prominent Christian layman, and that he would probably consent to speak to us after the study of the lesson; then was given the signal to such of the classes as had to retire to other departments for a half hour. Walking down the aisle I extended my hand in hearty welcome to Mr. Wanamaker, who said that he had expected to find a service in English held at this hour, but added: "This is all right; I am enjoying it." He readily agreed to address the assemblage; and the interval was occupied in telling him about our work, and in pointing out to him certain persons whose life stories were of special interest to a stranger.

When all had come together again, I referred to the fact that they had been told, months before,

of the Postmaster General who at the end of every week went from Washington to Philadelphia to superintend his Sunday-school which enrolled more than three thousand members. At that time my story must have seemed to them almost beyond belief, because it was an unheard of thing in their country for an official of the government to superintend a Bible school. The visitor was invited to come forward, and I introduced him as that same Postmaster General. He was well prepared by his tour through their country to express himself in courteous phrase to a courteous people. Grouping his thoughts under four heads, the Sabbath, the Sanctuary, the Scriptures and the Savior, each one of which in itself made a special appeal to that assembly, he dwelt particularly upon the last. In a fascinating way was held up to view the One "altogether lovely"; and he made a profound impression by the address which continued for three-quarters of an hour.

All this time the carriages which had brought the party from the railroad station were standing at the door, a most unusual sight for those passing by. Some of them came in to discover the cause, including the editor and proprietor of a liberal newspaper. There entered also the state treasurer, an official who spoke English perfectly and had been designated to serve as interpreter for the distinguished visitor when he should be presented to the governor. Some of these visitors heard the larger part of the address, and all were

listeners to the closing words, most sympathetic and fraternal, recognizing the common bonds which unite us in one family with God as our Father and Jesus Christ as our Elder Brother. It was a wonderful reinforcement for our work, to have it known throughout the city that a cabinet officer from Washington and his entire party had attended our service and taken a leading part in it.

Two years later the evangelists Dwight L. Moody and Ira D. Sankey were holding meetings in the Southland, and had engaged to hold a conference with Christian workers of Mexico in Toluca, beginning on a certain day in April. We knew they would not travel on the Lord's Day, and therefore would have to stop over at some point on the way. It occurred to me that they might be persuaded to choose our city as the place. I wrote to Mr. Moody urging him to spend the Sunday with us, and requested him, if he agreed to the plan, to furnish me with a list of ten or a dozen hymns from which he would be likely to make selections for use in the services, in order that a small choir might be formed to practice them in advance of his coming, and so be able to lead strongly in the singing by the congregation.

Mr. Moody promised to come, but added: "Do not ask me to speak through an interpreter." Copies of "Gospel Hymns" were purchased for the use of the choir, and we printed hundreds of sheets containing the words of the hymns for the

convenience of all others who might attend. There was a great deal of advertising done in the local English newspaper, and by means of handbills posted up in the city and distributed through the near mining camps. Some persons who saw the announcements would not believe that the famous evangelists were really to visit us. One American, who evidently was not getting reliable news from his own country, declared positively that Mr. Sankey recently had died, and that the whole thing was a mistake or a hoax.

The two men addressed a few meetings in El Paso, but cut off one day from their scheduled sojourn in the border city when they learned that the one daily train, leaving at five o'clock in the afternoon, would not arrive at Chihuahua until an hour after midnight. Early on Saturday morning we heard that they were lodged in one of our hotels; and all three, (for Mrs. Moody accompanied her husband) were taken to our home.

On Sunday after breakfast we gathered in the parlor, and Mr. Moody was invited to conduct the family worship. His reading of Scripture was followed by Mr. Sankey's singing to his own accompaniment on the piano. Then Mr. Moody led in prayer, remembering the work so near to our hearts; and when he sought divine guidance and blessing for our son who was away from home at school, we seemed to hear him talking face to face with the Heavenly Father, and we felt not the limitations of distance and time between ourselves

and our boy. The gentlemen were invited to look in upon the morning Bible service for Mexicans; and Mr. Sankey said that he would be sure to go. The latter was there at the beginning and readily consented to sing for us. He gave a solo; and then proposed that all sing from the Spanish hymnal the chorus of a composition of his own, "When the mists have rolled away," after each of the stanzas, which he would sing in English.

During the study of the lesson Mr. Moody sauntered in and was conducted to the pulpit platform, whence he had a good view of what was going on. When all had come together again for the closing exercises, he was assured we had not forgotten his stipulation that he should not be asked to speak through an interpreter; but he was told that the Mexican brethren were much pleased when visitors from abroad showed a spirit of friendliness, and that he would be given opportunity, if desired, to say just a word of greeting. He was so delighted with their singing of one of the hymns, which was not a translation from the English, that he said he wished to have them render the same at the meeting in the afternoon. Then he started to say a few words to them; but he could not stop, their sympathetic response was so immediate, and so evident in the close attention they gave, and he continued for about a half hour.

Both afternoon and evening our auditorium was packed with men and women, some of whom had not entered a church edifice for years, eager to

hear Moody and Sankey. Before the evening service an anxious mother sent by me a request for Mr. Sankey to sing "Where is my wandering boy to-night?" He replied: "That will be as Mr. Moody says." The song was sung; and not many days after, the mother learned that her son, who was a locomotive engineer, had been killed in an accident somewhere in Arizona. In the emergency was his spirit able to touch the mother's soul and obtain an answer of love and longing from her who gave him birth? In giving his final message to the Americans, the evangelist tried to make them realize the importance of taking time to cultivate the highest part of their nature; and he urged them to attend the services in English that were regularly held in the place where they were assembled, many of them for the first time. "Why," said he, "not half the churches in the United States have so beautiful a house of worship as is open to you here."

As Mr. Moody journeyed southward, becoming more fully acquainted with the conditions in that country, he was profoundly impressed with the people's need of the gospel and of all which that word implies, and with the openings for carrying to them those blessings; and he exclaimed: "If I could speak Spanish, I would cancel all my engagements and give myself exclusively to Mexico for the next five years."

CHAPTER XVIII

INTERDENOMINATIONAL ASSEMBLIES

The first one of national scope was held in Mexico City in the year 1888, and was composed not only of American missionaries and Mexican preachers and teachers of all the eleven denominations laboring in the country, Episcopalians and Friends joining with the others, but also included a few representatives of mission boards in the United States. Foreigners and nationals were mingled in delightful confusion, and all enjoyed equal privileges on platform and floor. Mention may be made here of two matters which aroused the greatest interest and resulted in definite action by the assemblage. The first was a plea made by a Mexican for the founding of a college or university of high grade to do for Mexico what Robert College at Constantinople, the Syrian Protestant College at Beirut and the Anglo-Chinese College are doing for the lands in which they are located, through the education of selected young men who should exert a powerful influence in behalf of a more enlightened religious faith and a better social order. A committee was appointed, consisting of one missionary and one Mexican from each de-

nomination, to inform the wealthy friends of education in the United States of the pressing need of generous gifts to this end.

The second was the directing of attention to the evils of denominational rivalry, and the adoption of an agreement tending to diminish the unfortunate effects of misguided zeal. By unanimous vote it was recommended that in the case of cities having less than fifteen thousand population only one missionary society be allowed to occupy the ground; and that where two or more may have been established already, the field should be yielded to one of them, due account being taken of the time and money expended by each; in cases of difficulty the matter to be referred to a committee of arbitration whose decisions by a two-thirds vote should be final. "Occupation" was defined to mean the organization of a congregation and arrangements for holding religious services periodically; the suspension of such services for one year to be regarded as abandonment of the field.

That was good for a beginning; and it served to prepare the way for the great advance registered at the memorable Conference of earnest men and women which was held in Cincinnati, Ohio, in the year 1914, when it was determined to effect such a readjustment in the relations existing among the several Christian bodies laboring in Mexico, as should assign extensive areas—some of these embracing several states—for exclusive occupation by the respective denominations; and at

the same time should provide for close cooperation by them in educational lines (particularly in the training of men and women for distinctively evangelistic service), and in the publication of religious literature.

In the summer of 1895 was held in the city of San Luis Potosi, a convention of Sunday-school workers. Among the delegates present were found representatives of seventeen societies of Christian Endeavor; and there was effected the organization of a National Union, with Mrs. Eaton as General Secretary. This was a fitting selection because she had been so enterprising as to organize in 1890 the first society of young people in the country to bear that name and to function under a constitution which had been translated for the purpose from that of the parent society. To preserve in Spanish the English order of the letters "C. E.," she made the name to be "Cristianos Energicos," (Energetic Christians) rather than "Esfuerzo Cristiano" which is a literal translation of Christian Endeavor; particularly because some Mexicans who were consulted thought it more in harmony with the spirit of their language to translate the title in that way, than to qualify an impersonal noun by the adjective "Christian." However, the latter won general adoption. Naturally the first general secretary was obliged to conduct an extensive correspondence with the societies scattered throughout the country, in order to bind them together in closer

fellowship and unify their undertakings. Although all this added greatly to the weight of responsibilities she was already carrying in our own mission, she accepted election for a second term.

The first convention was held in 1896 in the city of Zacatecas, some of the delegates having traveled afoot or on horseback for hundreds of miles to reach the place of meeting. Numerous banners were carried there, and many of the assembly wore the society's emblem. The addresses and the topics for discussion were all appropriate to the occasion; and Dr. Francis E. Clark pronounced it to be a genuine Christian Endeavor Convention. In a large photograph of the assembled delegates, with their banners furnishing a background, the beloved Founder is seen in the center of the foreground, having Mrs. Clark at his left and Mrs. Eaton next.

In 1899 I was elected president of the Union, and the following year was privileged to represent Mexico at the World Convention in London. The North German Lloyd steamship *Saale,* which had been chartered to transport hundreds of delegates, was to sail on a Monday from Boston for Southampton. But on Saturday night before she left her berth at Hoboken, she was destroyed by a fire which burned to death a number of her crew; so that the farewell rally held on Sunday night in Tremont Temple, which was to have been an occasion of good cheer and happy anticipation, was made somber by reason of the tragedy and the re-

sulting uncertainty as to means of transportation for those who had been booked to sail on the ill-fated vessel. The offer was made to refund the passage money of all who had paid their fare to London and return, and to all who had arranged to make tours on the continent of Europe; with the alternative of sailing on a slower cattle ship bound for Liverpool. This might not get them to London in time for the convention; but it would enable them to carry out plans for the respective tours, and they were promised the companionship of Treasurer William Shaw.

When different persons were called upon to give their names and places of residence, I introduced myself as "the husband of the first general secretary of the Mexican Union." Mr. Shaw was in the chair, and he instantly responded: "Eaton will go to London, if we have to send him on top of the mast!" At the close of the meeting he invited me to call at his office in the morning. There I expressed willingness to sleep on the floor of the saloon or anywhere else on board of the steamship *Trave* which was to sail a few days later from New York under charter by the Pennsylvania Endeavorers, explaining that such meager accommodations would not involve great hardship for one who had wrapped himself in blankets to sleep on a cowhide or a thin mattress laid upon boards. But Mr. Shaw replied: "I think we can do better than that for you. Have you any color prejudice?" "None in particular, after living for many

years among folks of all shades of color." "Well, I am going to take over in my stateroom Bishop ——— (naming a colored clergyman of prominence); and you may take, if you will, Professor ——— of Livingstone University in North Carolina."

A few hours later, some fifty of us, including a number who were scheduled to speak at the convention in London, in a special coach left the station for New York. On the train was passed around a paper which indicated our reservations aboard the *Trave;* and then was it learned that two others were to be my companions in a double stateroom, viz., Rev. Tasuku Harada of Kobe representing the Endeavorers of Japan and later to become president of the Doshisha, and William Patterson, D.D., who had lately come from Toronto to be the pastor of Bethany Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia. The two lower berths were assigned to the Japanese and the Afro-American. The first night out at sea Dr. "Billy" Patterson, of the warm Irish heart, was the last to come down from the deck. As he seated himself on a stool to remove his shoes, he remarked: "This is interesting, to find one's self between Africa on the one hand and Japan on the other, and Mexico not far off!"

Every morning during the voyage, except on Sunday, there was given in the main saloon an address by some one of the passengers; and three of the six were furnished by our quartet, the

subjects being Ireland, Japan and Mexico. Our quarters came to be spoken of familiarly as "the stateroom of the four nationalities." One day on deck a lady accosted me with the words, "Excuse me, Sir, are you a Mexican?" My reply was: "No, Madam, but my daughter is." Then I explained that she was born under the flag of that country and always counted herself a Mexican.

A prime favorite with all was the Rev. Maltbie D. Babcock, D. D. of the Brick Presbyterian Church of New York, who preached on Sunday, lectured one day on "What is Best Worth Seeing in Paris," sang at the concert which was given one evening for the benefit of the families of the men who perished when the *Saale* was burned, played the piano to accompany our singing in the prayer meetings, and was always ready to show kindness to any whom he might help. Highly prized is a letter which he wrote me some months later; and when, in the following year upon his return from the Holy Land, he was stricken down with the Mediterranean fever and died in a hospital in Naples, I felt personally bereaved in the loss of a dear friend.

The hall of Alexandra Palace in London had sittings for fifteen thousand persons, including the chorus of two thousand. In order that as many as possible might hear what was said, the speakers' stand was carried far out toward the center of the vast auditorium, and was reached by

a narrow bridge railed in on both sides. Among the elaborate decorations were seen the flags of almost all nations; but that of Mexico did not appear. However, to provide for such a contingency, I had carried one with me from Chihuahua, and then held it in a roll under my arm. At the close of the first morning session the attention of the head steward was called to the lack, and to the means at hand for supplying it. He was grateful for this, and looked about for a suitable place in which to hold it up to view. Finally he suggested the front of the speakers' stand. Nothing could have pleased me more; but how to fasten the flag to the single iron pipe which served for a railing was the problem. Neither of us possessed a bit of twine; but I made bold to accost a lady, explain our predicament and beg the favor of one or two pins. Most graciously were they produced. Two or three others of the fair sex were waylaid with a similar plea, until we had a sufficient supply of the indispensable pins; and Mexico's eagle, which had been painted by hand on a background of white flanked by the green and the red, faced the vast assembly at the afternoon session. Thus did the last become first.

At that time the whole civilized world, outside of China, was waiting in suspense for news of the fate which might have befallen the foreigners who were besieged by the Boxers on the grounds of the American Legation in Peking. Therefore, when President Clark called upon a veteran mission-

ary from China to lead us in a prayer of intercession for the beleaguered company on the other side of the globe, there fell a deep hush upon all present, who seemed scarcely to breathe as they listened to the fervent petitions of the white-haired man whose heart was so profoundly moved.

Also was the Boer War then in progress; and the division of sentiment in England itself over that deplorable conflict (which did not end until there had been dispatched to Cape Colony a total of two hundred and fifty thousand men, or ten for every one of the Boers bearing arms), was plainly shown on the evening of the roll call. For when Dr. Clark mentioned "South Africa" and a score or two of delegates rose to their feet, they were greeted with a storm of applause.

There had been assigned to me as correspondent for our mission paper, "El Testigo," a seat at the reporters' table immediately in front of the speakers. My nearest neighbor was a French pastor, son of Merle d'Aubigné who wrote the "History of the Reformation." When Mexico was called, he courteously assisted me to climb from my chair to the table, from which vantage ground I gave an English translation of the cablegram which had been sent on my arrival in London to the National Christian Endeavor Convention then in session in Mexico City, as follows: "Proverbs XXV, 25, (As cold water to a thirsty soul, so is good news from a far country). Fifteen thousand Endeavorers salute you. I Corinthians XV, 57

and 58." After a brief mention of two or three characteristics of such gatherings in Mexico, I read the cabled response to my message which had been sent by a Mexican pastor who was elected my successor in the presidency.

Returning to my hotel that evening, there was found a note from William T. Stead, editor of the British "Review of Reviews," who had called in person to invite me to be one of a number of guests from abroad who the next day were to go on a steamboat excursion up the Thames and visit Windsor Castle where Queen Victoria would allow herself to be seen. At almost the same time was received notice of the expected arrival from Liverpool on that very day of the Endeavorers who had sailed from Boston on the cattle ship, and of their immediate departure for the continent of Europe, on the several tours for which delegates had been booked; consequently it was impossible for me to accept Mr. Stead's alluring invitation. The following summer, when Mexico's Endeavorers assembled in the city of Puebla, there was given me a chance to tell the story of the World Convention. The episode of the flag displayed in Alexandra Palace aroused great enthusiasm; and many of the proud and happy Mexicans pressed forward to give me a close embrace.

By this time the scope of the national gatherings had greatly broadened. For the Methodists and the Baptists had followed the example of the Endeavorers in holding yearly meetings respectively

of the Epworth Leagues and the Young Peoples' Associations; and soon there was formed a Federation of all these, together with the Sunday-school Association. The federated bodies were accustomed to hold a National Convention every summer, up to the time of the overthrow of the Diaz régime. On one day, as provided for in the general program, simultaneous meetings were held by the respective organizations for the transaction of necessary business and the discussion of subjects closely related to the objects for which they had been formed. For all the rest of the time the hundreds of delegates, representing the special interests, sang and prayed and discussed problems together, sent a respectful salutation to the chief magistrate of the city where they were assembled, whether that official happened to be mayor or governor, and received from him invariably a prompt and courteous reply in writing, often accompanied by good wishes for success in the attainment of our worthy objects as they had been briefly explained by the men who were selected to serve as messengers to that official.

There is good ground for believing that those conventions, which were attended during a series of years by delegates from nearly all the states of the Republic, prepared the way for holding general gatherings of men who wished to discuss subjects of a different character, especially such as concerned the social and political welfare of the nation. Certain repressive measures which had

been adopted by the Federal Government, at first for establishing and preserving public order and tranquillity, tended to make men of vision and of patriotic impulses rather timid about getting together in public fashion, lest they might be embarrassed by the attitude of officials who did not understand their aims, or, if they did, were not in sympathy with them. But the periodical assembling of representatives of the small Protestant minority—who were regarded by a large part of the citizens with feelings of aversion, if not of positive hostility—without suffering any physical inconvenience, gradually accustomed the public to the sight of such gatherings; and there was awakened a greater feeling of confidence in the minds of those who sought opportunity to confer in national assembly with others possessing similar ideals, but whose homes in many instances were far removed from the capital.

CHAPTER XIX

POLITICAL UPHEAVALS

It is pleasant to recall our first sight of the man who afterward became so famous as the ruler of Mexico for almost a generation, and who in the course of the years received medals and decorations from most of the governments of Europe. It was in the spring of 1885 that our little family, through the kindness of a friend in Chicago, was able to make a prolonged visit to Mexico City. On the way there, which is a journey of one thousand miles, we stopped over in several cities, thus becoming acquainted with various branches of industry in the country, particularly mining. But we were especially interested in two memorials of its past history.

In Guanajuato we visited the old Spanish fortress, now a penitentiary, upon whose outer wall was hung an iron cage containing the head of the venerable leader in the War for Independence, Don Miguel Hidalgo, after he had been executed at Chihuahua in July, 1811. In Queretaro we studied the museum which preserves significant souvenirs of the beginning of that revolution; and visited the "Hill of the Bells" where were executed the Em-

peror Maximilian and his Generals, Miramon and Mejia. Upon the elevation stands a memorial chapel which was erected by the Austrian government over the graves of the three ill-fated leaders, upon a plot of ground which was ceded for the purpose, at the request of General Diaz, by a wealthy *hacendado* who himself opened the building for us and showed the objects which it contains.

To describe the attractions of Mexico City and its fascinating suburbs—the palaces, the cathedral and other ancient church edifices, the museum of antiquities, the *campo santo* of San Fernando where repose the ashes of some of the nation's greatest leaders in the past, the sacred hill and shrine of the Virgin of Guadalupe, Chapultepec, the floating gardens, and scores of other objects of interest in the marvelous Valley of Mexico which is everywhere dominated by the famous volcanoes—would be to repeat what may be found in any good guidebook.

But there was one experience which deserves mention here. It was my good fortune to be present at the opening of the Federal Congress, April 1, when both houses met together in an old theater on Cinco de Mayo street to receive the message of President Diaz. He made an imposing figure, seated in a stately chair and wearing across his breast a broad band of the national tricolor, green, white and red. He read his message from manuscript, then rose from his seat and left the stage,

accompanied by high dignitaries of state. Immediately I left my own seat, which was in the front row of the gallery (there being no other American present, so far as appeared), and hastened downstairs to the hallway along which he would have to pass in order to reach the lobby. No one forbidding, there I stationed myself; and in a moment more the President and his party passed within a few feet of me, affording a fine opportunity for making a rapid survey of the man who was evidently a soldier and a leader.

But for the young missionaries the most interesting experience was that of making the acquaintance of some of the leaders in the evangelistic and educational work for the Mexican people. In Gante Street we inspected the splendid property of the Methodists, which once formed part of the monastery of the Dominican friars but, after it had been confiscated by the liberal government, was acquired through the efforts of Dr. William Butler. In their spacious auditorium we heard a sermon by an eloquent Mexican minister; and in a smaller hall of the same building I preached for the Reverend John W. Butler to his English-speaking congregation. We dined with Dr. J. Milton Greene, founder of the Presbyterian periodical "El Faro," who afterward labored for many years in San Juan, Porto Rico. At his table we met the Reverend Hubert W. Brown who had recently finished his studies at Princeton and had come to assist Dr. Greene in preparing young men

for the gospel ministry. At another time we were introduced to a Mexican elder of the Presbyterian Church, who was caught in a massacre of Protestants some years before, when Roman Catholic fanatics stormed the chapel where they were assembled for worship. He was so fortunate as to escape with his life, although seriously wounded; and it was a thrilling moment for me when he extended what was left of his right hand, and let me hold in mine the maimed member which spoke so eloquently of what he had suffered for the sake of the gospel.

In the year 1909, when it was arranged for the presidents of the sister republics to meet on the border between the two countries, elaborate preparations were made to do honor to General Diaz in the city of Chihuahua which he was to visit for the first time since he became president in the spring of 1877. Triumphal arches were erected at intervals along Juarez Avenue from the railway station to the central plaza, and through and beyond the city almost to the head of the aqueduct, a distance of perhaps two miles. For two days he was the guest of our governor, and the recipient of many attentions in public. The most notable of these was a *fête* given in the theater, to which we had tickets of admission through the courtesy of the American Consul. As one of the numbers on the program, a child recited very prettily an address of welcome to the distinguished visitor, who then called the boy to his private box and greeted him

in an affectionate manner to show appreciation of the little speech to which all of us had listened with delight.

The Yale men of El Paso and vicinity took advantage of the coming of President Taft to do honor to their fellow alumnus, and in that connection to organize the Yale Alumni Association of the Southwest. The young man who was most active in the movement invited me to meet with them, not so much on account of my having pursued a brief course of postgraduate study in New Haven, as because of our family connection with the university, the father and two brothers on each side of the house having been identified with the same institution.

Five thousand men of the regular army, representing all branches of the service, marched through the streets of the city; and in the civic procession the Yale men were transported in several automobiles, at frequent intervals singing songs or startling the throngs along the way by their yells. Through Captain Archie Butts, who afterward perished on the *Titanic,* it was arranged for us to be received by the President in his suite of rooms at the hotel in the late afternoon, just before he was to be driven across the river to Juarez where a banquet was to be given him by General Diaz. As we were introduced one by one to the President, he received us with the utmost cordiality and had pleasant words for all. When he was informed that he had been elected that very

afternoon "an honorary charter member of the Yale Alumni Association of the Southwest," he threw up his hands with the exclamation, "I accept"; which was referred to afterward by one of the men as "probably the shortest speech of acceptance on record."

In September, 1910, was celebrated with elaborate ceremonial and lavish display and expenditure, the one-hundredth anniversary of the beginning of Mexico's struggle for independence; festivities being held in all parts of the country. At the capital they continued during an entire month; and almost every day President Diaz had to preside at some special function connected with the centenary. In Chihuahua the celebration lasted for a week. It included the planting of a memorial tree in front of our house on Independence Avenue, which adjoined Trinity Church and was near the entrance to a little park which had been opened by the municipality a few years before. The sky was overcast that morning; and at the hour named for the ceremony a gentle rain began to fall, causing discomfort to such as had not brought their umbrellas, and some damage to silk hats and fine clothes. Just then came a messenger to our door with the courteous inquiry whether it would be possible to have the doors of the church opened, in order that the table with writing materials, which had been provided for appending signatures to a document that was to be preserved in the archives of the government in commemora-

tion of the event, might find shelter within. It may be imagined perhaps with what joy I responded to the request, sending the janitor to unlock the iron gates and swing wide the doors, revealing the beautiful interior of the main auditorium with its stained glass windows. Although our *templo* had stood there for eighteen years, some of the persons who sought shelter under its roof that day had never before crossed its threshold, because of religious prejudice in that predominantly Roman Catholic country.

For some time previous to the centennial celebration had been heard low mutterings of discontent with the political situation, resulting from the long continued control of national affairs, and those of the several states as well, by one man and the comparatively few leaders closely associated with him. Occasionally was raised the question, not only within but also without the country, "After Diaz, What?" We knew that in the county town of Ciudad Guerrero, nestling at the foot of the Sierra Madre Mountains one hundred and twenty-five miles to the west of Chihuahua, there had been held on Sunday afternoons for some months past, meetings of citizens for the study of civic questions. One of the members of our church there, an intelligent gentleman of good family, came to the capital on business and called at my study to talk over the situation, during that memorable month of festivities. Early in the interview he showed some agitation of manner; and

at length in a tone which indicated deep feeling remarked, to my great surprise: "Why, here in Mexico we have not as much liberty as do those who live in Turkey. Yet, I do not want to shoulder a rifle and go out to kill people. Do you not think that we might get the United States government to send officials here to supervise our elections, as was done by it in Cuba, and see that the ballots we cast are counted honestly, in order that men who receive the majority of votes may be allowed to occupy the positions which they have been chosen to fill?" Of course my reply had to be in the negative; for, it was explained to him, the government of my country could not take such a step without an invitation to do so coming from the Mexican government to which our ambassador had been accredited; and evidently the administration of General Diaz would not for one moment entertain such an idea. So he went away sorrowful.

In many towns there had been formed anti-reelection clubs to promote the candidacy of Francisco Madero for the presidency. Even women, who cannot vote in Mexico, took part in this movement, and they organized a large club of their own in the city of Chihuahua. They asked one of the members of our church to preside over their deliberations; but she expressed reluctance to accept the office. When they continued to urge it upon her, she said: "I must take my religion with me, and if I occupy the chair I shall open the meet-

ing with prayer." Her Roman Catholic sisters accepted the condition she laid down.

On the seventeenth of September we started for Montclair, to take our first formal furlough in the home land. Soon after arriving, upon invitation from the editor of "The Missionary Herald," I wrote an article entitled "Modern Mexico," in the course of which was expressed the opinion that the Mexican people had enjoyed for so long a time the blessings of peace and the material prosperity fostered by an enlightened administration, that they would not be likely to sympathize with a revolutionary movement which should endeavor by violent means to effect changes which could be secured in other ways without the shedding of blood. The article was printed in full by "The Springfield Republican," and portions of it were quoted in other periodicals. A copy of the magazine was sent to the Mexican Minister of Foreign Affairs; and he wrote a very courteous and pleasing note of acknowledgment.

It is easy to see now how erroneous was the forecast; and the tremendous upheavals in the world during the past eight years have led the most of us to feel greater hesitancy in expressing anticipations as to what nations will do under the lead of determined men. Even before my article came off the press, a patient of our son's called to speak with her beloved physician and put him on his guard against what might happen. She was not at liberty to give explanations, having "with great

difficulty obtained permission to say so much" as she did; but as a friend she advised him to "take the family and go to El Paso for a visit before the twentieth of November." The "friend" was a cousin of Francisco Orozco, whose father, mother and wife were members of our little church near Ciudad Guerrero; and who became General Orozco, closely associated with Francisco Madero in starting the revolt for the overthrow of the Diaz administration. The movement began on the very day indicated, the plan being to have the revolution start simultaneously in several different states; but when some individuals who were in the secret gave warning to the authorities, these were able to adopt repressive measures, and delay at the outset the spread of the revolt.

Our son determined to stick to his task, and soon was in the thick of the disturbances, suffering inconveniences and some privations in the matter of food. Indeed, so great was the falling off in his professional income, as the result of the departure of many families, both Mexican and American, seeking safety from the uncertainties of warfare, that early in the following July he felt it advisable to abandon the field where he had done so fine a work during seven years.

From Mexico's Centennial we passed almost immediately to that of the American Board, which was celebrated in Boston in connection with the meeting of the National Congregational Council, but for one day was transferred to Bradford

where is cherished the memory of the wife of Adoniram Judson, one of the first company of missionaries sent to the foreign field, and where, in the presence of a great throng assembled under the trees, were commissioned the latest recruits for apostolic service abroad. After they had been addressed by President Samuel Capen, it fell to me to offer the prayer setting them apart as soldiers of Christ. Also it was my privilege in Tremont Temple to make an appeal to Christian people to share generously in the enterprise of educating, and enlightening spiritually, the many millions of our next-door neighbors.

Our sojourn in the vicinity of New York, including the taking up of residence for a time in the metropolis itself in the neighborhood of Teachers College, gave many opportunities for hearing famous preachers and lecturers, and attending notable functions like the celebration in Carnegie Hall of the Tercentenary of the King James version of the English Bible, when there was given me a seat on the platform which afforded a close up view of Ambassador James Bryce. Another rare occasion was the dedication of the new buildings of Union Theological Seminary, in which connection I saw Andrew Carnegie donning his academic gown in preparation for joining the procession. After having met Dr. J. H. Jowett in Birmingham, and heard him preach from the pulpit made famous by the ministrations of John Angell James and of R. W. Dale, whose combined pastorates covered

a period of ninety-five years, it was very interesting to witness his first appearance in the pulpit of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church where our party of six were assigned a pew in the center of the house because we were recent arrivals from Mexico. For Commencement at Columbia University we were given places in the procession which formed on the campus, through our possession of cards received by our daughter as a member of the class graduating from Teachers College.

From Columbia University we journeyed to Beloit College, the leading feature of whose commencement program was the installation of the Beta of Wisconsin Chapter of Phi Beta Kappa. The chief address was given by the President of the United Chapters, Dr. Edward A. Grosvenor; and the charter was delivered with an appropriate address by Dean Birge of the State University, now President of the same institution. It was an inspiring experience to be inducted into the noble fellowship that embraces so many men and women whose scholarly pursuits and achievements honor the institutions of learning to which they owe a large share of their best impulses.

In July we resumed our work in Chihuahua, and passed a year that was filled with exciting experiences occasioned by the conflicts between different political factions. Some fighting occurred within the city itself, bullets striking the tin roof of our house and the street below the window before which our daughter was standing at the time.

We declined an invitation to spend one night of special peril with other Americans who sought the shelter of the Consulate, assembling for mutual protection; and when an official offered to lend us a flag to hoist over our place of residence, we thought it would be more conducive to safety of our lives and our property, not to attract by that means the attention of any chance marauders to the dwelling occupied by foreigners.

One day President Madero arrived from the south, and was acclaimed with huzzas by the populace and the thousands of pupils from the schools that lined both sides of the long avenue leading from the railway station to the plaza. At a reception held in the state house the girls of our boarding school and other private institutions were most graciously saluted by him, one after another; and in the evening at the theater he occupied a chair on the stage and listened to several addresses by adherents of the new régime. General Orozco was seated with friends in the alcove at the opposite end of the auditorium, and manifested considerable reluctance to go forward and join his former comrade in arms, when a committee was sent to escort him to the stage, thus showing plainly the beginning of the rift which later widened into a serious breach between the two in Mexico City.

On a certain day there marched into our city a company of twelve hundred mounted men in citizens' clothing, each one wearing around his hat

a band of red ribbon on which were printed the words "Tierra y Trabajo," (Land and Labor). During one prolonged period of quiet there was held a municipal election, to determine especially which of two candidates should occupy the office of mayor. Feeling ran high; and many of us feared that whoever might win the majority of votes, the partisans of the defeated man would appeal to arms. On election day I visited a few of the polling places, and found at the table representatives of both parties. At a certain place one of the election board who recognized me remarked in a tranquil tone: "We are going to show that we can conduct an election in a peaceable manner, and then abide by the result of the balloting." And sure enough, there was no disturbance whatever; the one who had received a majority of the votes cast was inducted into office, without a dissenting voice being heard from the opposite party.

At the beginning of the political agitation, we Americans in Mexico almost to a man sympathized with the Diaz party, although of course we had no right to take sides. Naturally our interests were bound up with the maintenance of public order, and we felt that we could entrust them to the care of the educated and influential classes who had long been in control of state and national affairs, far better than to risk them in the hands of men who, whatever might be their good intentions, were utterly without experience in matters of government.

But as time passed and the voices of the humbler people came to be heard more clearly, some began to realize that these had really suffered from neglect, misunderstanding and selfish exploitation.

The pleas they made sounded reasonable to such as had received from their fathers the blessings of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. The rallying cries were these: (1) Effective Suffrage, being allowed to vote freely, and have their votes honestly counted; (2) No Reelection, after their experience of one man and his intimate associates in power for a third of a century; (3) Equitable Taxation, which would reduce the tariff on imports of prime necessity and increase the imposts on articles of luxury, and in line with this, would levy a moderate tax upon land in order to discourage the holding by the owner of vast tracts unimproved, and thus encourage the breaking up of the immense estates whose existence makes it almost impossible for persons of moderate means to acquire property in the soil and establish real homes; and (4) General Education, so that the advantages enjoyed by the great centers of population might be extended to the people who live in the smaller towns and pueblos and on the haciendas.

With a view to promoting a better understanding with the Latin American countries in general, it would be well worth our while, from a material standpoint, aside from the question of what is morally right, to endeavor to cultivate a new at-

titude toward the nearest of them all, Mexico (because all are observing our treatment of her), an attitude of sympathy with her in her facing of difficult problems, and of appreciation of the many admirable characteristics of her people, their courtesy, hospitality, domestic affection, and love of music and flowers and other beautiful things. Notwithstanding the unfortunate occurrences in the past which have marred relations with our Mexican neighbors, we might convince them within a comparatively short time, that we are unalterably opposed to all attempts, by whomsoever made, to acquire more of their territory, whether by invasion or by an offer to purchase; and that we intend to respect their national sovereignty, having no thought of placing limitations upon it as we did in the case of Cuba.

There are tactful ways for helping Mexico in her efforts to develop a background of education, social justice and religious enlightenment, against which alone can be reared a stable government. Her leaders have shown readiness to study our institutions in order to learn what methods might well be followed in their country. Although it was from Germany that President Diaz summoned Professor Rebsamen to organize normal schools for the training of teachers, with the consequent adoption of some of his text-books, President Carranza sent a hundred or more of his public school teachers to the United States, to study the systems of education in New York and New Eng-

land. When he was governor of the State of Coahuila, he had for superintendent of public instruction Don Andres Osuna, formerly a Methodist minister, who was educated at Vanderbilt University and the Massachusetts State Normal School at Bridgewater. Many of the civil authorities in that country welcome the cooperation of the great Protestant mission boards in the work of general enlightenment, and highly appreciate what these are doing along educational, social welfare and industrial lines; and some of the officials are in sympathy with their moral and religious undertakings as well.

The United States ought to take the part of a big sister toward the Republic on the south, not only showing her the path of material prosperity, and of a true democracy in which the voice of the majority shall prevail peaceably, but also ready to share with her the highest moral and spiritual ideals which alone make a nation truly happy and permanently great.

Church Edifice in Portland, Dedicated in 1895

CHAPTER XX

SOME JOURNEYS AND FAMILY REUNIONS

For the sake of my children I may be permitted to group together here some of the experiences which have not found a place in my narrative thus far, but which they would be unwilling to have me omit from my life story.

In 1895, nineteen years after we had said farewell to the friends in Portland, Oregon, we received in Mexico an invitation from the First Congregational Church to attend the dedication of their new house of worship, a stone edifice with massive tower closely patterned after that of the new Old South Church in Boston. On our way northward, accompanied by our little daughter, we spent a happy week in Oakland with a couple whom "we married" in Portland immediately after beginning life together in 1875. We renewed acquaintance with my revered teacher, R. A. Donaldson, with Rev. Walter Frear, representing on the Pacific Coast the American Board, with Drs. William C. Pond and John K. McLean. Illustrative lectures on Mexico were given in Alameda, in the First Church of Oakland, and the First

Church of San Francisco where we had been married by Dr. Stone.

The route of our farther travel followed pretty closely the old stage road, of rather rough riding and thrilling experiences; and we saw from the station at Strawberry Valley the very same inn where we had stopped over Sunday on our wedding journey. Arrived at Portland we were met at the train by old friends, one of whom conducted us to "The Hill" and placed at our disposal, for as long a time as we might feel disposed to remain, a commodious apartment from whose front window was had a magnificent view of the Rose City with Mount Hood in the distance. From time to time were we invited to the tables of other friends, and returning would find our room adorned with flowers. The dedicatory sermon was preached by Dr. Frank W. Gunsaulus of Chicago; and the consecrating prayer was offered by the missionary from Mexico, who was the only former pastor present, although three widows of former pastors were there.

"Himes the Printer" who was clerk of the church in the old days, showed himself as much alive as ever, and he is still active as curator of the Oregon Historical Society. Searching the records he discovered that after so long an interval of time there were still in the congregation sixty persons who were connected with church or Bible school during my pastorate. A lady member of the church, who was a stranger to us, had pre-

viously arranged by letter for me to bring stereopticon views of Mexico to illustrate a lecture to be given after the dedication for the benefit of a home missionary enterprise in Oregon City. When she called on us, the discovery was made that she was from Meriden, Connecticut, and felt deeply indebted to the wife's grandfather for favors received in her girlhood. Upon a leaf in our autograph album she wrote:

To Gertrude Pratt Eaton: Hitherto strangers upon life's ocean I hasten, while for a brief moment our barks touch at the same port, to acknowledge the debt of gratitude to that grand old man thy grandfather, Julius Pratt, which shall bind me to thee and thine while memory lasts.

There were other interesting interviews and encounters with various persons, such as the venerable Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church, B. Wistar Morris, who was the first clergyman to call upon the young stripling of a minister almost a score of years before; Professor W. D. Lyman of Whitman College who in his senior year at Forest Grove University in 1873 had engaged the Portland pastor to address the students at commencement; and Professor I. A. Macrum who had made a little speech at the time of the presentation of the watch. A Japanese minister from Matsuyama, delighted to meet one who had been a fellow student at Andover with the founder of the Doshisha, wrote in my album:

An unworthy pupil of Joseph Neeshima to whom I owe all the inspirations of my Christian life.

> Be like a king over thyself,
> Be like a servant to thy neighbor, and
> Be like a child to thy God.
> —My Christianity.

Dr. Gunsaulus was at the same hotel with ourselves, and he wrote in our book the significant lines,

> Be sure that on life's common street
> Are crossways where God's chariots meet.

The return journey was made via Puget Sound, with sojourns in its wonderful cities, and thence by steamer to San Francisco. We came away deeply grateful for the many courtesies that had been shown us, and with a fresh realization of the high privilege which had been ours in the past in being officially connected with a church of so long and honorable a history; while at the same time we were thoroughly content to return to Mexico and the work of uplift and spiritual renewal in a field where we were pioneers.

The year 1897 was made memorable for us as a family by several events. The first was the Golden Wedding anniversary of my parents on the twentieth of May, which was celebrated by the church in Roscoe, Illinois, to which they had been mininstering for eleven years. Former pa-

rishioners came from Lancaster, Wisconsin, to bring their loving tributes of appreciation of the services which had been rendered to that community, together with a gift of gold coins. There were representatives from Beloit College with which the family was so closely connected, and ministers from neighboring churches. But most interesting of all was the presence of the four sons, who had not been able to meet together since the year of the silver wedding, and of the children of two of them. Each one of the four in turn gave expression to his sentiments of love and admiration for his honored parents and of gratitude for all they had done by their teaching and example to create a beautiful home life and to send their sons out into the world with ideals which had always served as guiding stars to be trusted.

One month later the college also celebrated its semicentennial, with reviews by a number of its graduates of the part it had borne in the life of the nation and of the world, and receiving the congratulations and good wishes of sister institutions. It fell to me to give the address on Sunday morning before the Christian Associations, taking for the subject, "Beloit's Enthusiasm for Humanity; Its Source and Aim." On Commencement Day occurred the conferring of honorary degrees, three of them being that of Doctor of Divinity. The recipients were a professor in a theological seminary, the president of a college and a foreign missionary, all of them graduates of the college that

was recalling the outstanding events of the fifty years of its service to humanity.

Sandwiched in between the golden wedding and the college commencement was a meeting of the International Missionary Union at Clifton Springs, New York, where we were guests of the Sanitarium for a week. On the opening night the roll call disclosed the fact that there were assembled together exactly one hundred and twenty men and women representing all the continents of the world and some of its islands. It vividly recalled what was written of that assembly in the upper room at Jerusalem on the day of Pentecost, and was a suggestion to us, all through the week, of the gifts and graces that are available to those who truly seek the indwelling of the Divine Spirit. Indeed, that was the subject of an intimate talk early in the sessions by Dr. Foster, the founder of the institution, who sought to make us realize that the Spirit, like the air we breathe, pervades all and will enter and fill everyone who will make room for Him.

Overlapping some of the events mentioned above, was the Pratt Family Reunion in Montclair; lasting for an entire month and comprising a series of celebrations in great variety of attractions, outdoor excursions and indoor gatherings, with songs and games and reminiscences. All of the children and their life partners came together, and many of the grandchildren, for this domestic festival; and on one of the evenings the

patriarch of all read extracts from the autobiography he had been writing, which pictured his early life in a New England home. At intervals through all the happy time of the reunion was sounded a note of tender recollection of the two—the one who with her spouse had formed the united head of the family, and their eldest daughter—who had passed beyond our sight.

In May of the year 1900 we journeyed again to Wisconsin in order that I might give a course of eight lectures at Beloit College, on the Porter Foundation, under the general title "Spanish America, in its History, Characteristics and Prospects, with Special Reference to the Christian Church and the Anglo-Saxon Civilization." Some of them were illustrated with stereopticon views; and the concluding lecture was accorded a hearing by the entire student body, as it was given on a Sunday afternoon in the chapel.

Our son graduated with the class of that year; and we journeyed together to Washington in order that he might become acquainted with the capital of the country, and in the hope that we might be presented to President McKinley. For this hope there was good ground in the two facts, that a friend of my youth was then at the head of the Pension Bureau, and that a son of one of my father's classmates and intimate associates in college was private secretary to the President. After luncheon we called at the White House and sent in our cards. On the back of mine was written

with pencil, "Yale 1842"; and the response of the secretary was immediate and most cordial. We were invited to return at four o'clock, "after the President shall have received the public in the East Room." There was some delay owing to a request which had come from the governor of one of the southern states for federal troops to aid in preserving public order which was menaced in a certain city; and Mr. McKinley was closeted with the Secretary of War to study the situation. After a while those who were waiting in the anteroom were dismissed for that day by the private secretary; and he ushered us into the cabinet room where the two officials were in conference. With the Secretary of War I was able to speak concerning his brother who had business interests in our part of Mexico. When I ventured to express my satisfaction with the recent nomination of President Angell of the University of Michigan to be Minister to Turkey, the President replied: "I think that is about the best nomination I ever made; and he is a *persona grata,* and is going!"

When we were taking our departure the wonderful faculty of President McKinley for remembering the names of those whom he had met at any time was shown in the final words, spoken in almost the affectionate manner of a father to his son, "Good-bye, Howard." This surprised me because I myself did not remember that he had been told by what name the young man was known in the family and by intimate friends.

The following year was held in our beautiful temple in Chihuahua, appropriately decorated for the solemn occasion, a memorial service, in which the American Consul took a leading part, and which was attended by a great concourse of our countrymen, and by many prominent Mexicans as well who had received an invitation to accompany us, the same having been printed in their own language and, in accordance with the custom of the country, on a folded sheet of paper heavily bordered with the emblem of mourning. The announcement in English was as follows:—

In Memory of
President William McKinley

A Ceremony expressive of respect for the distinguished dead, and of sympathy for the afflicted people of the United States, will be held in Trinity Church,

Sunday, September 15, at 4 P.M.

All members of the American Colony and their friends are respectfully invited to be present.

Soon after the visit to the White House I sailed for Southampton and the London Convention, as narrated in a previous chapter. After that event, was enjoyed a summer of travel, the details of which need not be given in these pages because for the most part they are so familiar to the public; but some of my experiences it may be worth while to record. The trip on the continent carried me through Belgium to Cologne on the Rhine, and up

that historic river past the numerous castles on its banks. From windows in one after another of them groups of ladies gaily waved their handkerchiefs in friendly greeting, thus aiding us in a sort of day dream to imagine ourselves transported back to mediæval times when chivalrous knights wore the favors of those whose honor they defended.

We were in Oberammergau over Sunday, to witness the Passion Play; a company of six of us lodged in the house of one who took the part of Simon Peter, but who at the dinner hour assisted the women in waiting upon their guests. The play began at eight o'clock and lasted until five, with only an intermission of one hour at noon for rest and refreshment. All was conducted in a deeply religious manner, and was profoundly moving to everyone familiar with the gospel story; so that when the vivid reproduction of the tragedy in Jerusalem was finished some of us felt as if we too had been with the disciples and the women gazing in sorrow and love at the Crucified. At the very time of the most intense emotion there came a tremendous clap of thunder from the black clouds that had gathered over our heads, and it reverberated among the encircling mountains in a terrifying way; the rain fell in torrents, drenching the chorus and obliging the participants for some moments to suspend their action. It seemed as if in very truth the heavens themselves were expressing abhorrence of the deed of shame. A

gentleman from Chicago, who was an unbeliever, remarked of the Passion Play: "I went to mock, but I remained to pray."

Many pages of my diary are filled with accounts of the sojourn in Munich, the visit to Swiss lakes and the Rhigi, and the week in Paris and its environs. It was the year of the Exposition, and the city was full of foreigners. One day on the Champs Elysées I met the Shah of Persia being driven in great state accompanied by high officials of the French government in carriages. Sunday was filled with interesting experiences: early attendance at the Russian Church, then to the American Church and the Christian Endeavor meeting at ten o'clock under the lead of a Japanese pastor who was delegate to a convention of students, followed by the eleven o'clock service under the lead of the pastor, Dr. E. G. Thurber, and with a masterly sermon by Dr. Archibald McCullock of Worcester, Massachusetts. The entire afternoon was spent, together with a few congenial friends, in the cemetery of Père Lachaise, whose gates of entrance are a preparation for going into a place of worship and meditation; for without are sculptured in Latin the words, "He that believeth in Me, though he were dead yet shall he live," and "Their sure hope of immortality"; and on the inside we saw, chiseled also in stone, an hourglass with wings, and lighted torches. As we wandered along the passageways, and came upon the resting-places of illustrious men to whom

the world owes so much, we seemed to be treading the aisles of another Westminster Abbey. For we read there the names of statesmen like H. Thiers, of Scientists like La Place and Gay-Lussac, of writers like Molière and La Fontaine, of the musician Chopin, of Hahnemann the founder of a school of medicine, of Abelard and Heloise, besides those of soldiers who in the Franco-Prussian War of 1870-71 gave their lives for the fatherland. At the grave of Allan Kardec I gathered leaves of ivy to carry back to Mexico and bestow upon some prominent spiritualists who had honored me with their friendship. In the evening I attended the principal place of worship of the McCall Mission in the Rue Royal near the Church of the Madeleine. After the service the evangelist in charge was ready to answer frankly all my questions. He said that the priests who leave the Roman Church generally react into infidelity, and that the Roman hierarchy is regaining much of its former power. At one time the Scottish lady who had presided at the small pipe organ, cautioned us not to let others hear us talking English with her, because the French enemies of their work charged that all was being supported by the English with the ulterior aim of gaining political advantage. This sounded very familiar to one who had heard in Mexico the often repeated calumny that the evangelical missions there were in fact a disguised movement to bring about a peaceful annexation of that country to the United States.

Returning across the English Channel, I devoted three weeks to a solitary tour in England and Scotland, after taking one of Cook's drives over London to refresh my memory in regard to the leading points of interest which had been visited twenty years before. It was surprising to find how many material improvements had been made in that old city during the interval, as for example the widening of some of the main thoroughfares and the construction of the underground electric "Tube." At one point in order to reach the train it was necessary to descend eighty feet below the surface. One had the choice of three different ways to make the connection; a staircase of one hundred and fifty-five steps, an inclined walk or an elevator. It was interesting to make trial of all three. In Westminster Abbey and Saint Paul's it was noticed that many graves had been added in the same length of time; those of Deans Stanley and Milman, Canon Liddon, Tennyson and Browning, Gladstone and Disraeli, General "Chinese" Gordon and Millais.

In Ely Cathedral it was my privilege to meet the Dean and, upon a suggestion previously given in private by the verger, assure him of the deep interest taken by the people of Montclair in his illustrated lecture not long before on that marvelous structure. During my stay in York was held in the Minster a service in memory of the Duke of Edinburgh, the Archbishop of York reading the lessons and the collects. A seat in the choir was

given me. Their beautiful singing ended with "God save the Queen." All through the service, at considerable intervals of time, we heard strokes of the great bell tolling; and after the benediction was played Chopin's Funeral March. Another service in memory of the Duke was held simultaneously in Saint Paul's Cathedral, conducted by the Archbishop of Canterbury. To me Canterbury Cathedral was the most interesting of all the cathedrals I was permitted to visit; so imposing in its dimensions, so rich in its monuments, and possessing a lofty crypt which furnished a place of refuge for many of the Huguenots when they fled from France after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. In that crypt they lived and worked at their trade as weavers, and to this day their descendants meet for worship in the same retreat.

The trip through Scotland included of course Edinburgh and vicinity, boating on the Lochs, and coaching through the Trossachs, to Glasgow. Then the English Lakes and Wordsworth's country. From the old walled town of Chester it was inevitable that I should take the river trip to Eaton Hall, palace of the Duke of Westminster, which is open to the public from the middle of May to the middle of September. From the steamboat landing it is a drive of nearly a mile through the grounds to the gates of the palace. Grounds and buildings are a dream of beauty and grandeur. An old retainer told me that he had been all through Windsor Castle, but that in it there was

nothing to compare with the furnishings of this place; that the buildings alone cost two million pounds sterling, and are insured in several different companies. The young duke, twenty-one years of age, was at that time in Africa.

Both Oxford and Cambridge Universities were included in my itinerary, friends in both places helping to create something of a home atmosphere, and directing my steps to the shrines most important to be visited by a stranger from over seas. In Cambridge especially a letter of introduction to a famous biologist led to the offer from his wife to be my guide through the college halls, chapels and quadrangles. In the Senate Hall at the time was a meeting addressed by A. J. Balfour who was opening a "University Extension" course; and we met him and other professors walking thither, arrayed in scarlet gowns. Not only were the buildings covered largely with ivy and other vines, as at Oxford; but the grounds were more profusely adorned with flowers than was the case at Oxford, boxes of the growing plants being seen on the sills of almost all the windows; and many magnolia trees were in bloom.

My visit to Stratford was greatly enriched by making the acquaintance of Professor John T. Young, F.R.G.S., at the Fountain Inn where both of us were lodged. He was an enthusiastic antiquarian and student of Shakespeare, accustomed to spend his summer vacations in that town. While we were breakfasting together he offered

to show me some ancient remains which were seldom brought to the attention of tourists; and this resulted in his serving as my guide during the entire morning. In this way we visited Shakespeare's birthplace, school, tomb in the church, and the Memorial, comprising theater, picture gallery and library. Professor Young showed me the wonderful view from the tower of this building, and urged me to gaze on it with the conscious effort to impress it indelibly upon the memory. The effort was successful, as shown by the vividness with which is recalled to this day the church, the winding river and the surrounding landscape. Descending to the ground and pausing before the statue of the poet, my guide remarked that never was he able to look at that figure, whose face was turned toward the church which guarded the sacred dust, without deep emotion.

On the last Sunday in England it was my privilege to attend a vesper service in Westminster Abbey. There was gathered an assemblage which completely filled the transepts when I entered at half-past six o'clock; but a seat was given me in the choir. The service was of a delightfully informal character, with singing by the congregation only, led by the organ, of the familiar hymns, "Rock of Ages," "How sweet the name of Jesus sounds," "Love divine, all love excelling," and "Abide with me; fast falls the eventide." The preacher was Canon Gore who took for his text, "I will therefore that men pray everywhere, lifting up

holy hands, without wrath and doubting." It was a most satisfying ending to my sojourn in Great Britain; and I was loath to leave that place hallowed, as is no other spot, by rich associations with the history and the religious life of a great people.

CHAPTER XXI

IN THE HOME LAND AGAIN

In the summer of 1912 the decision was made to sunder the ties binding us to Mexico, which had become very strong through our residence there, in the same city, for thirty years. It was the advice of physicians that we remove our place of residence to Los Angeles, California.

In "The Chihuahua Enterprise" of November 16, 1912, appeared our farewell letter to the English-speaking people of that city, prefaced by these kind words from the editor: "For many years Dr. Eaton has been identified with church work in this state; and the great strides made by his denomination in this territory have been due to his untiring energy and devotion. The people of this city and especially the parishioners of Trinity Church will regret his retirement and departure; but wherever God's missionaries go the world is benefited, and Chihuahua's loss in Dr. Eaton is another's gain." The letter, after giving the reason for our going and stating what arrangements had been made for filling the vacancy, concluded as follows: "Mrs. Eaton unites with me in expressing hearty appreciation of the courtesies shown us

Mrs. Gertrude Pratt Eaton

and the confidence reposed in us during the many years past. We can never forget the friends we have known, some of whom have grown up from childhood under our eyes. May Heaven's richest blessing abide with them all! We are sure that Mexico will emerge from the present trying conditions to occupy an important place in the sisterhood of nations. May she soon enjoy the blessings of peace, and consequently a large measure of material prosperity. But may all of her citizens come to realize the truth of that proverb of the Hebrew people to whom we owe the foundation of our Christianity, 'Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people.' And may all of you who have come to establish yourselves here in business remember that what counts in the long run, is not what you have, but what you are. High ideals, sterling character, brotherly kindness, reverence toward God, responsiveness to the unseen spiritual forces—these are the things which are grandly worth while. Let us all try to realize them more fully than we have yet done."

At the next annual meeting of the Mexico Mission was adopted the following minute: "Resolved that we deplore the necessity for the withdrawal of Dr. and Mrs. Eaton from our number; and, remembering the consecrated and faithful service which they have rendered during the years past, we wish to express our appreciation of their offering of love in the transfer of their home to the Board for the use of the Mission."

As to the happy years which have been passed in Southern California, many of our experiences here are still fresh in the memory of wife and children, and need not be recounted in these pages. Yet it may be permissible to record a few of the outstanding events of this latest period of our life under two flags. Underneath them all is the comfortable assurance that we took just the right step in coming here to establish our final home. For not only are conditions here favorable to health, so that to each of us, seemingly, has been granted a new lease of life; but the life is enriched with an abundance of the highest kinds of enjoyment, and with opportunities for forms of service to which our training and experience in the past most incline us, to an extent which could not possibly be the case for us in any other part of the land. Among the residents here we have found classmates or schoolmates dating back more than half a century, whether in academy, college or seminary; families of relatives on both sides; many Americans who were our friends in Chihuahua, some of them associated with our church or school life there; and many Mexicans who might be classified in a similar manner. It is the simple truth to say that we feel more at home here than either one of us could in the place of birth, because time has wrought so many changes in the distant communities.

Nor are we limited to association with relatives and old friends who live here. For the lure of this favored region is such as to attract, at all

seasons of the year, a multitude of tourists representing every section of the country; and with them come many who are closely knit to us by ties of kindred and affection. It is a common remark here, that all one needs to do in order to meet any desired person, is simply to wait long enough, and that person will surely be encountered on the street or in some place of public assembly.

Besides all this, it is gratifying to elderly people to be assured that they still may be of some use in the world, and that their assistance is really needed in certain directions. Almost limitless have been our opportunities for speaking in behalf of Christian undertakings in Mexico, before churches, women's societies, men's brotherhoods, clubs, schools, minsters' meetings, and other assemblies large and small. Particularly were we glad to show our friendship for Mexico during the years of revolution and sporadic disturbances below our southern border, when there was widespread misunderstanding of the real situation, and so much of gross misrepresentation in the public press by designing men who were promoting selfish interests.

In each of the three churches here to which we have belonged successively, has it been our privilege to render various forms of service. The Congregational Ministerial Union of Los Angeles, which maintains an average membership of sixty clergymen, has retained me for the past eight years as their secretary-treasurer. There have

been sustained other relations of interest, as with the Society, Sons of the Revolution, the Sons of Veterans and the City Club. Mrs. Eaton is a busy person, occupying positions of responsibility in various organizations of women, being in constant demand as a public speaker on Mexico and its needs, and having been privileged to secure among friends pledges of generous sums to promote educational work on the west coast.

In 1917, our son-in-law, Rev. L. Frank McGinty, without waiting to be drafted into the service of his country when she entered the World War, enlisted in the regular army and was assigned to Company C in the Twenty-fifth Engineers. After receiving intensive training in Fort McDowell near San Francisco, and in Camp Devens in Massachusetts, on the first of the following January he was ordered over seas, and saw active and dangerous service in France, including the last six weeks before the armistice, in the Argonne Forest. Before the return of our troops he was engaged, as one of a small group of actors and musicians, for months in giving entertainments to the men in the several camps. He received his discharge from the service in June, 1919. Our son, Howard Demarest Eaton, M.D., entered the service as a medical officer; and although he was not sent over seas, he was able to render important service in the line of his specialty, diseases of the heart and the lungs, in the hospital at Camp Custer, Michigan, when so many of our soldiers

were suffering from the ravages of the influenza. He was promoted to the rank of Captain, and belongs to the Medical Reserve Corps. The proud mother wore a pin with two stars to indicate the nature of the offering made by the family.

In the year 1919 there came to me an opportunity to serve the interests of missions in Mexico, through helping to carry out plans which had been adopted by the different societies for a friendly distribution of territory. In readjusting the respective fields of labor of the American Board and the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, it became necessary for these two organizations to arrange for exchanging a part of their properties which had been acquired for use as churches, schools and residences, and which were distributed over an area comprising half a dozen different states of the neighboring Republic. Each society made a list of its holdings affected by the exchange, indicating the location, dimensions and value of each and the nature of its legal tenure; and they appointed commissioners to make personal examination of the several plants, and afterward come to an agreement concerning the valuations of the same, which would of course determine the amount of the balance to be paid by one board to the other in settlement of the account.

As the representative of the American Board (the other one named three commissioners), it became my task to visit the fields in question, consulting en route with missionaries, and having the

company of one and another for a considerable share of the journey. Varied were the means of transportation; railway trains, both passenger and freight, automobiles, steamer on the Pacific Ocean between the ports of Mazatlan and Manzanillo, rowboat and gasoline launch, horse-drawn vehicles and trolley cars. Throughout one day's ride on a Southern Pacific train along the low and fertile western coast we were guarded by an armored car filled with federal soldiers, against possible attack by bandits. Again in the barren and mountainous region of San Luis Potosi, where the roadbed has been carried through excavations in the solid rock and is marked by many curves, our train was preceded at a short interval by a pilot locomotive pulling a box car which contained soldiers prepared to shoot any miscreants who might have placed obstructions on the track for the purpose of facilitating robbery of the passengers. But no untoward event occurred during all my journey of six weeks.

It was reassuring to see so many men at work in the fields, or occupying themselves in other peaceful pursuits, as if they had never heard of revolutions. In the city of Monterey, while waiting for the arrival of Bishop Cannon, I was privileged to attend a political meeting which was held to promote the candidacy of General Alvaro Obregon for the office of President. Some six hundred men assembled in the principal theater; and five addresses were made, most of them in the style

of voluble and impassioned oratory usual in Latin American countries, and some of them voiced sharp criticism of certain acts of the Carranza administration. But from beginning to end the most perfect order prevailed, like that which characterizes an assembly in our own country at a lecture or concert. It is doubtful if such irreproachable behavior by hundreds of men only, at a political gathering, could be surpassed, if indeed matched, anywhere in the United States. Furthermore, there was not to be seen a single policeman about the building, although the guardians of public order were not wanting in other parts of the city; and this notwithstanding the fact that President Carranza had recently made himself very unpopular in that state by imposing upon it a governor who was generally disliked by the citizens. Before the meeting began I got into conversation with a man of evident respectability who was willing to talk frankly with one who spoke his language and was acquainted with his country. Among other things he said, in a low tone of voice and with a quiet manner: "We are not saying very much in public about General Obregon; but a lot of us are going to vote for him."

On the fifth of February early in the morning I was aroused from sleep by the sound of jangling bells and of exploding bombs in celebration of the anniversary of the promulgation of the Reform Laws. There sprung up in my heart the hope that on that auspicious day the representatives of the

two boards might reach an agreement as to the terms on which the contemplated exchange of properties could be effected. Only the night before had four of us met in a social way, and agreed to begin our task in the morning; but before the sun set, our signatures were appended to a document embodying the result that had been arrived at without difficulty, and which later was ratified by the American Board in the precise form in which it had been drawn up.

Commenting upon the event, "The Missionary Herald" in an editorial reported that the Methodist brethren had already begun the payment of interest upon the balance which was due our board, to be continued until they shall have secured unquestioned power under Mexican law to convey and to receive mission property; spoke of the fraternal conferences between officials of the two organizations as making for "closer cooperation in helping to develop the Evangelical Church of Mexico"; and added what it may be permissible to put on record here, as a part of the heritage which the writer of this little story of a life would transmit to his children: "Toward this end, Dr. James D. Eaton of Los Angeles rendered conspicuous service. His knowledge of Mexico through years of life there as an American Board missionary, his long experience as treasurer of our mission before he retired from active service, his high sense of justice, his wisdom, tact and friendliness, all these

made such an impression upon the Methodist representatives that they have not yet ceased to remark upon the ease with which all saw 'eye to eye' at their conference. We are glad in this public way to express the Board's gratitude to one who gave so freely of his time and strength to this deputation work, and who so conducted negotiations as to inspire to greater unity in spiritual work."

While tracing through the years experiences in the Middle West and on both coasts of our broad land, and particularly those which filled so full my life under the flag of a sister republic, I have found new motives for joy and thanksgiving over the way in which the earthly existence for me has unfolded. Mistakes indeed have occurred, certain of my youthful ideals and aspirations have not been realized, disappointments and losses have not been wanting, and achievements have not measured up to opportunities. But we need not try to punish ourselves by lamenting that we have done so little, or did it so poorly. We have an understanding and compassionate Father who is more willing to forgive and forget than we are to ask Him to do so, who knows how to bring good out of what seems to be evil, and who may be trusted to carry us on toward the goal which has been set by Infinite Wisdom and Love.

Wife and I remember with tender interest the several homes we established together, each of

them connected in our minds with some event in the family history; Portland and the first housekeeping, Bound Brook and our firstborn, Chihuahua and its four successive dwellings associated with various occurrences but especially with the advent of the dear daughter, Los Angeles and the cottage on Hayes Avenue, which for a period sheltered her little family, and from time to time has welcomed relatives and friends coming to visit this favored southland. For years now the cottage has had for a companion a bungalow built especially to house the younger family; and the two dwellings almost enclose a garden of flowers and fruit trees, thus suggesting the Spanish custom of building an ample house around a *patio,* which assures a degree of privacy for the inmates while affording them opportunity for enjoying nature's beauty and bounty.

For almost half a century have we had each other, and have enjoyed the many friendships on both sides which were gained through our marriage, and in addition those which have been won during the succeeding years.

To that accumulation of wealth, which cannot be measured by material standards, there are being added continually other riches through our sharing with children and grandchildren their experiences which at times are of thrilling interest and bring increase of sympathy and affection.

Now are we tasting the sweets of "the last of

life for which the first was made"; and we are sure there is to be no abatement of its joys here; and "The Great Adventure" itself, when the time comes for that, will introduce us to what is higher and holier and happier still.

THE END

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